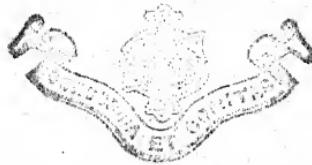




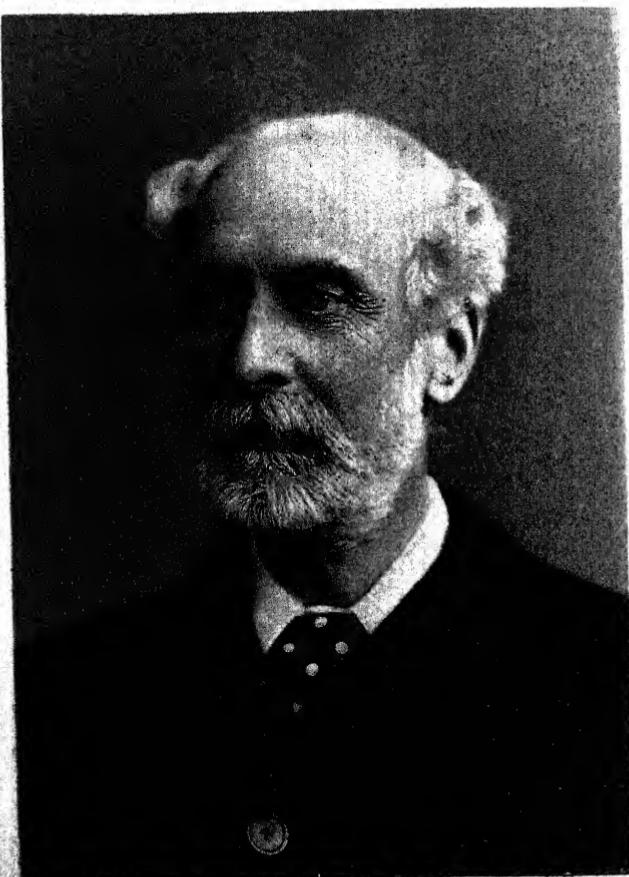
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STEVENSON ARTHUR BLACKWOOD
K.C.B.

B. 250



J. William Blackwood, Photographer, Philad.

Walker & Bentall Ph. Sc.

S. A. Blackwood

(SOME RECORDS) OF THE LIFE
OF
STEVENSON ARTHUR BLACKWOOD)
K.C.B.

COMPILED BY A FRIEND
AND *S. M.*
EDITED BY HIS WIDOW

POPULAR EDITION

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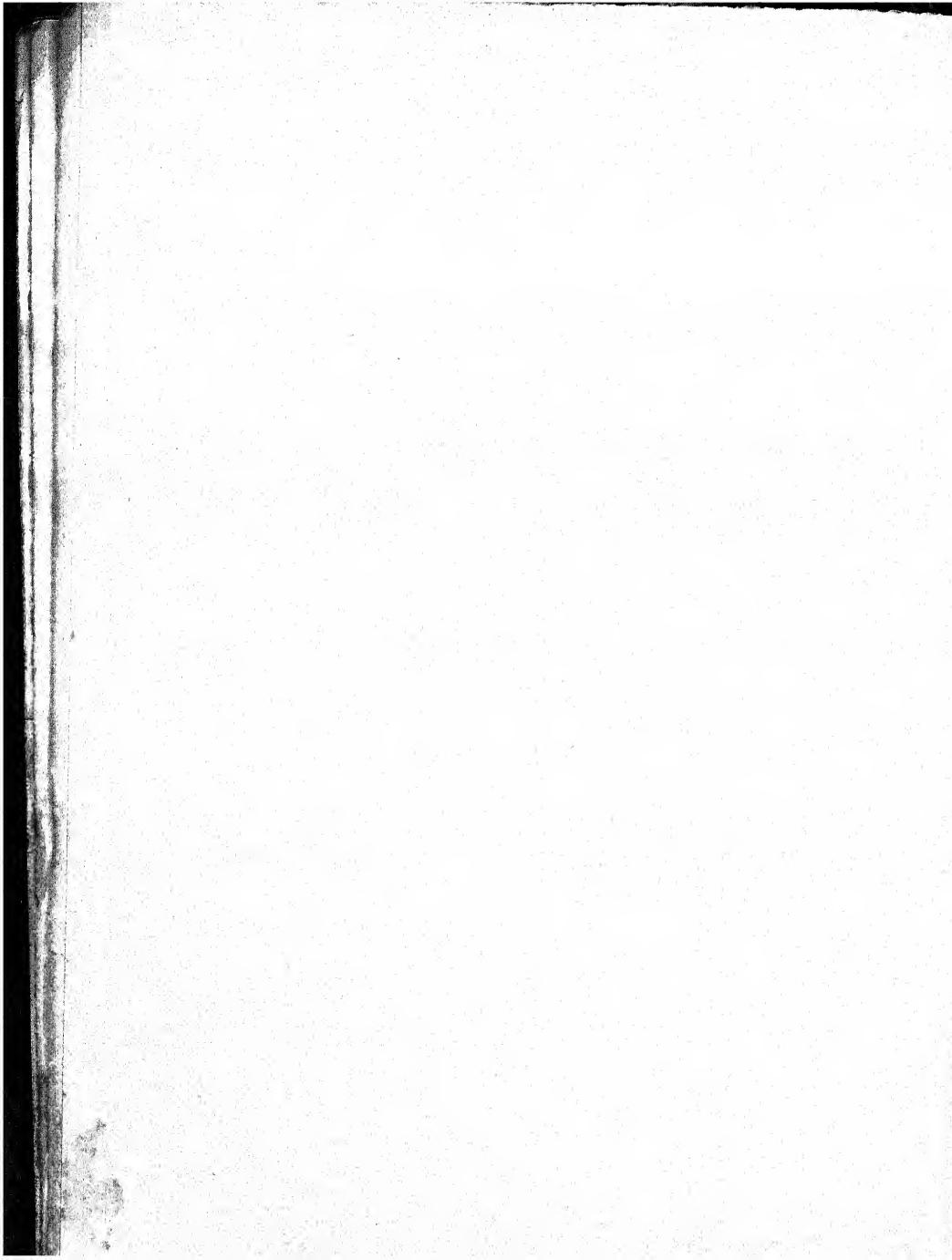
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ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY PRESS



TO THE PRAISE
OF THE GLORY OF THE GRACE OF
GOD

THESE RECORDS ARE DEDICATED.



THIS volume does not aspire to be a Biography.

It only seeks to give some Records of Sir Arthur Blackwood's life from his own Letters and Notes, from what his Friends said of him, and from the impressions received by those who had to do with him, whether in official, or religious, or social life.

Except in the case of those who are gone, none who formed the inner circle of home life have been brought into the story ; and so far as was possible, this principle has been studiously maintained.

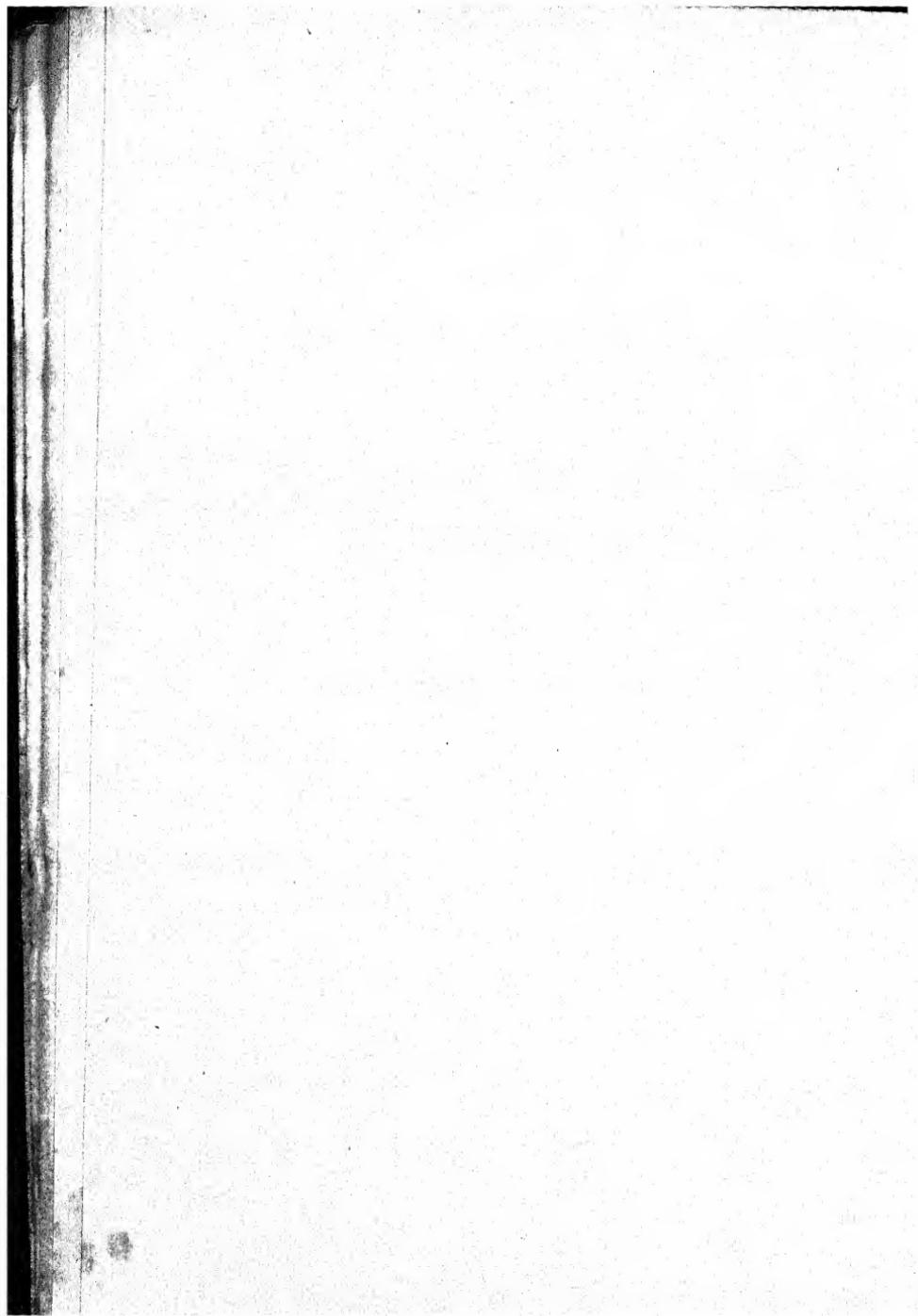
Letters, of which many must exist, have not, except in a few instances, been attainable.

Under these limitations, much which could not thus be gathered up, has of necessity been left untold.

It is hoped that those to whom Sir Arthur's memory is dear will feel that in these pages they again hold converse with him ; and that many others, to whom he was a stranger, may recognise in this volume—with all its imperfections—the true picture of a life nobly lived for the service of GOD, and for the good of his fellow-men.

S. M.

March, 1896.



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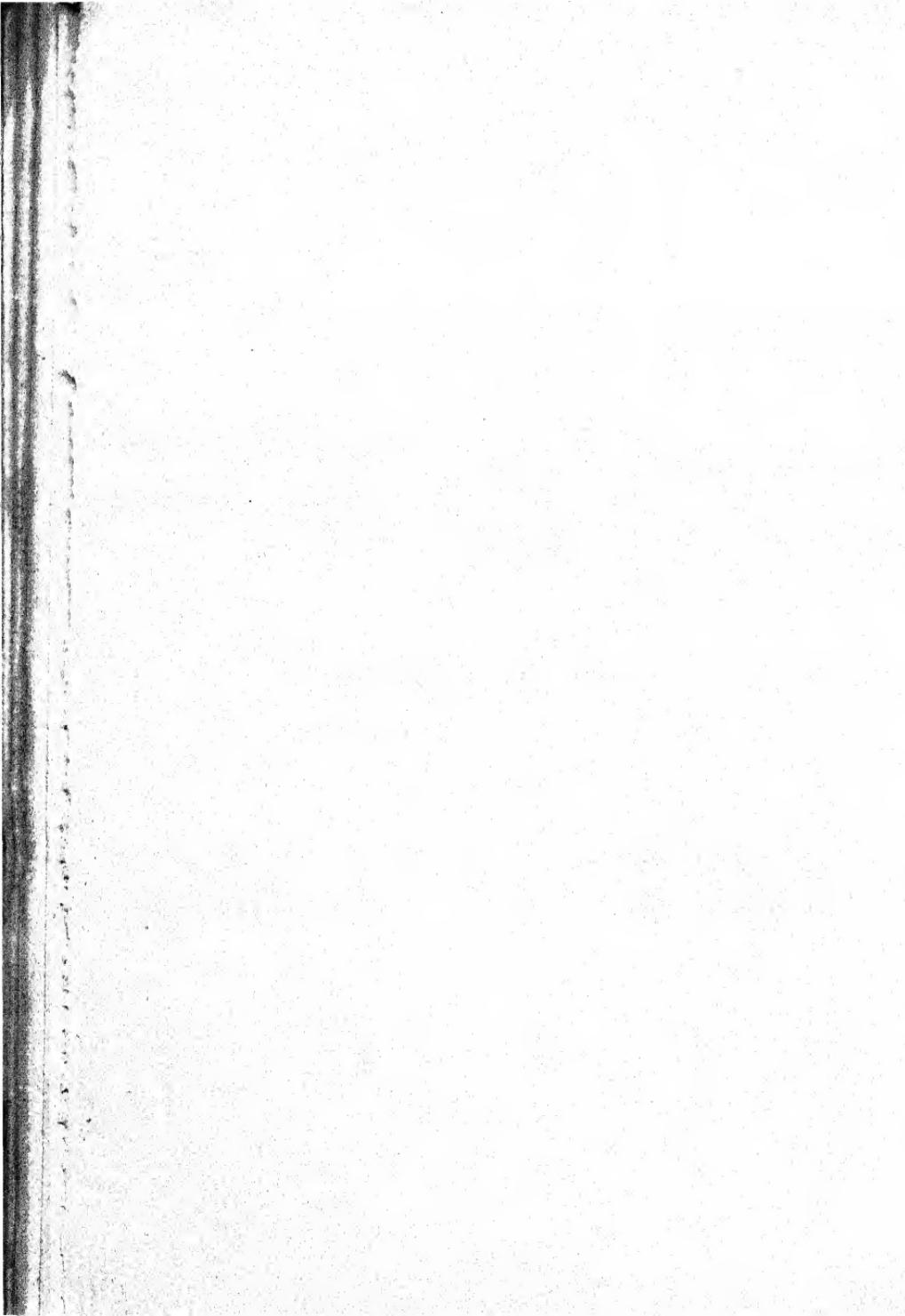
I.

EARLY LIFE.

CHILDHOOD, SANDFORD GRANGE AND ETON.

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CHILDHOOD, SANDFORD GRANGE AND ETON.

STEVENSON ARTHUR BLACKWOOD was the only son of Mr. Arthur Johnstone Blackwood and Cecilia Georgiana, widow of Mr. John Wright, of Lenton Hall, Notts. He was born on the 22nd May, 1832, at Rosslyn Lodge, Hampstead, where his Father, who was Gentleman Usher to William IV., and subsequently to Her Majesty the Queen, and who held an appointment to the Colonial Office, was then living.

The family was of Scotch extraction. One branch, now extinct in the male line, migrated to France. Of this branch was the celebrated Adam Blackwood, Privy Councillor to Mary, Queen of Scots.

A member of the Fife branch, born in Scotland in 1591, was possessed of considerable landed property in Ireland, and settled there, becoming the founder of the family now represented by the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava. His son and grandson were both attainted by James II. The great-grandson, Robert Blackwood of Ballyleidy, was created a baronet of Ireland in 1763. His son, Sir John Blackwood, married Dorcas Stevenson, who was created Baroness Dufferin and Claneboye in her own right in 1800.

This lady's seventh and youngest son, the Hon. Sir Henry Blackwood, K.C.B., grandfather of Stevenson Arthur Blackwood, acquired great distinction in the Navy, and is remembered not only for the gallant services he thus rendered to his country, but for his close con-

nexion with Nelson. He was bearer of the despatches from Trafalgar, and brought his body home.

The family records contain several letters from Nelson. In one of these he says :—

“MY DEAR BLACKWOOD,—Is there a sympathy which ties men together in the bonds of friendship without having a personal knowledge of each other? If so (and I believe it was so to you), I was your friend and acquaintance before I saw you.”

The last letter but one was written, in his strong left-handed characters, only ten days before Trafalgar :—

“10th Oct., 1805.

“MY DEAR BLACKWOOD,—Keep your five frigates, *Weazle* and *Pickle*, and let me know every movement. I rely on you, that we can’t miss getting hold of them, and I will give them such a shaking as they never before experienced—at least I will lay down my life in the attempt. We are a very powerful fleet, and not to be held cheap. I have told Parker, and do you direct ships bringing information of their coming out, to fire guns every three minutes by the watch; and in the night, to fire off rockets, if they have them, from the mast-head. I have nothing more to say, than I hope they will sail to-night.

“Ever yours most faithfully,

“NELSON AND BRONTE.

“Cadiz, East 13 leagues, 6 A.M.”

On the evening of 20th October, before a night of darkness and squalls, when the French fleet was creeping out of Cadiz, Nelson signalled: “*I rely on you that I do not miss the enemy.*”

Captain Blackwood accordingly took up his station within half a gunshot of the vessel which he believed to be the flagship of the French admiral, and succeeded in keeping the fleet in sight. On the Monday morning, the ever-memorable 21st October, he snatched a moment to write to his wife :—

“My signal just made on the *Victory*. . . . My dearest dear Harriet, your husband will not disgrace your love and name; if

he dies, his last breath will be devoted to the dearest and best of wives. Take care of my boy; make him a better man than his father."

He remained on board the *Victory* between five and six hours, witnessed Nelson's will, and only left him for his own command of the Light Squadron, when the enemy had already opened fire. As he sent him away, Nelson's last words were, "God bless you, Blackwood! I shall never see you more."

To have been born into a family possessed of such traditions of duty nobly done, and of intimate connexion with great historic events, is a heritage that can have had no small bearing upon the formation of a boy's character.

Extracts from some slight NOTES, dictated to one of his daughters during a time of illness and pain, and intended for his family, give Sir Arthur Blackwood's* own reminiscences of his early life.

"My earliest recollections are of Rosslyn Lodge, an old-fashioned two-storied house. Prominent among my reminiscences are the summer-house, where I trained my rabbits; a splendid old mulberry tree, which bore quantities of fruit every year; and a large horse-chestnut tree, where my sisters and I had our tea parties, and on which I employed my first knife in deeply carving their and my own initials, to be seen to this day.

"Hampstead was in those days a quiet and charming suburban village. Rosslyn Lodge stood in The Grove, opposite Pond Street, facing some shady fields, which led off towards the town, about a quarter of a mile distant. At the top of the Grove, which consisted of fine old Spanish chestnuts, stood the residence of Lord Galloway, and a path led up to the Conduit Fields. I became by degrees acquainted with the ponds on Parliament Hill, and the distant heights of the Heath itself.

* It may be as well to explain here, to many to whom the name of Stevenson Blackwood was so long familiar, that, on being made a K.C.B. in 1887, he decided to be called by his second name, to which for some period of his boyhood he had been accustomed, and which he thought easier for ordinary use.

"My home was a very happy one, the family consisting of my Father and Mother, my half-sister Lucy, and my sister Ceci, two years my junior.

"Perhaps the most distinct impression that remains to this day is the personality of a dear old nurse, Eliza Kempster, rather deaf."

His feelings of attachment and gratitude towards this nurse remained with him throughout life. He could never forget that to her he owed, not only the loving care of a faithful servant and friend, but also those first teachings of heavenly truth which, early dropped into a child's heart, so often appear to become a part of his very being. In the religious training of their children, his Father and Mother apparently devoted attention only to the enforcement of those outward observances which custom demanded. But Kempster had been chosen and recommended to Mrs. Blackwood's attention by the sisters of her first husband, three maiden ladies, who in the days of her early widowhood had lavished most tender love and care upon herself and her baby daughter; and whose earnest instructions, possibly but little relished at the time, remained an abiding influence in her life, until the day when they became to her not merely solemn and restraining external truths, but her own accepted and joyful portion.

"How can they know," she wrote some forty years afterwards, when tracing the mercies of God in her own and her son's life, and commenting upon some statements which had been made, "that in God's abounding love I was led to Ker after having rejected her for her deafness?"

By whatever means this objection was overruled, Kempster was eventually installed as the children's nurse; and apparently her chiefest desire was for their spiritual good. Night and morning she gathered them

round her, each child in its own accustomed place, to tell them "that sweet story of old," and to teach them how to pray.

In a small note-book, full of the little childish stories which mothers love to record, Mrs. Blackwood chronicles the boyish "preaching" on Sundays, when he would choose for his text the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, and bid his sisters, "While you are walking, think about Christ and how He died for you". However fleeting were these impressions, or however buried for a time under frivolity and sin were the truths thus learned, their memory never wholly died away. "I believe I loved the Bible even then," he said long afterwards in reference to this period; and to the close of his life, Sir Arthur would speak of his old nurse as one of the first links in that chain of love whereby GOD drew him to Himself. After his marriage until her death in 1879, she usually lived in the village near his home, constantly spending weeks in his house. To her infinite pleasure on these occasions he made her sit by him at family prayers, and would read and pray into her trumpet.

When he was between three and four years old, a constitutional weakness manifested itself in the right arm, and for years he suffered greatly from a succession of abscesses in the elbow. The arm, which he was unable to straighten, was confined in a splint and leather sling; and the use of his left arm was, through life, as natural to him for many things, as was that of the right.

"He is the same dear patient boy as ever," wrote his Mother, "never complaining, only sometimes crying."

It was not until eight years had passed, that, to his parents' unbounded joy, the delicacy seemed to be finally overcome.

Soon after its first appearance he was taken, under the advice of Sir Benjamin Brodie, to Walmer, with his

sisters and their nurse. Eventually his Father built a small house on the beach, and in Sir Arthur's own words :—

"Oh! what happy days and years we children spent at Walmer! In another year, we were all quartered there, my Father coming down from the Colonial Office, whenever he could, by the steamer to Deal."

On one of these occasions, to quote from the NOTES, "an incident happened which always remained as a cause of family pride.

"When the heavily-laden steamer touched at Margate, a tipsy porter, trying to jump from the quay to the paddle-box, missed his footing, and fell into the sea. In the confusion which prevailed, the cry of 'Man overboard' was not heard. My Father and Mother were on deck, and he at once saw that if the man was to be saved, there was no time to lose. Divesting himself of his coat, and asking a friend to hold my Mother—who otherwise would certainly have followed him—he jumped overboard. This caused a rush of passengers to that side of the ship, nearly swamping it. My father dived, and brought the man up feet foremost. 'Let him go!' they shouted. 'The man's drowning. Get him by the head!' Down went the man again, and my Father after him. This time he got his head between his legs, and both were hauled on board amidst the cheers of all on deck."

For this rescue, Mr. A. Blackwood received the Royal Humane Society's medal.

NOTES.

"The people remaining most clearly in my mind are Captain Fisher, a superannuated R.N., full of fun with us children; and a family with whose boys, specially with one of them, I was destined to make a life-long friendship. This was the family of Mr. and Lady Maria West. The eldest boys, Henry and Richard, were at Eton; and Algernon, the third, was about my age. Then came the bathing machines and Reading Room, where Bob Sharp lived and wrought—a hard-working chap, of a very rubicund countenance, who gave me my first dips. Then came a house

standing by itself, where lived Lord Mahon, afterwards Lord Stanhope, the historian : and then, separated by but a few fields and a long bit of beach, came Walmer Castle, where the Duke of Wellington was then resident, as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. His principal officer and Captain of the Castle was Captain Watts, who used to walk about in a Windsor uniform, with a red collar.

"The Duke was of course a personage whom we were taught to hold in the highest estimation. We used to see him every Sunday morning, in his large square pew at Old Walmer Church, with its beautiful Saxon arch ; and as we generally walked home by the Castle, he used to be kind to us. Once I remember, when in white frock and trousers, I was rushing past him down the hill, he told me that if he were as young as I was, he would run a race with me.

"As time went on, we children spent even the winters at Walmer. There was often a tremendous gale, and the thundering billows roared upon the beach just below our house—a glorious sound in my ears. In one of these gales, a Mecklenburg brig, the *Hermann*, was stranded, and great were the efforts of my Father and others to bring the crew to land by baskets and ropes."

A chair made from the wood of this wreck, together with water-colour sketches of the scene, was afterwards given to his Father, and is still in the possession of his family.

"The grassy Downs, covered with shaking grass, that stretched from Walmer Castle to King's Down, were our happy playing-ground ; and on calm days I launched my various wooden ships in the sea just beneath us. Alas ! Those pleasant years sped only too quickly!"

When about ten years old, it became of course necessary to improve my education. My sister's governess and a Latin master, Mr. Everard, who used to come two or three times a week, had hitherto taught me. A very pleasant place of education was now found for me in Essex.

"In the summer of 1843, my Father took me down, for the first time away from home alone, to stay with a very old friend of his, the Rev. W. Tower, of How Hatch, Brentwood. There were

three girls, my seniors, all very pretty; and when after a week at How Hatch, I left, having enjoyed myself as I had never done before, it was without any of my heart, having fallen in love with them all.

" During this visit however my Father ascertained that Harvey Tower was preparing for Eton in the neighbourhood of his uncle, Sir William Eustace, at the Rectory of Old Sandford, where the Rev. J. W. Carver received pupils. Arrangements were, I suppose, soon made; for Mr. Carver came up to London to see my anxious Mother, whose darling I was, and who, so far as she could, never let me out of her sight, and had shielded me, as a delicate child, from every wind that blew.

" Accordingly in September, 1843, I was despatched by train to Bishop's Stortford, thence by coach to Finching Field, and then somehow or other to Sandford Grange; where of course I was promptly miserable, and bedewed my pillow for many a night. But the novelty of the circumstances, Mr. Carver's kindness—he was not then married,—and the society of my companions, soon made the misery wear off, though my dearest Mother kept it alive by her constant and overwhelmingly affectionate letters."

Several of these letters remain, together with the boyish answers, written with the perfect freedom and confidence which seem always to have so happily existed between this son and his parents. Surely no child was ever better loved.

" You well know, my own love," writes the mother, on the day after the parting, " that I thought of you without ceasing. Do you know poor Mother went to bed too, and just at nine o'clock, that I might have the melancholy satisfaction of doing the same thing as you! Write to me, my own child, and if you feel disposed to cry, do not keep it in. It would only make you ill. I can tell you," she adds diplomatically, " Harvey cries when he first returns to Mr. Carver's."

Even in this first letter, Mrs. Blackwood pours forth, with intense eagerness, the religious exhortations which appear in many of her subsequent letters, often almost jostled, as it were, as time went on, by the language of the most complete worldliness. Her own spiritual im-

pressions appear now to have been more powerful than at any subsequent period until the date when they were re-awakened by the risks and anxieties of the Crimean War.

"May God bless you, watch over you, and help you in all your endeavours!" she writes in this first letter. "But recollect, my darling Boy, He must be *sought*; He must be *asked*. You have that precious promise, 'Ask, and ye shall receive'—'SHALL receive'. Ask then, my child, from your heart of hearts."

One remarkable sentence is added from a later letter of this period :—

"As I have often told you, my Boy, I could part with you to-morrow, and lose the joy of seeing your dear face, if I knew your soul was safe."

"Do not tell this to anybody," writes the lad to his mother, "I put your letter next my heart, and kept it there all day."

The NOTES continue :—

"So far as I can recollect, my early instruction under dear old Carver consisted, as might be expected, of Xenophon and the Greek Testament, Ovid and Cæsar. He taught me very well, and was certainly the kindest and most affectionate preceptor that any boy could possibly wish for."

Within a very few weeks, however, the household at home was thrown into considerable agitation by hearing, through a certain "Julia," that Arthur—as he was then called—had been caned three times. That such punishment should have overtaken their cherished boy seems to have been almost beyond their belief. The mother writes to make inquiries.

"And now, my love, if it was a joke on your part, you will be sorry to hear what concern your saying to Julia that you had been caned three times has occasioned us. Your Papa bids me say it is not your being caned he cares for, but that you should have deserved it. . . . Papa begs you will write as soon as you possibly can, and tell us truly what were the causes of your *three* separate punishments."

Promptly—indeed, by return of post—the answer came back :—

“MY VERY DEAR MAMA,—The causes of my three canings were, *viz.*: 1st, We went to Sandford Hall in the evening, and as we were not home at the time appointed, so we were caned for that; 2nd, for not behaving well at dinner; and 3rd, for not knowing my lessons. I am not caned half so often as the others, because I learn my lessons faster and better than the others. I am very, very sorry it has made you ill; for if I had known that Julia would tell you, I would not have told her. I have only had two lessons turned since I have been here.”

NOTES.

“In the afternoon of week-days, as a change to our regular games, we used to honour the neighbouring wealthy farmers, when the good housewives would bring out their sponge cakes, and currant and gooseberry wines for Mr. Carver’s ‘young gentlemen,’ with great hospitality and delight. But our most frequent resort was Sandford Hall, a fine old Elizabethan house, at about a mile’s distance from the Grange, over meandering brooks and through pretty copses to the hill where it stood, and where Sir William, the old general, and Lady Eustace (Harvey Tower’s aunt) were ever genial hosts to us. So the terms sped most pleasantly along. In about a year and a half, Harvey Tower left for Eton; and in two years’ time, in December, 1844, it was decided that I should follow.”

His tutor’s letters report well of his work.

“21st Oct., 1844.

“Stevenson is quite well and very industrious, and gives me great satisfaction. He is a delightful boy. I really shall grieve when he leaves me.

“14th Dec., 1844.

“I assure you I am not a little sorry to part with him, for he has been so well-behaved, and so studious of my happiness in his whole conduct. I don’t hesitate to say he is a boy of brilliant parts. . . . Nature has given him a ready apprehension and a power of application beyond what I have witnessed in any of my former pupils. I am extremely anxious that these advantages

should not be lost ; for I assure you his best interests, as regards this world and the next, are *very dear* to my heart."

In January, 1845, the move to Eton took place. "That was a new life indeed," says Sir Arthur in his NOTES.

"My tutor was the Rev. Henry Mildred Birch, who ere long was selected as tutor to the Prince of Wales. I was placed 'Middle 4th' without any difficulty; not a very grand beginning, but still not disreputable. My Dame was Angelo, an old lady of about sixty, who boarded some forty boys in a red-brick house, in a yard leading down to the east of the School-buildings.

"There were two fellows whom I knew, Richard and Algie West, my old Walmer friends. Richard was a Sixth Form boy, and Captain of the house, where he was followed by Spencer, and Talfourd, the son of the Judge. West's first home attention to me was a good licking. I hadn't been chosen as any one's fag; but the practice of calling 'lower boy' by any Sixth or Fifth Form boy, was a prerogative which all lower boys had to obey. No sooner was that dreaded cry heard, generally at night, than from every corner of the house the lower boys all congregated in a furious rush. All cried '*Fuge!*' and the one who uttered the word last had to answer, probably to do some little bit of household work for the boy who called. I forgot whose fag I became that half. It wasn't a happy one, I know that. I was doubled up for three months with a big fellow named ——, a bully and a brute. I never heard of him again.

"On going back to Eton next half, I was emancipated from my room-fellow, and got a jolly little room, right away from everybody, at the bottom of some crooked stairs, and looking over my Dame's garden and fields towards Slough. I inhabited this for the next throe years, and made it very pretty with sporting pictures and bookcases, etc. Oh, how snug were the winter evenings there, when at six o'clock I got out my 'order' of pretty china, and metal teapot, and the rolls and muffins, and either asked a friend, or else alone, regaled myself; and then set to work at lessons for the next day. Supper was at eight; and we all went down into the big hall, and were fed. Then we ran up the tall corkscrew stone staircase, each to his different room, and got to work again, till the boys' maids came round at ten to put our lights out. That half I joined a breakfast mess, to which I adhered till I left Eton con-

sisting of Algie West, Lubbock (now Sir John, M.P.), who being more handy at verses than I was, often lent me a kindly hand when I was hard up for a copy. The fourth was Crawley, now for many years Vicar of North Pockenden in Essex, where I saw him not long ago.

"I worked steadily on through the next two years; hockey and football and steeplechases in the Autumn and Easter terms, and swimming and boating in the summer. The Easter half of 1848 proved to me the most eventful of all my time at Eton; for I was not only highly gratified but greatly surprised at being asked by Suttie, the captain of the *Britannia*, the first of the lower boats, to row third in her during that and the ensuing half. This was a great and sudden step. My friend West was at the same time asked to row in the *Thetis*, which was the boat below the *Britannia*. We were to have crimson-striped shirts, and hat-ribbons with silver ornaments, and of course our blue jackets with brass buttons. On St. David's Day therefore I took my place for the first time with conscious pride as number three in the *Britannia*, and rowed up to Surley Hall.

"The seven long boats took precedence of everything else on the river, the cry of 'The long boats are coming' sweeping all the small craft out of the way. Few were the adventurous 'funnies,' or punts or outriggers, unless perhaps belonging to some big fellow in the Sixth Form or Eleven, who did not care to be in the boats, that ventured into the lock when the long boats were in. How we swept down, past Upper and Lower Hope, on flowing stream at a rattling pace; and then as the shades of evening set in, all the crews marched down High Street to College arm in arm, as the '*big levée*'. It has been often said that there is no prouder position in any man's life than when he gets into the '*big levée*' at Eton. The influence which he wields, the respect and awe with which all the rest of the school look up to him and his mates, and the conscious kingship of men which he exercises, is something which is rivalled by no after-position in life. West and I, then, were in the '*big levée*' that term, as big fellows, and we let our weight be felt. For one thing, he, Suttie and I started an innovation in Eton dress, which has never died out. Swallow-tail coats had up to that time been as much *de rigueur* as part of the school-uniform as top hats and white ties—the latter however, at that time, had been changed from double into single, by general consent. The change we adopted was that of cut-away coats; and it electrified the whole school, which quickly, where it dared, followed our example.

Strange to say, the masters never took any notice of it; and we had all the glory of introducing the first novelty in Eton dress for many a long year.

"West and I at that time became rather ringleaders in advanced movements, and for the first time in our lives, though such big fellows, succeeded in bringing ourselves under the notice of the Head Master, Dr. Hawtrey, and getting well swished. West was the captain of my Dame's. Mrs. Angelo had died or retired, and had been succeeded by a Mrs.—, a meek and humble kind of body. We chose, very improperly, in our new fledged dignity, to be impertinent to her. . . . We were both sixteen, I think, and rather big fellows to be swished. All we could do was to gulp down our emotions, which were much severer than we expected they would be. And I think on the whole we were both of us glad that we did not leave Eton without having been swished once, and not for lessons.

"One other exploit was the result of West's and my larkishness that half. We took it into our heads to go to London for the night. And certainly we planned our arrangements on modern principles. All our money was gone; so with the quietest assurance, we went to my Dame, the person who was responsible to the Head Master for the safe custody of all the boys under her roof, and coolly said we were going to London, and she must give us some money to go with. What induced the good lady to yield to our demands we never knew; but she complied, and forked out the cash. One of our chief friends, Talfourd, was great in stage matters, and was supposed to have vast experience behind the scenes. About nine o'clock, I forget how, we escaped from some window (so far as I recollect all were barred) and hastened across the two miles to Slough Station. There we found we had just missed the train; and like boys, always ready for eating, we incontinently spent a considerable portion of our ill-gotten gains in a sumptuous meal of chops and porter. At last another train came up, and fancying we were heroes of noblest character, or villains of deepest dye, we got up to London. There we instantly went off, according to Talfourd's directions, to some very subordinate theatre—we did not care which; we were so excited that anything would have done. Then we retired quietly to bed at some very inferior 'public' in the Edgware Road.

"What was our horror, at six o'clock in the morning, on being awoke, to behold the visage of old Atlee, my Dame's butler, at the foot of our bed!

"We at once thought we were ruined; and visions of expulsion and disgrace at home stared us in the face. The fact was, the evening before, Dr. Hawtrey had sent to ask West, who was the Captain of the house, to breakfast with him next morning at nine o'clock. We had arranged to be back at nine; but our friends were too much alarmed to leave our safety to chance; so with great sagacity, they decided, as their only resource, to take Atlee, the old 'Cerberus,' into their confidence; and clubbing together the money, they sent him up to London, where we fortunately had told them our address. We got back to school in plenty of time; and little did the worthy Head Master think of the deed of which one of his guests had been guilty that night.

"But we suffered for it in mind for a considerable time to come."

"Went to S. Hawtrey's," says the boy's Diary. "There I was told by Suttie that his tutor had asked 'If he knew anything about *those* boys at Angelo's?' Was in an awful funk all night, as also West. Went to bed in such a funk that I could not sleep.

"*Wednesday, 15th.*—Woke in a funk. Went to school in a funk. Eat my breakfast in a funk. Did everything in a funk."

NOTES.

"To have performed such a feat, and not to have let it be known, would have been to rob us of all our glory. So we told a few leading spirits in the school, with the result that they worked upon our guilty consciences by innuendoes that they had heard it talked about among the Masters, and declared that the thing was known. For some weeks we never went into school without the apprehension of finding our names on the ominous slip of paper which the *præpostor* carried round to the different forms each school time, and which bore the names of criminals sentenced to the block; and we knew that in our case it would be something far worse. With the days however our fears passed, and the rest of the half went along as happily as possible."

Alongside of this flowing stream of prosperous school-life ran the current of home happiness. During one holidays his Father, who was a keen sportsman and a splendid rider, had taken a house for the hunting season at Buckland, near Faringdon.

"He bought for me a little chestnut mare called 'the Pet,' about fifteen hands high. On her I really learned to ride; and under the tuition of such a first-rate sportsman as my Father, it was impossible for me to do otherwise than acquire the keenest taste for the sport he so loved and excelled in."

Together they hunted with the Old Berkshire, the Vale of White Horse, and the Heythorpe. Another winter was spent at Appleton, near Abingdon, "in an old ivy-covered, haunted-looking gabled Manor house, some three hundred years old." The boyish Diary, kept with great regularity and a praiseworthy attention to detail, from the beginning of 1848, gives particulars of many of these pleasant days, in which he made friendships with the Throckmortons, a Roman Catholic family of the old school, and others. It also records many juvenile experiences, such as the writing of a tragedy upon Schiller's ghost scene, which was duly acted with the aid of one of his Eton friends.

Only a few letters of this period have been preserved.

"I hope," he writes to his Father, "that you will not *screw* the money for my boat together; for I had fifty times rather go without it, than you should deprive yourself of anything, or any pleasure, just to give me that little enjoyment for a month or two, and which, when those two months are past, I shall not feel any happier for having had it."

In a letter to his Mother in May, 1845, endorsed by her with the words, "Begins to write a nice hand," he says:—

"There is immense lots of betting here during the time of the Races, but I have not bet at all."

Probably this abstinence was of but short continuance.

Of any serious thought no traces remain. He chronicles one journey to Eton as follows:—

"Came with Carter, the Fellow, and a young lady who gave me a tract."

The last letter is not of a particularly edifying nature :—

"**MY DEAREST FATHER,**—We have had very good fun these three last days in seeing the people come back from Ascot. To-night after eight o'clock absence, we all went and looked at them. There were a good many rows, the first of which was, we were all standing on the wall outside the school yard, and a drunken blackguard came up, and knocked a fellow named Watkins off, in order to get on himself. Then John Watkins, who is very strong, got up and hit him in the face, upon which he knocked him down again. Then MacNiven, a great big Sixth Form, came up with Carew, and knocked the man down, and gave him a bloody nose. Fourteen horses fell down dead, a fellow was run over, carriages ran foul of each other, all the men were drunk, and altogether it was the best fun we have had for some time."

The NOTES continue :—

"Election Saturday drew on, when there was a repetition of all the festivities of 4th June. My people had come down to the former, and my Father came down to the latter. But before that day, I received an intimation from him that I was to leave. This was very unexpected, but there was good cause. I certainly had not been getting any good to myself, and my tutor wrote to my Father that he thought it would be to my advantage if I were not to remain any longer at Eton. There was plenty of time however for all my friends to present me with tokens of their regard, at their parents' expense, in the form of sets of handsomely bound volumes, chosen without reference to their contents, and solely with regard to their ornamental appearance. It has happened however that not a few of those books have proved useful to me in later life.

"So ended my Eton career.

"If I knew as much Latin and Greek as when I came, I certainly don't think I knew much more; but I knew that the one great desire of my Father had been to send me where I should be happy; and in gratifying myself, I knew I gratified him.

"Eton has certainly been of immense advantage to me during my whole life. Never have I been in any scenes or circumstances, or in any parts of the world, where I have not met old Etonians, whom either I knew, or who knew me; and this is a great help in

rubbing through life. One after result is certainly remarkable. Amongst my most intimate friends were West, Lubbock, Rivers Wilson, Fremantle, and Ryan, who sat next above me in school, and Welby who was in the form above. After some years, we each of us entered the Civil Service of the State; each of us has risen to be the head of one of the largest and most important Departments of the Government—Sir Reginald Welby being Secretary to the Treasury; Sir Algernon West, Chairman of the Inland Revenue; Sir Rivers Wilson, Controller of the National Debt; Sir Charles Ryan, Controller General of Exchequer; Hon. Sir Charles Fremantle, Deputy Master of the Mint, while Sir John Lubbock is not only well known as a politician, but also as a literary man. This circumstance, as may well be conceived, has contributed in no small degree to the pleasure, and lightened the labours of a long career in the public service. One other circumstance in connexion with the set I have just mentioned is also remarkable. We were each of us made a K.C.B. (except Lubbock) within a few years of each other.

"That half had a very happy ending, when West, Rivers Wilson, myself and two others went home from Eton to Putney in a four-oar. FLOREAT ETONA!"

PROSEKEN, CAMBRIDGE AND LONDON.

NOTES.

"No one can ever have had a life of greater happiness than I. Each successive stage of my boyhood had been an increase of pleasure upon the former; but behind and above all was there the supreme delight of the most intense family affection. No son, I am sure, was ever loved more devotedly by Father or Mother, or returned it more truly. My sisters and I were wrapped up in each other. What a blessing has this been to me all my days!"

"The next stage of existence proved to be no exception to those which had preceded it.

"It had been decided that I was to go to Cambridge in two years' time; and besides keeping up the very small modicum of classics with which I had furnished myself at Eton, my Father judged—and judged rightly, for it has been of immense advantage to me during my whole life—that I should know at least one foreign language well. Of French I already had a smattering.

"A friend of his, Miss Blake, of Danesbury, Herts, had married Baron de Biel, the possessor of large estates in Mecklenburg, on the Baltic Sea: and by their advice he was induced to place me with their parish clergyman, Mr. Brockmann.

"Accordingly, in October, 1848, I embarked at midnight at London Bridge, in the *John Bull*, for Hamburg. My only companion was my little dog Tiger. My Father and Mother came to see me off, and sad indeed were the good-byes on both sides."

"My dearest dearest Mother," he writes in a little private scrap enclosed in the first letter home, "I love you *most* dearly, and will try to repay your kind loving affection by all the means in my power by working hard, and doing all I can to please you."

And then, amongst the packet of letters, comes a thin crumpled envelope, enclosing a little tan glove, with the single button of those days ; and written on the outside are the words, "With this glove I shook hands with my loved Boy, Tuesday night, on board the *John Bull*, 17th October, 1848, since which I have kept it sacred."

Mrs. Blackwood's love for her son, it may be said once for all, was of a most intense description—a fact which, in estimating the influences of his life, cannot be left out of account. He never knew what it was not to be surrounded by love and sunshine.

Then follow in letters, and later in the NOTES, full details of the voyage—a bad one, lasting four days and nights, instead of two, and he, "a wretched sailor"; of his journey next day to Wismar, where "a portly kind-looking man of about forty, talking very broken English, received me with great heartiness"; of his arrival at Proseken, and kind reception by the Frau Pastorin, whose English was a little better than the Pastor's." "Tiger was allowed to go up to my room, where once more my thoughts turned homewards with inexpressible homesickness."

Full description of his rooms, furniture, meals, and hours are given in these letters home.

NOTES.

"Very soon I was cheered up by the Baroness de Biel's cordial invitation to spend an afternoon at Zierow. This was about two miles off, through some very pretty woods: and it was indeed with gladness that I found myself in what, to all intents and purposes, was an English country house in both talk and ways of living. The Baron, who was noted for having introduced horse-racing into Germany, was a most high-bred gentleman of the old school. There were four sons: one, Wilhelm, exactly my own age; and Thomson, Charles, and Rudolph. Also four daughters.

"During the two years of my stay in Mecklenburg, Zierow

was my never-failing resort. Constantly did I spend my Sundays there, besides weeks at Christmas time; and the shooting expeditions, when, to my horror as an English sportsman, I had to shoot foxes, were occasions of great enjoyment. But above all was the riding. The Baron had a fine stud of thoroughbreds at Zierow. I had had pretty good practice in the hunting field in England, but it needed all I knew to stick on when I galloped round in the riding-school in the winter, with the Baron and the four lads, all of them-first rate horsemen.

"It was a succession of such tricks as I had never experienced in my life. In the autumn we used to go across country for two or three hours; but as it was very open, the jumping was nothing like what I had been used to.

"I soon settled down to work at German, and then at classics and mathematics with Mr. Brockmann; and being anxious to make a good impression with a man who I saw was a scholar, and who had heard of the renown of Eton, I put my best leg foremost. How I came out in Greek play and Livy certainly surprised me, for I was not aware that I knew so much; and Mr. Brockmann was evidently surprised to find how far I had advanced. I soon picked up German, amusing them by my mistakes. The name by which I was soon known was that of '*Misterchen*' (the little Mister), though I was then six foot two inches.

"Often I would go off with Tiger to breakfast with Herr Fischer, a young farmer, one of the Baron's tenants; or to the Wiesch, where lived a dear old couple, Mr. and Mrs. Jenssen. Once in the week, perhaps, we either paid or received *Besuche* (visits). This was always without notice. On our side, the *Wiener-wagen*, or close carriage, was brought out about three o'clock, and along miles of flats that could not be called roads, of hard clay in summer, and fearful mire and snow in winter, we jogged and creaked to some neighbouring friendly farmer's house. A hospitable welcome always awaited us; *kaffee* was instantly forthcoming, and the parlour was soon filled with tobacco smoke. I had not at that time myself acquired the habit. Soon perhaps, equally accidentally, dropped in some other family. In one room the men all began playing whist and other games of cards for pence; while the wives and daughters of course knitted, and kept up a pretty good flow of talk. As I did not smoke, I preferred the ladies' society as a rule, where I learned a good deal of German in conversation, and spent pleasant evenings. At nine o'clock we all went in to supper, where, while there was profusion, there was no

variety from our ordinary home fare. The life was so simple and easy-going among them all. It had a peculiar and lasting charm.

"The winter perhaps was the most enjoyable. Heavy snow fell early; and then we had sleighing across the country, or skating at Zierow, or for miles and miles on the long extent of hummocky ice which reached far out into the Baltic. Oh! how weird it was as we stayed on the ice and down on the desolate shore till dusk, and one fancied one could see to the North Pole itself as the night fell!

"In summer I kept up my music, which I had not neglected even at Eton, walking into Wismar once a week, in the very early morning, and having lessons at eight o'clock; in winter playing duets with the *Frau Pastorin*. My small acquirements on the piano were very acceptable in the different houses.

"Then too came the Reading-teas, when the ladies and younger gentleman of the country round met at different houses from time to time, to read Göethe, Schiller, Byron, etc.; whilst the older men shut themselves up with their penny games of cards and nights of smoke.

"The Brockmanns had two boys. In the long evenings Wilhelm and I used to play *Belaguerung Spiel*, a tin-soldier game of attack and defence.

"Christmas, much as the Zierow people pressed me, I could not spend away from Proseken, though I went there immediately afterwards. There was always a family gathering; of course there was a fine Christmas tree. Such was the general tenour of the Proseken life."

Through all this time the strong feelings of home-love were kept alive by a constant interchange of long pleasant chatty letters on either hand.

"If I had written to you every time I had thought of you, you would have had a letter reaching from Tuesday night to Friday morning," says his sister Lucy in her share of the large foreign sheet, upon which the whole family poured out their affection and regret on his first departure from England.

Full and descriptive letter-writing was highly esteemed by Mr. and Mrs. Blackword; and the exercise trained

him to an ease in expressing himself which must have been of no small value in after life.

"I daresay," he says, "I could write more fluently and better if I took more time. I think you will not complain of the shortness of this letter. It is the longest I ever wrote. It is one hundred and thirty lines.

"The other day we went into Wismar, and dined with a friend of Pastor Brockmann's, and as the dinner-things were being laid, I saw a bottle of English porter placed on the table. My heart rejoiced within me, as I had not seen such a thing since I had been in Germany. When, what was my dismay when we sat down to dinner, to see it poured into wine-glasses, mixed with pounded sugar, and spoons to stir it!!!"

"I think the Germans must be lazy, as they were all quite astonished at my walking from here to Vogsthagen, about fifteen miles."

NOTES.

"During that summer a most unexpected pleasure was suddenly announced from home. My Father had decided to take my Mother and sisters to Switzerland; and to my intense delight, he wrote to me, telling me I was to meet them at Antwerp, thus giving me two more days of their company.

"Oh, the pleasure of that trip, with those I so loved, and had not seen for ten months! Cologne, Coblenz, Wiesbaden, Bâle, and then Vevay, Geneva, Chamounix, Martigni, Baden, are the principal places that I remember. Often as I have travelled Switzerland since, never has the charm of that journey been excelled. At last we had to part at Cologne."

At Proseken the old happy life was now resumed. His letters are filled with accounts of the sport which he so greatly enjoyed.

"Yesterday, I went with Willy Biel to a *battue* in one of the Grand Ducal forests. One has to pay a fine if one misses, doesn't shoot when one can, doesn't hold the gun properly, *i.e.*, with the muzzle in the air, which among so many shooters is for the sake of safety. I had not to pay once, and Willy had to pay six for missing.

"I shot every day at Zierow with Willy Biel at hawks in the

following manner. We had an immense owl, called an *Uhu* or *Schubut*, which was fastened to a stake about twenty paces from a hut in which Willy and I were concealed, and in which there was a window out of which to shoot. The owl attracts the hawks by screaming, and they come one after another and swoop at him; while they are hovering, before the swoop, we shoot them. They generally measure between five and six feet from wing to wing. One had however generally to wait a long time before they came, which was rather freezing work in 12° cold. You wonder at my wanting another great-coat! I should like you to be in a sledge with 18° to 24° cold, and a wind like a knife, and see if you would not freeze in three great-coats like mine!"

From the time of his arrival in Germany he was much struck by the absence of the religious observances to which he had always been accustomed at home.

"Mr. and Mrs. Brockmann are gone to spend the evening at Mr. Jenssen's, whither I also was asked: but as I think that if I go to one person's house on Sunday, I cannot refuse to go to another when asked, I have refused to go to-night. After church is over, they spend the Sunday going to the opera, playing cards, and anything else they like.

"The swearing here—at least, not swearing, but using God's name—is quite dreadful, ladies and children using it more than men; the favourite expression is *Herr Gott* and *Herr Jesus.*"

His Mother's answer is very touching:—

"I hope I am beginning to think more seriously of my responsibilities. . . . I tremble at the desecration of the Sabbath. It is so pleasant to our sinful natures to pass it in pastime, and even worse, cards. But recollect, dear love, that God so hallowed it, that He Himself observed it. Oh! my child. I remember with tears, and with groans—yes, I have heard myself *audibly* groan, when I recollect that I have helped by my example to make you think lightly of Sunday. . . . But I will hope it may have served as a warning instead of an example. I know it is pleasant to pass Sunday according to the way of the world; but I read only this morning Mark viii. 34, which so plainly shows that those who wish to follow the Saviour must take up their cross, *deny* themselves, and do what is not according to our sinful desires."

NOTES.

"During these years I underwent a curious phase of spiritual experience. The religious emotions which I had passed through when a boy at Walmer had been quite deadened by school-life; and I do not remember having any tendency whatever towards the things of God when I arrived in Mecklenburg. But a peculiar effect was produced upon me by the way in which the Sunday was observed there. According to general Lutheran ways, the afternoon is treated as lawfully devoted to secular amusements; and cards, visits, and the theatre were all looked upon as quite legitimate occupations. This, somehow or other, offended my sense of propriety; and I determined, careless as I had been of Sunday observance in England, to act differently. I therefore regularly shut myself up in my room on Sundays, with my Bible and Prayer Book, and diligently pursued a course of Doddridge's '*Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*'. This had been given to me some years before by my dear godmother, Charlotte Wright of Lenton, who was afterwards, by another book, to convey a yet gladder message to my soul. These studies produced a very great impression upon me; and I sought to conform my life to the lines prescribed by good Dr. Doddridge, and enter into covenants with God, which I trusted would eventually secure my salvation. But these impressions, like those of earlier years, were soon quenched by other scenes. The goodness of God however did not abandon me."

Powerful as these impressions and good resolutions may have been while they lasted, and often as they may have been re-awakened from time to time, they appear from his Dairy—a mere record of events—to have been but short-lived on each occasion, and to have been of a curiously mingled nature. On the Sunday following his arrival at Proseken, he says, "Went to opera. Saw *Eagle's Nest*. Very pretty girl acted Rose."

That day week was the first on which the new resolutions took effect.

"Sunday, 5th Nov., 1848.—Read prayers in my room. Mr. and Mrs. B. and H. F. went to the Jenssens'. I stayed at home,

and wrote to West and Mother. Finished the *Morne au Diable*—capital book."

By Sunday, 12th November, the entry has become:—

"Wrote letters. Read prayers. Went to opera. Saw *Huguenots*. Mlle. Lachenwitz is very pretty, and acted very nicely."

This however was the only occasion on which he broke his resolutions so far as regarded Sunday theatres. With several exceptions, the usual entry is, "Read prayers," accompanied by such variations as the following:—

"Sunday, 3rd Dec.—Read prayers in my own room. . . . Played whist in the evening, I'm ashamed to say."

"Sunday, 7th Jan., 1849.—Read prayers. . . . In evening went to Bahr's for Lottery. I had three lots, but lost them all."

"Sunday, 21st Jan.—Read prayers in my room. Mr. Brockmann went to Schwellar's. I wouldn't go. Herr Pastorr evidently doesn't like my refusing to go out on Sunday."

"Sunday, 11th March.—Read prayers in morning. . . . Played vingt et un! which I am sorry for. *God forgive me!* won four schelling."

The entry of 25th March, 1849, has a slight, but very significant variation upon the formal "Read prayers."

"Read and prayed in the morning."

A comparison of dates shows that it must have been on this day that the following letter was written:—

"PROSEKEN, 1849, Sunday, 25th.

"MY DEAREST SISTER LUCY,—I have for some time been wishing to write to you alone about myself, but could never determine myself to open my mind fully to you.

"There is nobody here to whom I can talk about religious matters. . . . I have lately been thinking more about my sinful state than I have ever done; and though I feel that I am not the least improved, still I can't help feeling a sort of self-sufficiency when I see all the people here breaking the Sabbath day, and taking God's name in vain in the way they do. This I know is wrong, because I am as sinful, I daresay more sinful than they; because, though I don't do those very sins openly, I profane the

Sunday with unholy thoughts as much as they do with their parties and cards.

"I read and pray every morning and evening, and often pray very fervently; but the moment that is over, the thoughts of the world and all its pleasures come pouring back into my mind, and entirely drive out holier thoughts. I pray for strength against temptation; but the moment temptation comes, however small, I yield to it. When I am praying and reading the Bible, or Doddridge's *Rise and Progress* (which I like exceedingly), I feel very happy, when I think that by really believing on Jesus Christ, I shall be saved; but the moment I cease reading or prayer, I feel quite in despair of salvation, or else a sort of relying on my own strength to resist temptation and do good works, which I cannot get rid of. Sundays I read and pray more than other days, but that past, the week goes by in the same routine of sin and negligence of God; and when the next Sunday comes I feel myself sinfuller than ever, and still faster in the bonds of Satan. This morning I have been praying more earnestly than I have ever done, and have immediately sat down to write this to you, in the hopes that you will give me some good advice.

"I hope that the *Holy Spirit* has *really* moved me to think more of Eternal Salvation and the necessity of preparing for another world, and that it is not a false delusion of my own mind."

In April, 1849, the Diary ceases. Of the remaining twelve months at Proseken no record exists, except in letters; and in the summer of 1850 he left Mecklenburg.

NOTES.

"Once again my Father, who never ceased, though by no means a rich man, to gratify my every desire and to do all that he thought for my advantage, sent me a remittance with authority to travel so far as the money would carry me, keeping north of the Alps. The sad day of leaving Proseken arrived. Mournful indeed it was to us all; for somehow or other those kind people had conceived a very strong affection for the English lad who had come among them eighteen months before in the way I have described. The love engendered in those years has lasted all my life,

"Several times, at long intervals, I have revisited the scenes of those happy days. The circle of loved ones has of course diminished. The good and kind Pastor lies in his churchyard. The Baron and Baroness have long since also died; and their son Wilhelm, who had been my greatest friend, a magnificent young man of six feet four, and as handsome as he was tall, to the great grief of all who loved him, shot himself accidentally three years after I left. Standing beside a little covert, where we had often shot together, and loading his gun, it exploded, and he was killed on the spot.

"By his death Charles became the inheritor of the Zierow property."

After a "very enjoyable tour," Mr. Blackwood reached Albert Terrace, Regent's Park, where his parents then lived. In about a year's time they removed to Upper Brook Street, Grosvenor Square.

NOTES.

"On 12th October, 1850, I went up to Cambridge, where I matriculated at Trinity, and was installed in lodgings at 14 Rose Crescent.

"I at once found myself amongst a number of old Eton friends, and within a few weeks was elected a member of the Atheneum. This is a club just opposite Trinity Gate, whose character of course varies with that of the different sets of men who come up to Cambridge. At that time it was very quiet, consisting of only about thirty men, fellow commoners and gentlemen commoners, and a few others like myself. Philip Currie, Christopher Sykes, John Bridgeman, John Harbord, Francis Leveson Gower, (who, alas! died within a year or so in the Bulgarian Rifles), Alexander Dennistoun, Heathcote, now Lord Ancaster, and a few others, are those whom I recollect most vividly.

"But I had a number of other friends also, and besides rowing in the 2nd Trinity in summer, my principal pursuit was that of riding across country, where it is a wonder that I did not break my neck over the Cambridgeshire five-barred gates, every one of which I think I must have jumped during the two winters that I was up.

"I have never ceased to regret that I did not avail myself more assiduously of the educational opportunities within my reach.

I am ashamed to say that, beyond what was absolutely necessary to pass muster at lectures, I neglected reading in the whole of my University career."

Constantly in after life Sir Arthur would refer to his Cambridge career, grieving over the lost time and wasted opportunities for reading—a loss which in his subsequent busy life he found it so impossible to repair.

NOTES.

"My Cambridge life went on very pleasantly till March, 1852. At that time the Government of Lord John Russell resigned. My Mother, who had been a great favourite in early years, thought this an opportunity not to be lost for advancing her son's interests. She therefore hurried to Downing Street, and asked him, before leaving office, to give me an appointment. It so happened that there were three vacancies at the Treasury. One of these Lord John gave to me, and another to Ryan, who a few years before had sat next me in school at Eton.

"This was of course a first-rate opening to a public career. As I was in some trepidation as to my prospects at the examination for my degree, and had begun to feel the necessity for reading, it was not without great relief that I felt that this would not now be required; and though I was sorry to leave my Cambridge friends, the thought of a start in life and all the pleasures of London made up for any disappointment. I had also just at that moment got into some scrapes with the College authorities. I therefore said good-bye to Cambridge without a very heavy heart; and going home, was at once presented by my Father to Sir Charles Trevelyan, Permanent Secretary to the Treasury, thus commencing my public service in March, 1852.

"My formal introduction to the Service of Her Majesty was completed by having to give proof of my powers of composition and knowledge of arithmetic in the Private Secretary's room of Sir Charles Trevelyan, then Secretary to the Treasury. My Eton, German, and Cambridge education fortunately bore this severe strain. Entrance into the service of the State, in those happy days, depended upon the result of no examination, but at all events in the case of the Treasury, upon the will of the Prime Minister. Nor was the labour which the State then exacted of us of a too exhausting character. It consisted in copying letters into a big

book; and then, at the close of the day, folding the said letters, enclosing them in large envelopes, addressing them, and sealing them, regardless of cost, with an enormous weight of red sealing wax. This tremendous work, which began at half-past ten, concluded at four. It was relieved by an excellent luncheon; and the afternoon was often mirthfully enlivened by Herbert Murray, now Chairman of the Customs, Wynne, an Eton friend, who afterwards left for the Coldstream Guards, and myself, in games of stump and ball.

"We occupied a long low room, the highest in the building, looking over St. James' Park to the west, and the Treasury passage into Downing Street on the south. There we were secluded from the rest of the office, being at the top of a long stone corkscrew staircase, up which no one ever came, except friends to join in our sport, either from inside the building or from other Departments of the Government outside. . . . One day a catastrophe occurred. Being unable to obtain in the ordinary way sufficient supplies of drinkables for our friends and ourselves, we resorted to the expedient of hoisting up a cask of beer from the aforesaid Treasury passage. In a few minutes orders reached me to wait upon Sir Charles Trevelyan. A Bobby had witnessed the proceedings, and supposing something was wrong, had given notice indoors. Sir Charles asked for an explanation. I endeavoured to state, as clearly as I could, that an enterprising firm of West-end brewers had resorted to that method of extending their custom. Sir Charles, whose experience of simple Indian ways had not prepared him, any more than his acquaintance with London life, for so remarkable a development of trade enterprise, apparently did not quite credit my representations. This was of course too much for my Eton and Cambridge spirit, and I was very impertinent. I can see now the air of surprised and outraged authority which shaded the good man's features as he exclaimed: 'Ha! ha! this is contumacy, Sir! Leave the room!' I left, not feeling at all sure what condign punishment, perhaps even the loss of my new appointment, the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, functionaries who sat in the Board Room, and included the new Prime Minister himself, might inflict upon so grievous an offender. I was not without a resource; and going to William Stevenson, who was next in rank to Trevelyan, and was an old friend of my Father, I sought his friendly intervention. This he promised; and by a timely apology to my offended chief, I succeeded in establishing peace.

"Within a couple of years Sir Charles published in the *Times*

extracts of letters from myself to him, in which I stated facts which had occurred within my own knowledge in the Crimea. . . .

"Our official day, as I said, ended at four. Then, arm in arm, with Stewart Hobhouse, of the Home Office, from whom I was inseparable for the next few years, I sallied forth, generally to Rotten Row. Often my Father lent me a horse. This enabled me to enjoy the society of my partners of the previous evening. . . .

"London Society was then very different from what I understand it is now. . . . Almack's was then on its last legs. This was a series of balls held at Willis's Rooms, to which nobody could be admitted except on vouchers signed by a certain number of the great ladies of Society, of whom the famous Lady Jersey was the acknowledged head. Speaking generally, everybody knew everybody. Day after day, and night after night, one met the same circle of friends; yet of course with more or less of variety. To such young people as myself, the season came to an end amidst intense regret. But then followed other agreeable occupations. Visits to country houses in the summer, shooting parties in the autumn, hunting in the winter, so far as one's leave would allow.

"A fortnight was spent about Christmas at my friend Dungarvan's in Somersetshire, where, with my Father's invariable desire to contribute in every way to my happiness, he sent me one of his best hunters, with a groom. Dungarvan had a pack of harriers, and we had some rare sport day after day, till my leave was up.

"Last there came, late in February (1854), a large party at Percy Barrington's, in Oxfordshire, for some *tableaux vivants*. His sister, Lady Strathmore, was *Medora*, and I had to enact the *Corsair*, which, having fitted myself out with a Greek costume, I believe I did satisfactorily.

"Little did I think how near I was to the end for ever of this my London life. But so it was."

Through all these years there was one spot from which prayer—earnest believing prevailing prayer—

"Rose like a fountain for him, night and day."

This was the home of the three "Aunts," to whom reference has been made. Many years before, when evangelical religion was not common, the four daughters of John Wright, of Lenton Hall, Nottingham (sisters of Mrs. Blackwood's first husband), had been converted to

GOD. Through years of difficulty, and even opposition, the sisters pursued their way. One married ; the others remained under their father's roof, "rich in good works," until his death. Then, to be near their work in the village, they built themselves a house—The Lodge, Lenton—where they lived, till, each at a very advanced age, they "departed for Zion," as Mr. Blackwood pleasantly said, when speaking of another's happy death. Deep in their knowledge of their Bibles, reverential and matured, to them it was given to know GOD with none of that flippant and shallow faith "which stands in the wisdom of men." Their affection for Mrs. Blackwood and her family was abounding. In her daughters they were already seeing the fulfilment of their hopes ; but in her son every early sign of grace had disappeared. Miss Charlotte Wright was his godmother ; and when, in 1886, she died at the age of ninety years, he wrote to a friend, "I owe her more than any one else in the world as regards my spiritual life."

To this "Aunt" he wrote in 1852 :—

"Many, many thanks, my dear Aunt Charlotte, for your kind letter, and the great interest you take, both in my spiritual and temporal welfare. The latter is, I think, satisfactory enough. I wish sincerely I could say so of the former ; for although I know perfectly that I am living in a state of sin, and very great sin, hardly ever giving a thought to God, yet I wholly want the resolution and strength of mind necessary to give up the pleasures of the world, which I feel are of course wholly incompatible with the service of God. The most I can boast is, that I say some short prayer every night ; but that I do merely as a duty, and not because I feel any pleasure in it. Of course I say to myself that I mean to devote my time to religion and God some day, when I have had my turn of balls and gaieties ; but I know that it will be just as difficult then as it is now, and probably a great deal more so. You see I am perfectly aware of my state, and know that if I continue in it, I cannot hope for salvation. I very often make good resolutions, and say one day that I will not commit the sin

I have that day committed again; and I ask God for assistance to keep those resolutions: but when the temptation comes, I yield just as readily as I did before.

"I feel I am much too fond of balls and operas, etc., to give up the world without a great struggle: and I am quite sure that it is impossible to serve God truly, and to frequent those places. But in the meantime it is necessary for me to go into society in order to make my way in the world; and I don't think my parents would like my giving it up, even if I felt equal to it myself. . . .

"I feel, in short, that I am going on in a far from satisfactory way; and though I wish sincerely enough to abandon it, yet I cannot.

"I shun religion, and fly from it as a bore; and though serious thoughts sometimes come over me, yet I banish them as quickly as possible. Twenty years of my life have been spent in worse than unprofitableness, and I might die any day, and it is dreadful to think how little I am prepared.

"Believe me, my dear Aunt Charlotte,

"Your affectionate godson,

"S. A. B.

"Monday, 12th April, 1852."

In the summer of 1853 he again went abroad with his friend Stewart Hobhouse. In a pocket memorandum-book, he kept a diary of this tour with his accustomed regularity. It is a record of journeying and sight-seeing, varied by meetings with friends and scrimmages with hotel-keepers, games of *vingt et un*, losses and gains, brewing of claret cup, etc. In the midst of the frivolous entries comes a page in German characters. The friends had suffered so severely from scorched faces after a mountaineering expedition, that they rested at Chamonix, 8th July, "sitting in a room almost dark, with shutters shut."

Translation.

"While H. rested, I went into the pretty little village church, which was close by. . . . There I knelt down and prayed to God to forgive me my sins, and to give me time for repentance. Afterwards I went round the little churchyard; and whilst I admired

the great works of His hand, I asked Him to make me more grateful for all His benefits, and not to give me up, but to send me the Holy Ghost, and to bring me at last into His own Kingdom. Oh! if only the good resolutions which are now in my heart would remain firm! May God, in His great mercy, grant that they do!"

Years afterwards, when living at Crayford [1871-79], Mr. Blackwood was looking over some old books and papers, and came upon the little pocket-book; the German characters caught his eye, and he showed the page to his Wife, remarking on God's wonderful dealings with him. He had entirely forgotten the entry. It was probably at the time when this incident in his life had thus been brought vividly to his memory, that he spoke of it in the meeting alluded to in the following letter, dated *23rd March, 1894*, which gives the recollections, lasting to the present day, of one who was there.

"I am going now to give you what I remember about Sir Arthur.

"He came down to speak at the Chatham Soldiers' Home the week it was opened. His night was Thursday, 15th June, 1876.

"His text was, 'Whosoever shall call on the name of the LORD shall be saved,' which he spoke of as an *underlined* text, repeated three times in Scripture. In speaking of the certainty of God answering all who *call*, he told us of a young man who, after the gaieties of a London season, had gone to Switzerland with some friends. One morning, on which the party had arranged some expedition, he had a headache, and stayed behind; and then, later in the day, went out alone for a walk, and wandered up on to mountains. He found himself alone, out of sight of human habitation. A sense of awe came over him, of his own smallness and sin, and God's Majesty; and he stood up and said, 'O God, help me to turn over a new leaf.'

"The whole thing so impressed him, that he made a memorandum of the fact in a note-book, in some foreign language, for fear of any one seeing it. Then Sir Arthur told us that this was himself, and that he was a living testimony to the truth of the text."

But the impressions passed away, not to be revived apparently for many months ; and a life of godlessness followed. Like another young man, of whom it is written that "Jesus, beholding him, loved him," "he went away sorrowful." Still, he "went away."

And Jesus let him go ! "His time" had "not yet full come."

II.

THE WAR IN THE CRIMEA.

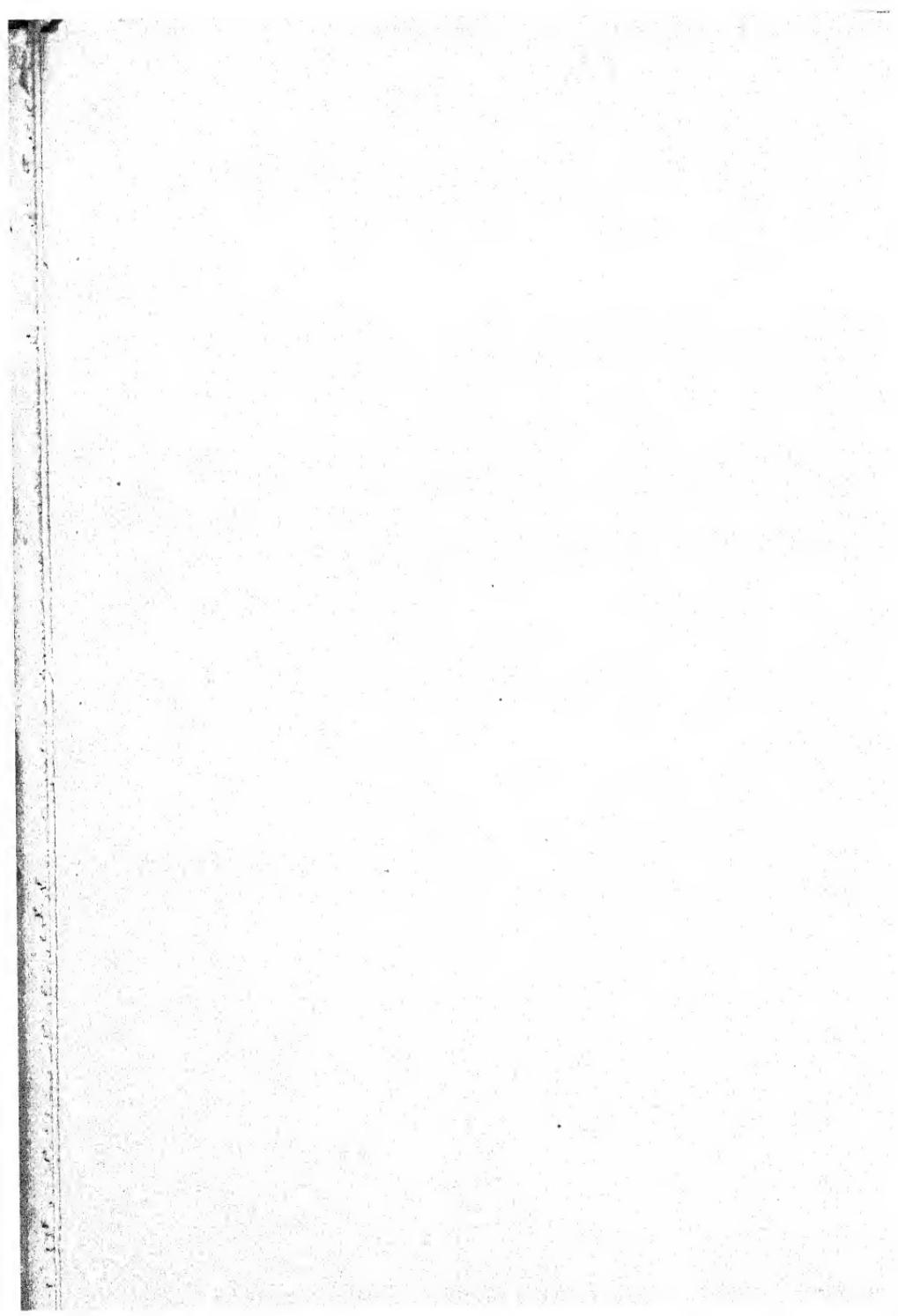
THE BOSPHORUS.

BULGARIA.

ALMA.

WINTER BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

SUMMER IN THE CRIMEA AND THE FALL OF
SEBASTOPOL.



THE BOSPHORUS.

NOTES.

"In the spring of 1854, war having broken out between Russia and Turkey, England and France, with the object of maintaining the European balance of power and of defending their own interests, entered into an alliance with Turkey.

"An Expeditionary Force was despatched to Gallipoli in the Dardanelles, and the Brigade of Guards was sent out to Malta. England had been at peace for forty years, and some of the administrative branches of the Army had got uncommonly rusty. Amongst these was the Commissariat Staff, at that time a Branch of the Treasury, and the very life of an army in the field, since its functions were to provide funds for the pay, and food for the support of the troops. The number of officers had been reduced to a peace footing, and there were only just enough for the supply of the various garrisons.

"Thus arose a great emergency. The Commissary-in-Chief requiring that his Department should be efficiently supplied with officers, and the Treasury having none whom it could send out, the Government determined to call for volunteers. It was decided to offer to us Treasury clerks commissions as officers of the Commissariat Staff, with excellent pay and allowances, our places at home being kept open for us whilst we were absent.

"We did not in the least know what was in store for us, but thought a trip to Malta and Constantinople, with military rank, would not be at all bad fun; and Herbert Murray and myself jumped at the offer. My Mother was in dismay; but my Father, having gone to Sir Charles Yorke, then Adjutant-General, ascertained all about the position, conditions of service and so on, and the whole thing was settled."

His Father's letters leave no doubt that he gladly hailed this prospect of active service as a break in the

desultory London life, and a valuable opportunity, not only of acquiring credit, but of developing and strengthening his son's character.

NOTES.

"The next fortnight was occupied with getting uniforms, saddle-bags, pistols, camp-equipage, and everything that one was told was necessary ; and on the 20th March, in company with my Father and Mother, I left Upper Brook Street, saying good-bye there to my beloved and distressed sisters, Lucy and Ceci. Alas! it was the last sight I ever had of the latter, as I looked at her sweet face at the dining-room window of our house.

"I embarked at Southampton in the P. & O. steamer *Indus*, in sleet and snow."

It is of this—the commencement of the most solemnly critical period of his life—that the fullest records remain. The journal-letters written to his family throughout the whole term of his service in the East were copied by his Mother into three large volumes. On the other hand, many letters from herself and his Father have been preserved ; also packets of letters from his sisters and many of his own answers, besides a PRIVATE JOURNAL, which, beginning with the start from Southampton, is carried on steadily till it ceases abruptly on 2nd March, 1855. These, together with his own recent autobiographical NOTES, and a DIARY OF DATES of the chief events of each year, supply a mass of material in itself complete and interesting enough to form several volumes. The difficulty has lain in selection and arrangement.

Mr. Blackwood's letters and journal naturally dwell upon the vexed question of the Commissariat supply in the Crimea. The conspicuous fairness which distinguished him throughout life is already manifest ; and the facts which he was in a position to know, are such as to throw a not-unneeded light upon many circumstances.

THE BOSPHORUS

41

PRIVATE JOURNAL.

"Weighed anchor at three, and at twenty past three saw the last wave of my Mother's handkerchief from the quay."

NOTES.

"My fellow-travellers were principally officers going out to join their regiments, and amongst them were several of the superior officers of my own Staff. . . .

"On reaching Malta, I found myself amongst a number of London friends, Guardsmen and others, one in particular being Bob Anstruther,* of the Grenadiers, with whom ere long I was to come into very close connexion."

Here he found letters from home, containing news, amongst other things, of the death of his uncle, Francis Blackwood, whom he had seen two days before leaving England, then evidently in a dying state.

FROM HIS FATHER.

"COLONIAL OFFICE, 24th March, 1854.

"MY VERY DEAR BOY,—I won't dwell upon the regrets that I feel at your departure from home, because I desire to think that your excursion will be advantageous and also agreeable to you; and therefore I will only look at the bright side.

"To make it however advantageous, pray observe that you can only accomplish that end by carefully and energetically obeying the orders you will receive. Let your superior officers see that you really do intend to make yourself useful, and not play the London swell; and above all, keep your temper as much under command as possible, for I fancy it will be sorely tried. Avoid disputes; but if unfortunately you get into any, conduct yourself like a man of sense and spirit; for you are in an atmosphere of which honour is the principal ingredient, and if that be impaired, your position with your associates is done for, and you become contemptible. But on this point I have no fears for you, though I give the caution—applicable to all young men.

"Do your best to acquire the language of the country, and to learn its history, past and present. The knowledge of it will open

*Afterwards Sir Robert Anstruther, Bart., M.P., of Balcaskie, Fife.

your mind. . . . Commend yourself daily to the protection of the Almighty, Whom we all pray to for you, and your actions will be pure and upright, and I trust successful. . . . I have followed you with my heart and good wishes.

His Mother writes with the extraordinary power which she possessed of pouring out her whole soul in passionate affection even upon paper :—

“ Thursday, 23rd.

“ MY VERY PRECIOUS DARLING,—You are not one minute out of my thoughts . . . and it is quite impossible to describe the desolation of my heart. . . . We have done nothing since your departure but moan over it. . . .

“. . . I would be the last to put a spoke in the *business* which you are going out to *fulfil*, and which must be your *first* thought. You have led for the last two years such a life of pleasure that it will be hard for you to put it aside, and begin labouring in good truth; but I hope you will bear in mind that this is an opening which, if turned to account, may give you a substantial lift in life. . . . There was a lovely bright sunbeam flashed upon your ship just when you turned out of sight. I prayed it might be a token that God would bless your undertaking.”

The approach of danger seems now to have reawakened in Mrs. Blackwood’s soul the religious sentiments and apprehensions which had apparently been slumbering for some time past. Under the pressure of grief and anxiety, she resumes the strain which had marked many of her earlier letters.

“ Seek Him in *prayer*, my love; He likes to be entreated. Ask His support, His guidance, and He will *never* forsake you. Remember Him, I pray you, whilst you are young. It may be if you only devote your last days to Him, He will hide His face. Or it may be worse; you may have *no* last days at all. Give Him all your early life. He has given you *all* things.”

And then the letter rambles off into the concerns of daily life, and the further expression of her intense grief at his departure.

In private Notes she pours forth a pathetic record of her feelings, with a natural freedom which forbids all criticism, though much is of too personal a nature for insertion here.

"Poor me! He is amidst new faces, quite a new life; whereas I return to everything to remind me of him. It is a bitter blowing wind. Oh, how I dread going upstairs, and opposite his room, which will know him no more for so long! My heart sinks as though it would die within me. No more sitting in my darling Boy's room; no more calling him in the morning. . . .

"Oh, oh, oh! my eyes will melt away with crying. . . . What is to become of me till I see his blessed face again? I thank God my eyesight never failed to distinguish his loved form standing on the vessel to the very last. Oh, that we may meet again in health and number as we are. . . .

"I wish I knew which chair he sat in last in the drawing room. If I could have anticipated this painful separation! . . . alas! alas! but I do congratulate myself I have had no finger in this bitter separation. My reproaches would kill me."

And then, after much more of the same nature, comes the characteristic little touch :—

"Had the satisfaction of scolding Tessier."

To her son she writes again :—

"I never was so impressed with death as when I saw Uncle Francis' corpse; his head towards the window, and his fine handsome face as white as linen. It has made me go to my God in greater earnestness than I *ever* did before, to give me new life; to be able in my *heart* to cast off this world, the flesh, and the devil; and I pray as only a mother can pray for *you*, my child. . . . I assure you in *truth*, when I think it possible you or I may be taken in our *present* state, it seems to congeal the blood in my veins with terror."

But not terror—something mightier—even "the love of God in Christ made known"—was to work the real change in Mother and Son.

At Malta there was a week's delay.

PRIVATE JOURNAL.

“MALTA.

“4th April, Tuesday.—Was going to bed when Potgieter came in, and said we were to go off in the *Banshee*. Went with him in a boat to her; were told we must be ready with our traps in an hour. Rushed back therefore. Shoved my things into portmanteaux and bags, procured a cart by a great deal of bullying, paid the bill, went off for Potgieter, and marched down to the wharf. Had a row with the Smeitches as usual, and got on board in three quarters of an hour. Had to use our own beds, and sleep in the saloon.”

NOTES.

“The *Banshee* was the little despatch boat which ran between Constantinople and Malta, which Captain Reynolds pushed through the water at highest possible speed; and as the Mediterranean happened to be rather stormy those three days, I had a very unpleasant time of it; but at last we got amongst the Isles of Greece.”

TO HIS MOTHER.

“We entered the Dardanelles by moonlight, could just see the castles of Europe and Asia, and were I believe very near being fired at for not hoisting our proper lights in time. They fire great granite balls, about two feet in diameter, and one shot would have done for us! Stopped opposite Gallipoli to leave letters for Sir G. Brown, who was there with the Rifles; and then went on again as fast as ever, going really a tremendous pace, the spray from the bow forming a *jet d'eau* about four feet in height, and the ship dipping her nose every time. Woke in the Sea of Marmora on Saturday morning in quite smooth water. Entered the Bosphorus at one P.M.

“The next day I reported myself. After a short time we were joined by the Commissary-General-in-Chief, Mr. Filder, a thin spare little man of about sixty, who had been all through the Peninsular War with the Duke of Wellington forty years before, and was an officer of great experience. He had been out for some time making contracts with the Greek merchants for the supply of everything that an army could require.”

The Journal and Letters here give full accounts of his experiences at Pera, of visits to the Sultan's new Palace,

the Seraglio, the Mosque of St. Sophia, and of dinners at the Embassy and visits to the Opera.

But this easy-going life was very soon brought to an end. On Friday, 14th April, Mr. Blackwood was detached with some other officers to Scutari, on the Asian side of the Bosphorus.

TO HIS PARENTS.

"Saturday, 15th April.

"I am in a great hurry, but do not like the post to go without a word from me, so send you what little I can. Yesterday in hurricane and snow-storm, Strickland, Potgieter, an interpreter and self, were sent over to Scutari to receive the Barracks destined for the English troops, as the *Himalaya* had just arrived with 41st and 33rd regiments. With the greatest difficulty and danger we reached the other side of the Bosphorus in a little *caique*, rode some hacks up to the Barracks, and immediately commenced surveying them, and arranging for the immediate reception of the troops. We were going about in the snow and rain and a bitter cold wind the whole day, varied by occasional visits to the Colonel, who always produced pipes and coffee, and was most hospitable. About six we set out for the landing-place, but the storm was so tremendous that no boat would take us over. We were therefore obliged to retrace our steps through snow and mud two miles to the Barracks, and ask for a night's shelter there, the building being occupied by Turkish troops until to-day. They gave us an empty room and two mattresses, where, after some half-dozen pipes and relays of coffee, and squatting cross-legged on a divan for three or four hours, we made ourselves pretty snug for the night, sleeping in our clothes, and wrapped up in our cloaks. We were up at five this morning, and after a dry rub, went off to the *Himalaya* to commence the disembarkation. Winter has set in again, and it is bitterly cold."

NOTES.

"A very large four-towered Turkish Barracks had been vacated to make room for our troops. Amongst the officers were Assistant Com. Gen. Potgieter and D.A.C.G. Barlee, with whom I soon struck up a fast friendship. We were quartered in the basement of one of the towers, looking over towards Constantinople and the

Golden Horn, and then in the southern direction across the Sea of Marmora, and to Mount Olympus in the far distance. I don't think I ever saw any tenement so full of big and black fleas as that Turkish Barracks; the white trousers which formed part of our uniform sometimes looked perfectly black with them.

"We had a jolly mess amongst ourselves, for which I catered; and one of the accomplishments my Mother had taught me for my Eton days being that of making an omelette, I was in great request as a cook."

PRIVATE JOURNAL.

"16th April, Easter Sunday.—Up at five. Can give no regular or circumstantial account of this day; for from five o'clock in the morning till seven in the evening, not even having time for luncheon, it was spent in issuing wood, beef, pork, candles, suet, raisins, flour and biscuits; seeing the weights correct; preventing the thieves of soldiers prigging the biscuits, which they invariably did when my back was turned. They also evinced a very natural and decided partiality for raisins, which it was also my duty to check. Ramsay came over accompanied by Smith, who was much surprised to see me performing the duties of an Issuer, and blamed Strickland for it. It however could not be helped, as we had no subordinate officers.

"19th April, Wednesday.—On board the *Cambria*, disembarking 47th from 6:30 till three. Bitterly cold, and hardly anything to eat. Then had to stand at the Pier, and transport arms for four hours, because Strickland had officially undertaken the conveyance of things that were not at all in his Department. Sent off again in the middle of dinner to do ditto again. 47th and 88th landed to-day.

"20th April, Thursday.—Turned out at five, and issued bread till 6:30. Six hundred loaves short. Had to issue biscuit instead. Went with Strickland to see the meat, and found them slaughtering the wrong animals. A tremendous row. Meat refused by Strickland, and the devil to pay. The contractor told a lot of lies. Dined at seven, and smoked all night.

"21st April, Friday.—An easy day's work, compared with the preceding ones. Was up nevertheless at five, and down at the meat. Then washed and dressed.

"27th April, Tuesday.—Was going over to Galata for the bread, when Ramsay stopped me, and sent me with Harrison to Scutari to receive oats. . . . Went on at it till five in the evening.

Rowed stroke of the *caique* coming home; and a heavy storm coming on, was drenched to the skin, and without any respite was sent down to the landing-place to disembark the Guards.

"30th April, Sunday.—Went to Pera for bread. Counted 10,600 loaves. Back at two."

NOTES.

"Regiments kept arriving from England every day, and were quartered at Scutari in tents. The Army soon began to be formed into Brigades and Divisions; and the first Division, which was commanded by the Duke of Cambridge, consisted of the Brigade of Guards, under Brigadier-General Sir Henry Bentinck, and the Highland Brigade, under Sir Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde.

"To my great joy, and why I know not, the Commissary-General appointed me to the charge of the Brigade of Guards, the very Brigade in which I knew almost everybody, either from Eton or London days. I was then gazetted as Acting-Deputy-Assistant-Commissary-General Blackwood, in charge of the Commissariat accounts of the Brigade of Guards.

"We had a jolly ten weeks at Scutari during April, May, and part of June. We were uncommonly glad to get out of our filthy barracks, and to live in bell-tents. I had to get mounted, and purchased a good big English bay mare, for £25, at Constantinople, and a wiry little Turkish pony about fifteen hands high, as my bât or baggage-animal. For this scarecrow I gave £18, and never had a man a better steed than old Tom. The little beast got fat and sleek, and though I rode full sixteen stone, he would do as long a day's journey under me as I ever wanted; and when I came away in two years' time, I sold him to my old friend Gerald Goodlake of the Coldstreams, when, to his grief and mine, he dropped down dead of heart disease soon after.

"At the same time I got a groom, and a little Syrian named Antoine as my servant. Later on, I was fortunate enough to get a soldier-servant from the Coldstreams named Lockwood; and a better cook, valet, and everything else that man could want, I am sure nobody ever had.

"Of course, I was new to the Commissariat work. . . . The most unpleasant part was that of having to superintend the butchery for the Brigade, for which I had placed under my orders two butchers from each regiment. The contractors supplied the

living animals, and wretched-looking creatures they were, though the sheep were rather better. It was not a pleasant job, in the steaming hot Eastern mornings, to have to ride down to the shambles and see some twenty oxen, or a hundred sheep, killed, flayed, cut up, and weighed to a pound, for the three regiments. Oh, the flies! the stench! Every ounce of meat and other stores I had to account for with the utmost minuteness."

To His Parents.

"29th April, 1854.

"MY DEAR FATHER, etc., etc., etc.—I am striving to write this letter to you in a dense cloud of dust, caused by the emptying out of sacks of oats into the granary where I am sitting. . . . It is a most unofficer-like duty; and in fact everything I have had to do as yet has been very dirty work compared with what the Commissariat duties are and ought to be. The whole thing proceeds from the stinginess of the Treasury in not sending out a proper staff of subordinates, and consequently obliging us to do the duty of Storekeepers and Issuers. . . . They told Filder, however, that I was not above the work; and I hear the same thing has been written to Trevelyan.

"The Guards disembarked yesterday; but I have not seen any of my friends again yet, owing to having been in this beastly barn for the last two days. Our hours of work are generally from the moment we get out of bed till the moment we get into it again; and everybody wonders how I find time to write such long letters, and keep up my journal.

"The guns of all the ships in the harbour are just now celebrating the burning of Odessa, and the sound of the echoes reverberating along the banks of the Bosphorus is very fine.

"They say Filder is sulky at not having a sufficient staff of men to carry on the work; and indeed they have sent him here, as if it were one of the Colonies, where there is a regular established Commissariat Department, and everything on a proper footing, instead of Turkey, where the whole establishment must be organised from the very foundation, and where proper men cannot be found to fill inferior posts. He urged the importance of bringing them ready-made from home most earnestly upon the Government before he left England; but they paid no attention to his recommendations, and I should not wonder if the whole thing were to go to smash in consequence.

"SCUTARI, 5th May, 1854.

"Several events of importance have taken place since I wrote to you. The first of them is by far the most important, and has filled my breast with 'envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitable-ness,' towards Lord Raglan, the author of it. However, to cut a long story short (for I could dilate upon the atrocity of the deed for ever), in the little paper which accompanies this are the remains of my once fondly-loved moustache. It has fallen beneath the scissors, and I send you its *beaux restes*, to preserve it from entire oblivion. Put it in an urn, and don't burn it. Twenty-two years' growth has fallen in one short minute! It was however inevitable, for Lord Raglan sent for the different Generals of Divisions, and Heads of the various Staffs, and requested them to cause all their officers to shave the upper lip and chin, and obey the Queen's Regulations.

"The consequences are horrible in the extreme. . . . My miserable appearance is increased by the rest of my face being very much tanned, and the upper lip presenting a long white mark in the midst of it. I am sure of your sympathies, though, and will say no more about the dreadful loss, except that every now and then I find my fingers smoothing nothing, and trying to curl an empty space, which of course reminds me of my loss, and re-opens my wounds afresh. *Requiescat in Pace*—I mean the moustache.

"Strickland of course did not at first like having only me attached to him, as ever since I had been here, I have been continually running about on the most various duties, and had no time to learn, in fact knew nothing about the office duties of the Commissariat, the whole of which, as subaltern, would be under and performed by me; and also because the other officer had a much more experienced officer of some seven or eight years' service attached to him. He accordingly went over to Filder's to remonstrate with him, saying that it was unfair both to himself and to me to be placed in such a position, as I was expected to perform duties with which I was naturally totally unacquainted, and if anything went wrong, the blame would of course fall upon him. Filder however said that 'he heard that Mr. Blackwood was a very efficient officer,' and 'had been *very* favourably reported upon to him, and that he saw no reason to alter the arrangements he had made.' I therefore employed the whole of Monday in learning as much as I could, and we began our work yesterday. I got

through very well; and Strickland said all my work was done, and everything as regularly and neatly arranged as if I were quite an old officer. It is tedious work, and I was at it from nine till six without once leaving the room.

"SCUTARI, 14th May, 1854.

"Directly after dinner I dressed myself in 'gorgeous array,' there being a ball at the French Embassy, to which 'the Army' was asked. Strickland and myself went from our corps. . . . Having made a bow to a person arrayed in gold and silver in the passage, I proceeded to the ballroom. . . .

"Prince Jerome soon arrived, and was the centre of attraction. He is the image of the great Napoleon, only fatter, and with smaller eyes. Lord Raglan with all his staff was also there, and Marshal St. Arnaud, covered with stars.

"The supper was very good. The women were all admitted first, and the men were kept out by a sentry at the door. It was amusing to see the faces of all the hungry Englishmen and Frenchmen who were trying to obtain an entrance. At last we were let in. The brother-in-law of the Sultan was there, who was a Colossus of fat, and swallowed the largest mouthfuls I ever saw in my life. The people, even the natives, stood and stared at him.

"We stayed till about four, and crossed the Bosphorus at sunrise.

"CAMP, SCUTARI, 29th May.

"The other day P., '*one of ours*,' coming in very thirsty, took up a porter bottle, in which, for want of a better, we had made some ink, poured himself out a tumbler, frothing it up beautifully, and drank it off to the very dregs before he found out his mistake. We all recommended blotting-paper; but he preferred medical advice, and was consequently very seedy for a couple of days.

"And now for whatever news I can collect to tell you. First—as it concerns a Department which has the honour of counting me amongst its members, the Commissariat they say is going to the dogs. . . . Till five days ago, Non-commissioned officers have been doing the duty of Store-keepers and Issuers. Of course now every man is wanted in his Regiment, and a Government Order came out accordingly that at the end of a week, all these men were to return to their duty. The week elapsed, the men were taken away, and the Commissariat were without the *most* necessary subordinates. Horses had consequently to go without forage, men almost without food, and persons of an entirely inferior class were entrusted with

the most important duties. Strickland, who, if you remember, advertised at Malta for Interpreters, Store-keepers, etc., etc., would, if his advice had been followed, have long ago collected an efficient staff of them; but the Treasury would not allow it, and the result is evident. . . .

"The Light Division, under Sir G. Brown, consisting of the Rifle Brigade, 7th, 9th, 23rd, 33rd, 77th, and 88th, after numerous delays, and counter orders (having once had their horses embarked, and again landed), started this morning for Varna, and they say we i.e., First Division, under the Duke of Cambridge, are to follow next. They say we are to go on direct from Varna to Shumla, about five days' journey; but nobody of course knows. I am glad you received such good accounts of me; it shall not be my fault if they do not continue."

PRIVATE JOURNAL.

"30th May, Wednesday.—Sultan inspected the troops. Worked off my legs. Was to have dined with General Estcourt, but obliged to put him off, at the last moment.

"31st May, Thursday.—Similar work. Incessant. . . .

"2nd June, Friday—Work. Work. Work. Which continued with very few intermissions till Sunday, 11th June, when with Forth and Green Wilkinson, I went over and dined with N. at a Café, where he gave us a capital dinner, and provided all sorts of amusements for us afterwards.

"12th June, Monday.—From five till eight at night employed in conveying three days' stores from the Barracks to the *Jason*. The devil's own work.

"13th June, Tuesday.—At it again at four, and had to leave the packing up and despatching of all my traps to my two servants. . . . Only got the last sack on board, and myself and horse, when the *Jason* started.

BULGARIA.

The good advice given to Mr. Blackwood in his first letter from his Father did not fail to bear fruit. At the end of the PRIVATE JOURNAL is an admirable *précis*, too long to quote, of information which he had gathered in readiness for the duties which would devolve upon him on the arrival of the troops in Roumelia.

On the 14th June, 1854, the First Division reached Varna.

TO HIS PARENTS.

"CAMP AT VARNA, Sunday Evening, 25th June, 1854.

"The position of the army is thus—17th and 18th Cavalry at Devna, twenty miles from here; the Light Division at Aladyn, and the First, Second, and Third here.

"As soon as the Light Division can be supplied with enough transport to enable it to move on, we shall go up and occupy the site they are at present encamped on—a most lovely spot, I hear, on the shores of the Devna Lake. Everybody compares it to an English park, filled with splendid trees, and sloping down to the water's edge.

"This place I should enjoy very much, if I could only be sure of an hour or two a week, just to ride a couple of miles into the country with my gun; or see a little more of the place than the store-houses of beef and barley, and piles of wood which are continually before my eyes; but the work and anxiety is so incessant that one cannot be a moment away from one's duty. Owing to the badness of the Commissariat arrangements, the Army is living only from hand to mouth; it is consequently a continual struggle between the Commissariat officers of the different Divisions and Brigades, which shall obtain or seize upon the supply of meat, bread, or wood before the others; and after flogging all day, bullying contractors, ordering bullock-cart drivers (by far the most

apathetic race of people in the world) and rushing here, there, and everywhere, in comes some Quartermaster to say that his meat is bad, or his men hadn't enough wood to cook their dinner; and off one has to be again, and obtain somehow or other the requisite articles. The plagues of fleas we have left behind us, and have in their place serpents, centipedes, and ants.

"ALADYN, 8th July, 1854.

"On Friday, at one P.M., we received notice that the Division was to march the next morning at five, which gave us all, as you may imagine, plenty to do. A hundred and sixty bullock-waggons had to be procured and laden before night with stores that were not yet supplied to us, which in the very deficient state of the transport was no easy task. Other stores had to be sent up to this place by water (Aladyn being at one end of the lake and Varna at the other), and arrangements made for provisioning the troops when they got here. I accordingly sent a great quantity of barley, biscuit, and salt-meat hither in the boats of the *Simoom*, which had been brought across the isthmus that separates the lake from the sea; landed them at Aladyn, and returned to Varna, which I reached at half-past one A.M., turned in for an hour, and was up again at 2⁴⁵.

"In the meantime the carts, which had only been procured by eleven o'clock P.M., had been loaded by fatigue-parties, and were placed under mine and Murray's charge. At four o'clock, just before sunrise, all the tents were struck, discovering men in all the different stages of dressing, packing, etc., etc. By five, the Division was under arms, and off.

"The Commissariat train of course came last, I leading it, and Murray bringing up the rear (properly Conductor's duty). The start was great fun. Staff-officers galloping about in all directions to give orders, baggage-animals doing ditto without orders, and all their loads tumbling off in consequence; the regimental women everywhere in the way, some on donkeys, and some helping to carry part of their husbands' accoutrements; unfortunate men, whose servants had deserted them at the last moment, in a miserable state, having lost everything, and all in *apparently* great confusion. However off everything went, and we reached Aladyn at twelve o'clock—eleven miles in seven hours."

The PRIVATE JOURNAL here says:—

"Gave all the women lifts on the carts,"

The letter resumes :—

"The heat and dust were most oppressive, and we had great difficulty in keeping our Araba train together; however when any lagged behind to drink or replace the load, I made the leading ones halt till the string was again unbroken, and so succeeded in bringing them all safe hither. They had then to be all unpacked, piled most carefully with trenches dug round them, and tarpaulins spread underneath and above them, a great deal of which, the sailors being dead tired, one had to do one's self. The moment that was done, the issues of provisions had to be commenced; and you may imagine that I was very glad when the day was over, and I was in bed.

"Since then work has not been diminishing. We now slaughter our own cattle, and I have turned regular butcher! . . . There are a great deal more accounts than I like, which have to be most exactly and regularly kept up to the day; and the ration stoppages are my bugbear. The authorities keep ordering and counter-ordering extra issues to the troops, and every time the ration stoppage has to be altered, and creates the most awful confusion in our books; and when you think that the same have to be kept and made up in a tent hotter than anything you can imagine, with every now and then a gust of hot wind blowing all the papers off the table and out of the tent, not to mention being called out every five minutes to settle some dispute about the weight of a cask of meat or the quality of some biscuit, between a troublesome Quartermaster-sergeant and the Issuer, or to run after and bring back some refractory Araba driver, . . . keeping accounts is not so easy.

"We have received orders never to leave the Camp without our swords, and then not to go far alone. The rascally Greeks or Turks, or whatever they are, have got a very bad habit of firing at one from behind the bushes as one rides along; and the correspondent of the *Herald*, when riding into Varna to-day, had a very narrow escape, the bullet going within an inch or two of him. He did not, I am sorry to say, make use of his revolver, except to threaten, and the man only got sixty lashes.

"Fancy the very people we have come to fight for trying to take our lives!"

In the meantime the loving hearts at home had been stirring up his zeal by detailing with keen delight every

favourable report which had reached their ears. His Father writes:—

“8th May.

“DEAREST BOY,—Trevelyan has just sent me this extract of a letter from Filder:—

“All the officers here are doing well, exerting themselves in every way. . . . Mr. Blackwood *in particular* has distinguished himself by the manner in which he has performed some of the least pleasant parts of our business.”

“13th May.

“I learn that Filder, who has remonstrated in the strongest possible terms on the deficiency of the subordinates, has been permitted to add fifteen or twenty men to the Commissariat Staff; therefore you will be spared further unpleasant duty. Meanwhile you have gained yourself more credit in a short month than you could have acquired here in twenty years. As I have before remarked: It is the gentleman makes the situation, and not the situation the gentleman.

“29th May.

“It is a matter of infinite pride and satisfaction to us to hear how well you acquitted yourself, and that you ended by securing Strickland's approval.”

But this pleasant letter, received on the very day of landing at Varna, did not end quite so agreeably.

“In closing this letter I am grieved to have to advert to a circumstance, with which you are connected, which has just reached me. I learn that you, and Mr. P—— and B—— have been imprudent enough to become security, you and P—— for the sum of £500, and B—— for £200 for —; that he has quitted the country without paying the additional war risk, and that his policy is consequently void. This avoidance renders the three joint securities liable for the amount in the event of —'s death. I really would ask you what in the name of fortune can have induced you to become security for any one, and especially such a scamp as —? . . . I cannot express how concerned I shall be if what I suspect proves to be the case, that you have been borrowing money? . . . If you wanted it for gambling, it will have been necessary to you . . . *after your promise* to me not to go into more hells—a promise which I assure you I have felt satisfied you had

kept, and which nothing but positive proof to the contrary will make me even now believe you have violated. . . . I am informed that since you assured me, and told your friends you would not go any more into the gambling-houses, they have taken the trouble to watch you, and that they found they were mistaken in their apprehensions that you did still go into them. I had more confidence in your word than your friends seem to have had. Take care of and keep clear of the Camp sharpers. There will be as many there, comparatively speaking, as in London."

To Mr. Blackwood's explanations, his Father replied:—

"June, 1854.

"Your clear account of the transaction corresponds exactly with the information I am in possession of. I lament that the habit of gambling, which is so sadly pernicious and discreditable, should have obliged you to have recourse to borrowing more money, and to mix yourself up with —. The necessity for money, if you gamble, is obvious, as a gambler is sure to be fleeced *in the end*, though now and then he may have a lucky *coup*. But I must have misexpressed myself if I left you to infer that I doubted you going into any more hells, after assuring me you would not. I had myself no such doubt. Your friends however had, and followed you. I am happy to say they were disappointed. From what has now passed, you see how little your nominal 'friends' are to be depended upon in pecuniary transactions. In future, never mix yourself up in such again with any friend, for they invariably end in disputes, out of which it is rare for both parties to come with clean hands; and remember that you do not know whether a man is a gentleman and man of honour till he has been tried in the furnace of money. I hope, my darling Boy, your character will never suffer in that way; and indeed, I am sure it will not. In this case, though it is inconvenient to me at a time when the Income Tax is doubled, you have acted so spiritedly in the Commissariat, that . . . at whatever deprivation to myself, I will pay the interest on the money you have borrowed; but I will not pay —'s additional war risk, for I think he has acted like a blackguard.

"23rd June.

"I was rejoiced to hear the following from Dufferin, whom I met at the Queen's Ball on Tuesday. He said he was dining the other night at some place where there were two Cabinet Ministers.

Somebody chaffed them about the imperfect Commissariat arrangements, and sending out young London dandies, and you as one of them. On which Bessborough observed, and I am told warmly, that as regarded you, he knew that you were an excellent officer, that you worked excessively hard, and that you had, in consequence, been most favourably reported upon. Dufferin supported what B. said, and in short, you got more *κύρος*. To us, at home, it is a gratification above what I can express."

NOTES.

"Cholera had now set in violently, and for the first time in my life, I saw death—many of my native drivers died in the large tent close behind mine. . . . The camp soon became intolerable, both from heat and offensiveness, notwithstanding all care."

PRIVATE JOURNAL.

"25th July.—Cholera very bad. Our Arabadys falling sick one after the other and dying, had to physic them, pitch their tents, and do everything for them. Most helpless race. Several officers sick."

Some had been obliged to go home or into Varna. A move to the hills was now ordered at a few hours' notice.

PRIVATE JOURNAL.

"27th July, Thursday.—Up at 2·30. Struck tent and packed. On horseback at five. Had sixty-one Arabas loaded, and two hundred and four horses, and after the usual accidents of carts breaking down, loads tumbling off, etc., and lazy Turks, got off at nine o'clock, Colonel Cunynghame, A.Q.M.G.'s interpreter, acting as guide to the Arabas, who were to go by a more circuitous route, whilst I led the horses straight up the hill, following the troops. At twelve o'clock reached the encampment, 'Gevrekli.' Got my cattle up, unloaded, and piled stores; chose slaughtering place, and would have begun slaughtering had not the Arabas been brought a wrong road by the guide, and forced up the steep hill, which the pack horses and infantry could only just climb. I learned this at five o'clock. Changed horses, and went after them, and by eight o'clock the greater part of them were safely brought

up . . . A most disastrous march, which but for the inefficiency of the guide, whom I took care myself to see into the right road, might have been well managed. General Bentinck licked him next day, though, and serve him right too. Though not an oppressively hot day, the men fell out by dozens, and I carried about three hundred knapsacks on my horses for them. A Scots Fusilier was attacked by cholera on his animal, and died in an hour.

"29th July, Saturday."—Disease increasing. Had to go Aladyn to see after Detachment left there with the sick. Continual work : a most inaccessible place to get provisions to; and the work, which was not light before, is in consequence doubled; added to which, my clerk, Sergeant Humphreys, Grenadier Guards, fell sick just at the time when the month's accounts have to be made up, and throws me immensely behindhand. Numerous reports every day of our destination for Sebastopol, Odessa, Anapa, Tiflis, in short, for everywhere.

"31st."—Our encampment the best in the place, just on the brow of the hill, overlooking the whole of the Devna Valley, Varna, and the sea on the extreme left; and mountain on mountain, lake on lake, and forest on forest, as far as the eye can reach.

"1st August."—Dreadful work with the transport. Arabadys deserting with their oxen, leaving the carts behind. Impossible to organise with only one interpreter, who only speaks Italian. Illness very bad; five or six funerals go past every night, of Guards alone. Highlanders much healthier; but about seven hundred sick in the Division. Everybody very anxious.

"4th August."—Provisions running short. Requisitions not complied with.

"6th August."—Great many sick in Varna. French lose a hundred a day. Several Commissariat officers sick; one officer and two storekeepers dead. One awfully sudden. Gave me my supplies one afternoon at five, and the next morning at five was dead. Great storm. Rodgers' horse killed by lightning, and servant much injured.

"12th August."—Up at 2³⁰, as I suppose the fellows are in Scotland.”

TO A FRIEND.

"CAMP, GEVREKLI, August, 1854.

“ . . . Such is an average day's work here; sometimes it is worse and seldom better. You can see by it that I have not too much leisure to devote to my friends, or indeed to anything else,

Now and then, certainly, while looking at the blue sea in the distance, or the pretty Devna Valley at my feet, my thoughts wander far away from here, and transport me to some London ball-room, and I hear the rush of feet and forms and gauzy dresses, and Coote and Tinney's waltzes sound distinctly in my ear; when I am suddenly roused from the middle of a quadrille in which I am dancing, with Algy West and Miss —— for a *vis-à-vis*, by some gruff soldier, asking with hungry look and hungrier manner, 'When the rum and salt pork will be served out'. I wish you would write me a letter full of London gossip; it would fetch any price, and I am sure you must have a large stock on hand.

" 12th August.

" I was suddenly interrupted yesterday by one of my Turkish dragoons, who had escorted twenty-six carts into Varna yesterday morning, rushing into my tent to report that Varna was burnt down, all the Commissariat stores destroyed, and his twenty-six carts irrecoverably lost in the confusion. This was startling indeed. We certainly had seen a fire the night before in the direction of Varna, but had no idea of its extent. Strickland was out; the Division would be, if the soldier's tale were true, without provisions, excepting bread and meat, the next day; the only thing to be done therefore was to find out the truth. I accordingly jumped upon a horse, and hunting the Turk before me the whole way, in order to show me where he lost his Arabas, I galloped into Varna, about fourteen miles. On my arrival I found the town, with the exception of a small portion in which fortunately was situated the Commissariat Office and Treasure, a smouldering heap of ruins, the only buildings standing being a solitary mosque tower, a gateway, and the French powder magazine. The escape of the latter seems to have been most extraordinary and providential. Round it on every side were burning ruins, and the very walls were hot with the flames that had encircled it. The whole of the French ammunition, including shells, bombs, etc., etc., was stored in it; and one spark falling into it would have sufficed to blow ten such towns as Varna, and every soul in them, into the air. At one moment, I hear, the panic was general; the soldiers and sailors could hardly be induced by force even to work at the engines to preserve it. French officers ran about crying, '*Sauve qui peut!*' Our treasure was put into carts, and sent off into the fields; and the whole population of French and English, soldiers and sailors, Turks and Greeks, made a rush to the gates of the

town. Fortunately however the building was preserved, and the panic stopped.

"The catastrophe has however nevertheless been very great. The whole of our biscuit and barley has been totally destroyed; and the Quartermaster-General's stores, containing tents, soldiers' clothing, and field equipage of every description, burnt to the ground. The French have, I hear, been still more unfortunate, and have lost all their stores of every description.

"I spent the night in Varna, looking about for my missing transport (having however previously to send out some Arabas with just enough to keep the Division going), but without success. Everybody was drunk; champagne was running in rivers. The part burnt happened to be just that where all the shops were from which one occasionally drew one's supplies of bacon, sherry, porter, and such-like necessaries; and those houses that were not gutted by the fire were instantly ransacked by the French Zouaves, who with a praiseworthy anxiety to secure what could be saved, ate and drank everything on the spot.

"I went round the burning ruins at night, and the whole scene of desolation was extremely grand. Numerous reports as to the origin of the fire are afloat, the majority of which of course attribute it to Greek and Russian spies; and there is a story of the Zouaves, seeing some Greeks throwing something or other into a house, having transfixed them with their bayonets and thrown them bodily into the flames. In the meantime, our great want is forage, all the barley having been burnt; and it is no easy matter to procure a quantity sufficient for 1500 horses, (the number in this Division) at a moment's notice, and in a country where the inhabitants, instead of helping, do all they can to hinder us. We are however getting on pretty well. The Bât animals have to forage for themselves, and for the Artillery horses and chargers of the Division, we get the standing crops of barley and oats."

At last, on 18th August, the long-expected move took place. The camp of the First Division marched to Galata Bormia, a height on the south side of Varna Bay, looking over the Black Sea; and on the 30th, after much hard work, Mr. Blackwood found himself on board the *Wilson Kennedy*, *en route* for the Crimea, the secret of their destination however being still carefully preserved.

ALMA.

The Fleet remained at sea until Wednesday, 13th September, 1854.

"I do not exactly understand our undecided movements," wrote Mr. Blackwood, from on board the *Wilson Kennedy*, on the 12th. "On leaving Baljick Bay, we steered straight for Odessa, went within forty or fifty miles of it, turned round, anchored in the middle of the Black Sea for two days, and have now come down here in sight of Sebastopol. The whole sea is covered with ships; large transports, larger steamers, and huge men-of-war, and I think the whole thing is the finest sight I ever saw."

A carefully drawn plan, giving the position of every vessel, accompanied this letter.

On 13th September the disembarkation took place at Old Fort.

To HIS FATHER.

"CRIMEA, Monday, 18th September, 1854.

"We landed here on the 13th, about twenty miles west of Sebastopol. They say a Russian army is not far off, and there are certainly a quantity of Cossacks hovering about, so that nobody is allowed to go beyond our outposts. The night before last there was a great alarm. I had been asleep about an hour. The camp was perfectly quiet, when I was suddenly awoke by the clangor armorum, the blowing of the trumpets, and a confused noise of men and voices. The Division turned out, and were under arms in three minutes! the Artillery all harnessed, and guns ready. I jumped into my clothes quicker than I had ever done before, saddled and bridled my horse, and was ready to fight before my eyes were open. The idea was that the Cossacks were making a night attack, and as you may imagine, everybody was pretty lively. Murray jumped out of his tent in his shirt, and met a

man with his drawn sword at the door of it, also in his shirt, who asked him, ‘Who comes there?’ No shots were however heard, and in half an hour all was again quiet. The cause was not known; but it is believed the French gave the alarm.

“No objection was made to our landing, and it was most easily effected. The inhabitants are wonderfully well disposed towards us, and bring in supplies of every description with the greatest readiness. We managed to seize a very large amount of transport and provisions that were ordered by, and all ready collected for, the Russian Army (a great *coup*). The French do a great deal of harm, seizing without payment, and if they pay, it is only the tenth of the fair value. This does much damage to the whole of the Allied Army, as the inhabitants cannot distinguish between the two, and of course will withdraw their supplies at first. It will afterwards however, I fancy, facilitate *our* procuring supplies as much as it will retard the French, as we have paid most liberally for every article of whatever kind taken in the country. Though we have only been on shore three days, we already have a very large amount of transport, consisting of carts drawn by bullocks, dromedaries, and horses. Forage is plentiful, and cattle we have a sufficiency of for some days. A great mistake was made the first day in not landing the tents with the troops. The night happened to be wet; and it would have been worth any money to have given the men a covering, even if they had landed one or two regiments less.”

THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

“ HEIGHTS ABOVE THE ALMA, 23rd September.

“ MY DEAREST MOTHER,—As the papers have probably told you by this time, the Allied Forces have gained a great victory, though with considerable loss. On the 19th we left our position close to the point of disembarkation, and marched about twelve miles to a small stream, a mile beyond which was some rising ground, bounding a plain where were some squadrons of Cossacks and some Artillery. We instantly brought up our Artillery, and opened a fire on them, which after fifteen minutes caused them to retreat in disorder. I saw it all beautifully from a mound a hundred yards in rear of our guns. We lost three horses and three men wounded. They were too far for pursuit; we therefore encamped on the river, and moved on the next morning at seven. Marched over the plain, where the skirmish had taken place the

day before, and found ourselves on the brow of a hill overlooking a village with gardens and vineyards, divided by a shallow river, and surmounted by some high hills, most strongly fortified by about 100 guns, and 40,000 Infantry, and a quantity of Cavalry.

"No sooner did our Army form on the brow of the hill than their fire began from the whole line (two miles long) at once. They had been there for ten days or more, had ascertained the exact range of the ground we were on, and most of their shots told. Our Artillery was but of little use, as their metal was so much heavier. The French Army most gallantly stormed their extreme left, turned them, and silenced their fire at that end; on their right however, opposed to us, it was as hot as ever. I went a little in the front once or twice, but the round shot and shells, not to mention the whistling of the Miniè rifle balls, came so unpleasantly close, and dashed up the earth so frequently into my horse's face, that knowing I should only be called an ass for my pains if wounded, I determined to look after my own business, and watch the battle from the biscuit bags and salt-meat casks.

"The dead and wounded were now frequently being brought back, and the wounds were sometimes sickening.

"Our Rifles in extended line crossed the river, and walked as coolly up the heights as if taking a constitutional, lay down, loaded, fired, walked on again till the Infantry came up, when they fell back. The Light Division and First advanced simultaneously, the First being on the left. The slaughter in the village was dreadful, the vines retarding the men's progress, and keeping them back under the fire, when by advancing quicker they could have escaped the range. The gardens, road, and banks of the river were covered with dead and dying.

"At last they crossed; and the Highlanders, led by Sir Colin Campbell at least twenty yards in advance, stormed at a run the steepest part of the hill, which was surmounted by a Battery, and the flower of the Russian army. They made a brave but unsuccessful sally, and when at last the Highlanders reached the summit, gave a thundering cheer, and fired an awful volley into them, they fairly ran.

"The Grenadiers captured a gun. The enemy's left having, as I said, been previously turned, the French Artillery advanced, and fired volley after volley after them till the heights were completely cleared. The Baggage and Commissariat then came up. I found many friends wounded. Fitzgerald, of 7th, brother of one in the Treasury, wounded in both legs, bearing it like a hero.

Cust, General Bentinck's A.D.C., had his horse killed, and leg awfully shattered by a round shot, has undergone amputation and is since dead. Ennismore, Chewton, Annesley, Hogarth, Percy Burgoyne, Dalrymple, C. Baring, and several others of the Guards wounded, the first four *very dangerously*. Errol lost a hand; McDonald's horse shot under him, as was nearly every mounted officer's. Sir C. Campbell's conduct was perfectly heroic. The 23rd have suffered fearfully: five officers only being fit for duty. Some wonderful escapes took place, which I will remember, but cannot detail. Leonard Currie (19th) was wounded in the foot. Multitudes of prisoners, amongst which are two Generals, have been taken. They calculated on keeping us at bay three weeks, and then driving us into the sea, instead of which it took not three hours. The dead alone on their side is supposed to be 5000. The English we think have lost 2000 killed and wounded. General Arnaud says our advance was the most gallant, and at the same time the most foolish thing he ever saw. We ought to have waited longer, when seeing their left completely turned, they must have retreated of their own accord. It made one's heart bleed to see the poor fellows on the ground, some quite unconscious, some killed on the spot, others in the last convulsions, and the most ghastly wounds. The Russians were all shot in the head, our men principally in the legs. Forth behaved capitally, carrying the colours, which were riddled again and again. Sir George Brown, and indeed all the old soldiers, say it was a position of the most extraordinary strength. They fully expected a signal victory, and half Sebastopol came out to see it. Women's bonnets were found. I have one in my tent. The Army has returned into Sebastopol. It is their garrison. We are fifteen miles off. We have halted for two days. The ships are of immense use in taking our sick off. The Russian wounded are also most kindly treated; though when lying on the ground and spared by our troops, they turned round and fired at them. A Guardsman saw one of them do so. He coolly stopped; said, 'Johnny,' (they call all foreigners 'Johnny,') 'that's not the way to do work,' and blew his brains out. I shall have lots to tell you when we meet, but I have lots to do. So good-bye, all of you.

"BALACLAVA, 28th September.

"On 23rd we marched again, and at about three o'clock reached the Katchka, a small river, but a position if anything stronger than the Alma, but which was not in the slightest degree

defended, and over which the Russians had retreated so fast that they had not even broken down the bridge.

"24th, we halted on the Baalbec, the last valley before Sebastopol, equally undefended. The Crimean valleys are most beautifully fertile, containing every possible description of fruit and vegetables, which were a great treat; but of which the soldiers partook rather too freely, as the cholera cases the next morning were much increased. There were two gentlemen's houses in the village, regular country villas, most beautifully furnished, with all the luxuries of a London house, novels, pianos, etc., etc.. Everybody was plundering, so I determined to see what I could get, and accordingly galloped to the front, fastened up my horse, and went in. The French however had been beforehand, and what they had not taken, they had wantonly broken. Everything was smashed that could be smashed, and not a thing left. The first person I saw was the Commissary-General, who was coming downstairs, with both hands filled. I said, 'Is there anything left, Sir?' He replied, 'No, no; I have got a brass figure of Minerva, and a few other things, and there's nothing but vermin upstairs!' . . . All I brought away was a wooden cup, and some manuscript music. I sat down and played a tune on the piano, or rather tried to play, for the French had broken nearly all the wires. The gardens were beautiful, and the peaches delicious. . . . Owing to there being only two bridges for the Army to cross over, our Train was very late; and what with Arabas breaking down, and the darkness, I lost my Division; but fortunately managed to tumble on my legs, and found a tent with dinner and bed, whose owner was lost and whose share I therefore appropriated. There were two alarms in the night, but false ones.

"The next morning, 25th, I was on horseback at four, looking after my lost carts; found them, and having distributed the contents, set off with them again, with an escort of six Guardsman to find my way to the beach, where the ships were supposed to be landing supplies. On reaching the beach, about four miles off, I found no Fleet, and was informed by a patrol of Cavalry, whom I happened to fall in with, that we were two hundred yards within range of Fort Constantine. I accordingly decamped with my carts as fast as possible, and skirted the beach to the westward for about three miles, where I found the Fleet, and got my supplies, sent them off, and galloped back as fast as I could.

"On reaching the ground the Army had occupied in the morning, I found it no longer there, and therefore set off in search

of it with another Commissariat officer who had joined me. We went straight on for about four miles, through a thickly wooded country, but found no traces of it. At length on reaching the brow of a hill, we met two or three soldiers, stragglers, who said that if we went a hundred yards further we should be fired upon; that an orderly, accompanying an aide-de-camp who went there by mistake, had been killed by a round shot, and that the Army had turned off to the left (N.) inland, through the wood. We therefore turned back, followed a bridle-path into the wood, which we found afterwards the whole of the Allied Army had taken, Artillery, Baggage, and everything; and which eventually brought us up with the Turkish, French, and last of all, in advance, the English Army. Lord Raglan and our advanced guard had had an engagement in the afternoon, coming quite unexpectedly upon a body of Russians, they say a Divisional Staff; fired a few shots, routed them entirely, and took a large quantity of plunder.

"Well, as there was only one road into the wood, so there was only one out of it. The troops advanced, and the Commissariat had to follow, as best they could. It was quite dark, and the descent into the valley most steep. How we got on, I don't know. Strickland was ill in his cart; Rolleston was left behind lost in the wood with the cattle, and Murray and I therefore had to bring the train on; and most harassing it was. Every moment a cart broke down. Of course one cart delayed the passage of the whole train; and therefore if irreparably broken, it had to be pushed over the precipice to let the rest come on. Public property was disregarded. Our object was to gain the Army, and to get up with a little, if ever so little, supplies. We had no guide, and had to find our way in the dark. At last we reached the plain, and wondered on slowly, and reached the Camp at 12:30, having been on horseback since four in the morning. We only went wrong once; but that was in taking a road that led under the Russian Forts, from continuing which we were only prevented by Lord Raglan's interpreter, who had come out to look for his Lordship's baggage, and who put us into the right road again.

"When we got to the Camp, Murray went to ask for directions where we were to camp, and I went fast asleep on a stone by the roadside till he came back. We then got our carts in order, ate some cold pork and biscuit, swallowed some rum, and jumped into a cart. I wrapped myself in my cloak, and went to sleep with my pipe in my mouth in two minutes.

"Altogether it was a most wonderful and able march. We

completely deceived the enemy. From being on the west of them, where they had prepared everything to receive us, we suddenly, by marching through an almost impracticable wood, cut, as they say, an Army of theirs completely in two; and have appeared on their other flank without their having the slightest idea where we were. We neglected however, in my idea, two things. First, they left nobody to show officers, who they knew had been left behind, the path the Army had taken; and secondly, there was no escort, except the daily one of twenty men, and no guide, to bring up the Commissariat and Baggage of the Army, in a dark night—an enemy's country—an unknown road—and one along which large bodies of Cossacks had been seen the greater part of the day. I only wish that, (excepting myself and my personal effects of course), the Baggage had been lost. It would have given them a lesson. The Commissariat is a Department they expect everything from. They give them no orders or directions of any kind, take not the slightest care of them, and then, if everything is not forthcoming at a moment's notice, they cannot be blamed too much. At any rate, they have had a lesson; Lord Raglan and the Duke's baggage never came up till late the next day, and put them to much inconvenience. . . . At four, the next morning, the Duke pulled me out of my cart to give him some biscuit, and fill his flask with rum. I supplied almost every General Officer with cups of tea, and handfuls of biscuit, etc., etc. Most of them would have gone without any breakfast but for us.

"Though up so early, we did not start till nine; marched till one, when we reached Balaclava. There was a slight opposition on the part of the Fort, a few shots being fired. But it soon surrendered, and our Head-quarters are now established there, and supplies are being landed, and we get lots of fowls, fruit and vegetables from the villages. The town has been in perfect order till this evening; sentries had been posted everywhere; the inhabitants came back under promises of safety, and were being well treated, when those infernal French came in, pillaging the place, committing all sorts of atrocities, and cannot be restrained. Lord Raglan has gone forward this afternoon to Sebastopol, but the result is not known.

"I shall never forget the battle of Alma. It was the most glorious thing to see our long unbroken line of Infantry advancing so steadily up those heights, never halting or wavering for an instant, though the Russian Artillery were playing on them murderously the whole time. The Russians said they expected to have to

fight with brave men, but not with red devils. And now good-bye. I am quite well."

A letter, written when at home again, nearly two years later, will find a fitting place on this page.

"22nd May [1856].

" . . . As I have a few moments to spare, I'll just tell you a story I heard, which may amuse you. It shows that Commissariat officers were not exempt from danger in the war.

"One of them had been sent down to the ships two days after Alma, with some carts to bring up supplies, as usual without any escort, and quite unprotected, although in a hostile country, and marching in quite a different direction from the Army. The same day, young C——, a lieutenant in the B——, had gone on shore with his sailor servant, armed with Minié rifles, to try and shoot some Cossacks; and seeing the string of Arabas coming along, driven by Tartars, thought they were a Russian Convoy going to Sebastopol. He accordingly hid himself behind a bush, and determined to shoot the officer, while the servant picked out somebody else. When they came within thirty yards, he took a deliberate aim at the officer's heart; and when he was twenty yards distant, had his finger on the trigger, and was in the act of pulling it, when his servant said, 'Stop, Sir, for heaven's sake! It's an English uniform!' And he fortunately did stop, or you would not now be receiving a letter from your very affectionate Son,

"S. BLACKWOOD."

WINTER BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

It would be impossible in these Records to follow from day to day the fifteen eventful months spent before Sebastopol. All that can be done is to select from the mass of material such extracts as describe the most momentous occurrences of the long siege, and the work in which Mr. Blackwood was personally engaged.

The First Division left Balaclava on the 2nd October, 1854, and went into Camp before Sebastopol.

THE CAVALRY ACTIONS OF BALACLAVA.

TO HIS FATHER.

"CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, 27th October, 1854.

"There has been little to tell here up to the 25th. The cannonade has been incessant, except the last two days, when it has slackened on the Russian side considerably, and on ours a little. As for the French attack, they seem to be doing nothing; their guns are so few and far between. On the 25th however a Russian Force, very strong in Artillery and Cavalry, attacked our line of Redoubts defending the plain behind Balaclava, drove the rascally Turks out of them, took their guns, and threatened our position. Some people say the Turks had orders to fire until the enemy came quite close, then spike their guns, and abandon the Redoubts. Whether this be true or not, I know not. I am also ignorant whether they spiked their guns or not. I do know however that they abandoned the Redoubts in double quick time, and so quickly as considerably to endanger the small force we had down there, and the town.

"The action then regularly commenced. The Russian Artillery opened their fire; the cannon lining the precipitous heights in our rear did likewise, and the First and Fourth Divisions marched down as quickly as possible. In the meantime the Cossacks, after

driving the Turks in, came in swarms over the plain, shouting and shrieking, and spearing the 'Bono Johnnies' as they ran away, till they came upon our Cavalry, drawn up behind a slight hill. There they formed up, and stood still, about eighty or ninety yards in front of the Heavy Brigade, when suddenly the Scots Greys charged them at full gallop. The Cossacks charged too, and they came together with a crash. For a moment neither line yielded, though the Cossacks were double the number of the Greys. At last they wavered; the Greys broke through them in two places, were followed by a charge of the 6th Dragoon Guards (I think), and seeing another Heavy Dragoon Regiment coming up, the enemy lost all order, and scampered back across the plain, leaving about forty or fifty dead, wounded or prisoners. We, I guess, lost about five or six killed and wounded, and as many horses.

"The whole thing was beautifully seen from the heights in our rear, where the General Staff, etc., etc., were assembled. The French, at seeing the Greys' charge, which was magnificent, were quite delirious with excitement; and when the enemy turned and fled, a cry of '*Ils se sauvent!*' burst from them; and they jumped round, embracing each other, and every Englishman they could lay hands on.

"So far we were victorious; but the story was soon changed. The Russians had got possession of the Redoubt the Turks were driven from, had placed some guns there, and could do us much damage. They had to be dislodged, and Lord Lucan was ordered to tell his Light Cavalry to retake it. This order, it seems, was indistinctly conveyed by an Aide-de-Camp; and the Light Brigade, consisting of the 4th, 8th, 11th, 13th, and 17th, charged, I believe, the wrong place. They were however most gallantly led by Lord Cardigan, who jumped into the Battery, at least twenty yards in advance; the men were cut down at their guns, and the place taken. But on the other side, our Cavalry were surrounded by an immense force of Cossacks and a quantity of Infantry, were completely hemmed in, and out of the eight hundred horsemen who galloped out so bravely, but a hundred and eighty or a hundred and ninety returned. Most of them are believed to have been killed; and the fate of many not known. The mail which conveys this will, I suppose, give a List of Casualties. Nolan, the Aide-de-Camp, who, as the story is, caused the disaster by giving an indefinite order to charge, was the first man killed. The 93rd and some Turks were engaged on the enemy's left, and repulsed them by a well sustained fire. This ended the fighting for the day. The enemy retired

to their original position; the Highlanders remained at Balaclava, and the Guards marched up here.

"Yesterday, the 26th, another affair, hardly an action, took place on our extreme left, a force of eight thousand men leaving Sebastopol to attack the Second Division. Our Artillery was however on the brow of a hill the moment our outposts were engaged, and made terrible havoc in the enemy, as they advanced in skirmishing order through the brushwood. I stood behind one of the guns, and watched each shot as it left the cannon's mouth, till it landed amidst the enemy, striking them down right and left. Our Miniè rifles in the hands of the 2nd Division did also tremendous execution; and after a combat of about three-quarters of an hour, the enemy retired, leaving, I hear, not less than six hundred or seven hundred killed, wounded and prisoners. We had not however quite done with them; for as they were returning in column to Sebastopol, a Lancaster Gun in one of our trenches cleverly got their range, and fired three or four shots into them, clearing a perfect road at every shot. The prisoners all concur in saying that the streets of Sebastopol are crowded with the dead, though their reports as to numbers differ. They say that Menschikoff headed the attack on Balaclava.

"*28th October.*

"Since the 25th, stragglers have come in belonging to the Light Cavalry, reducing the loss to four hundred and eight out of eight hundred. Do not state the story about Nolan as a *fact*.

"Two companies of Russians were, I hear, taken prisoner this morning by our advanced outposts. Lord Raglan's despatch about Alma does *not* give universal satisfaction.

"*BALACLAVA, 28th October, 11 o'clock.*

"As I have a few moments to spare here, before the post goes out, I will give you what I hear is the true account of the cause of the disaster of the 25th.

"Nolan, who had been sent by Lord Raglan to ascertain the exact position of the enemy, on his return was very excited, and described their position wrongly. This led to the order to Lord Cardigan to advance; and when afterwards Lord Raglan was informed of the precise place the Cavalry were charging, he said: 'Then the Light Brigade is sacrificed.' But it was too late to be remedied.

"I saw George Wombwell, 17th Lancers, this morning. He is one of three officers of that regiment left fit for duty; young

Morgan (Sir C.'s son) commanding it. Wombwell gave me a full description of the affair. They charged right up to the mouth of the guns; Lord Cardigan was not three yards from one of them when it was fired. His horse swerved, thereby probably saving him, and in the smoke ran up against the gun itself. The men were cut down at the guns. They then charged right through two Cavalry Regiments, and with beaten horses met a third, which they could not break; they therefore had to retire. All this took place under a flank fire from twelve to fifteen big guns, and musketry playing on them from every side. Wombwell had his horse shot; he then jumped on another, but was surrounded by at least a dozen Cossacks, who made threatening gestures to him to throw down his sword. He had no alternative but to do so, and was instantly pulled from his horse, disarmed, and marched off. An officer rode up to him, and told him in French to be in no alarm, for they would not hurt him. While going off, he looked round, and saw the 11th Hussars coming up at a trot; and spying a trooper's loose horse galloping back, he broke away from his captors, fortunately succeeded in stopping the horse, jumped on him, and reached the 11th in safety. He describes it as the most awful fire, and wonders how anybody escaped. He could hardly hear himself speak."

Extracts from the PRIVATE JOURNAL supply a few other details.

"25th October, 1854, Wednesday.—Rolleston started at eight to Balaclava, but cantered back to tell me there was fighting going on in the rear. Jumped up without eating or washing, and galloped to the brow of the hill. Russian Artillery on heights opposite the Turkish Redoubts and in the plain. Cavalry, etc., in distance.

[*Heavy Cavalry Charge Described.*]

"Horse Artillery then came up and fired into them, with what effect I could not see. Galloped down to the plain, and rode over the field. Dreadful sight. First Division and Fourth marched down. Very sharp cannonade and musketry: 93rd and Turks repulsed Cavalry charge.

[*Charge of the Light Brigade Described.*]

"French Cavalry then charged, and took some Russian guns on left, and did not suffer much. Russian force then retreated to

their original position, having succeeded however in obtaining two heights from the Turks, commanding Balaclava Plain. Fighting over for the day. Highland Brigade stayed there, but Guards came back. Mrs.—, of 8th, looking on all day, disgusted me. Russians, in my idea, had the best of it. Everybody in Balaclava in a great funk. Commissariat office packing up. Ships getting under weigh."

TO HIS FATHER.

"CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, 3rd November, 1854.

"Nothing has happened since I last wrote. The plain in rear of Balaclava, which was lately occupied by our Cavalry, Highlanders and Turks, is now completely abandoned; and the Brigade of Highlanders, a French Brigade, 2000 Marines, and the Turks, are employed in defending Balaclava. The Russians are still in great force in the plain behind us, but do nothing offensive. The French have employed their men in strongly entrenching our rear, and we need fear no attack there. There are still several accounts of the catastrophe of the 25th. There is no doubt that it rests between Lord Raglan and Nolan; and since he is dead, the blame, whether justly or not, will I suppose rest on him. . . . By the by, do not circulate my edition of stories and events as correct, as everything here is founded on reports only; and my version is not more likely to be the true one than others."

PRIVATE JOURNAL.

"4th November, Saturday.—Russians in rear immovable. On riding into Balaclava, horse slipped up, falling heavily on my left leg. Ankle badly sprained. . . . Obliged to turn back, and lie up."

THE BATTLE OF INKERMANN.

"5th November, Sunday.—Woke by heavy musketry and cannonade on the right. Murray went to see it, and Rolleston. Firing also in the rear. Could not resist at last, but jumping on my horse the wrong side, with a slipper on, went to see what it was. Large force of Artillery in the plain in our rear; out of range however, and could do no damage. Ceased after about an hour. Dreadfully heavy fire on the right, like rolling thunder. French regiments moving up. Wounded coming back already in shoals. Was obliged to dismount and lie up again. Fellows came and told me news. Seems to have been a most fierce combat. Our men, entirely unsupported, and with damp ammunition, driven back.

Enemy's guns on an eminence completely commanding 2nd Division, and throwing shell into it. Close hand to hand fighting all day in the brushwood, with various success. Enemy at last repulsed and heights taken, but with dreadful loss. Sir G. Cathcart, commanding 4th Division, and A.D.C., etc., etc., killed; Wynne, 68th, Thorold, 23rd, Pakenham, Nevill, and Newman (Grenadier Guards), Danson, Elliot, Cowell, Disbrowe, Greville, Ramsden, Bouverie, McKennion (Coldstreams), Malcolm (Rifles), Hunter Blair (Scots Fusilier Guards) all killed. General Bentinck, Duke of Cambridge, Sir George Brown, Fielding, Seymour, Gipps, Drummond and many others wounded. Poor Butler killed. A sad day! Greater part of them butchered on the ground. Russian loss immense, some 7000. Ours 2000 casualties. . . . Shameful neglect not having the position fortified. Entirely attributable to that.

"*6th November, Monday.—Laid up all day, as also 7th November, Tuesday.—Burnaby came, and gave me an account of the day. Most dreadful struggle. . . . Cleveland in 17th killed.*"

TO HIS FATHER.

"CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, 8th November, 1854.

"Again a battle has taken place; and though it may be called a victory, seeing that the Russians, three times the number of the force we opposed to them, were repulsed with enormous loss, still another such victory would annihilate our already sufficiently reduced Army. As, owing to a sprained ankle. . . . I have been confined to my tent for the last three days, I was unable to view the action myself; and having only heard scraps of news now and then, I can give you but a meagre account of it.

On 5th November, about six A.M., the Russians, who had been employed all night in getting up some very heavy guns to an eminence which commanded our right, attacked us with a force supposed to be about 30,000 strong. The 2nd Division, who were encamped on the extreme right, about 4000, and the Brigade of Guards, about 1500, were for some time the only troops opposed to them. They were however afterwards supported by the French, and by our 4th and Light Divisions. I can give you no account of the operations, as I only know the ground slightly. The semi-circular slope which forms our right, was attacked on all sides at once, at the same time that a feint was made in our rear by a numerous force of Artillery. The ground on which all the fight-

ing took place prevented all manœuvres, it being a dense bushwood, mingled with large pieces of rock which gave shelter to the enemy's sharpshooters. The fight lasted, and all on the same ground, from six in the morning till four in the afternoon. The Brigade of Guards, when mustered at about three o'clock to get fresh ammunition, numbered two hundred, Burnaby's company consisting of nine rank and file. The difference between the fire at Alma and at Inkermann was as a handful of stones to a hailstorm. I could not have believed that such an incessant rolling thunder of musketry could be kept up. Positions, guns, and batteries were taken and retaken several times in the course of the day. Eventually the eminences occupied by the enemy were taken, and they retreated.

"We have however suffered frightfully. I have lost several friends. In the 4th Division, General Sir G. Cathcart, Brigadier-General Goldie, and several of his Staff have been killed. Poor Wynne has lost a brother in the 68th. General Torrens wounded. Thorold, 33rd, killed. The Guards have lost I am afraid to say how many. The Duke wounded, very slightly. General Bentinck, I hear, severely. Poor Butler, brother of Silistria Butler, on the Duke's staff, killed. In the Grenadiers, Pakenham, Nevill, and Sir R. Newman killed, and I believe all the rest wounded. . . . Poor little Greville, quite a boy (a son of Algernon Greville's), had only been out about a fortnight. He dined with me the night before, and was in the highest spirits. He left me at ten, and was dead the next morning at seven. . . . Fitzroy shot in the cheek; Fielding badly wounded. Burnaby, who came up from Varna about a week ago, behaved very well. Men in the regiment who were his enemies said he had behaved nobly. The Duke thanked him twice. The Brigade, as soon as Sebastopol is taken, must, I should think, go home. It is almost destroyed.

"A Council of War was held yesterday.

"The men all say that, but for the assistance of the French, they must have yielded. Most of the officers were *murdered*. Newman, only slightly wounded and unable to walk in consequence, was run through and through on the ground. Col. Carpenter, 41st, unhorsed and lying on the ground, had his brains beaten out with the butt-end of a musket. Our loss to-day is put at 1500 casualties; ninety-six officers wounded, and twenty-five killed.

"The shot and shell, thrown from the guns they had in position, came right into the Second Division camp. The Com-

missariat tents were riddled. Murray, who rode up to see what he could, had a narrow escape; and Rolleston, who was talking to the Commissariat officer of the Second Division, had to lie down to escape a round shot which came between him and his horse. Perhaps it was lucky for me that I was laid up. . . . I am not in the humour for writing to-day, and can never write unless I am. So no more from your affectionate Son.

“ 13th November, 1855.

“ There is universal dissatisfaction at the results of the action of the 5th. Lord Raglan neglected to fortify the position, in spite of Sir de L. Evans (commanding 2nd Division) repeatedly telling him that he could not hold it. He had had one warning by the attack of the 26th, but he would not heed it. As a proof that it was necessary, now, after two attacks and a number of lives sacrificed, he is fortifying it, and two French regiments are encamped with the Guards on the extreme right to defend it. The slaughter must have been immense. For three whole days we were burying; and when I rode up on the 10th, for the first time, owing to my ankle, to the Sand-bag Battery, where the Guards had fought, the dead Russians were still lying in heaps, and the smell was sickening. They must have fought with great bravery, as the embrasure of the Battery, or rather Redoubt, for there were, alas! no guns in it, was piled with the corpses of men who had tried to creep through.”

THE GREAT GALE.

“ CAMP, SEBASTOPOL, 18th November.

“ The mail which conveys to you this letter will also bring you all the sad intelligence of the immense loss of life and shipping that we sustained by the gale on the 14th. The damage done, not to speak of the lives lost, can hardly be estimated. A million and a half pounds of bread, immense quantities of barley, rum, hay, ammunition, have gone to the bottom; and the warm clothing of the soldiers, which is beginning to be severely wanted, was also entirely lost. They say that besides the ships lost at Balaclava, thirteen went on shore north of Sebastopol; that they fired on the sinking ships, and that all who were not drowned or dashed to pieces were taken prisoners. A gale such as this seems not to have visited the country for years, as trees of some seventy or eighty years' growth were blown down like reeds. The scene at Balaclava defies description. The little harbour, which from its being so completely surrounded by such high mountains, one would have thought safe from any wind, is crowded with about fifty ships in

various stages of ruin, all with their foresprits gone, many having lost their masts, rudders and screws ; and the water covered with broken spars, trusses of hay, puncheons of rum, and dead bodies. Most of the roofs are blown off the houses, and all the windows in. We thought we were badly off in Camp, but the fate of those poor fellows at sea must have been awful.

"I will just tell you what happened to me. The night before was most calm. I had sat up till about ten, writing a very long letter, which I left on my table, meaning to conclude it at the last moment. My tent, for a tent, was the picture of comfort. My September accounts that day finished (a most tedious job), my October ones in a pretty forward state, and those of the present month, the few books I have, and most of my little knick-knacks were most tidily arranged on the table. Empty sugar-casks were placed round the tent, serving as side tables to put clothes, dressing things, and odds and ends on; and I was in fact inwardly congratulating myself in rather a selfish manner that I was so much more comparatively comfortable than the generality of people in Camp.

"Well, at half-past six next morning I was awoke by so sudden a storm of rain and wind coming on that the water splashed through the canvas into my face, as I lay in bed. The tent-pole began to bend and creak in such an alarming manner that I thought it would break every moment. But still it did not break, and I began to think I should outlive the storm ; till suddenly the pegs on the weather side of the tent were torn out of the ground. The tent flew up into the air, my bed was tilted over me, and I was shot out with a bump. It was useless to try to save a thing. Everything that wind could have any effect on flew ; bear-skins darkened the air, and casks, camp-kettles, tarpaulins, and sacks, whirled and bounded past like cannon-balls. There I stood, with my chemisette blown over my head (otherwise *in complete déshabille*), seeing clothes, papers, books and letters flying high over the tents towards the Russians in the valley, while the rain, cold as ice, came down in torrents. At first my own situation, and indeed that of everybody else, was so thoroughly ridiculous that I could do little else but laugh ; but soon seeing that it was anything but a laughing matter, I put on what clothes I could with wonderful rapidity, and began to collect what I was able. Fortunately Rolleston's tent, though in immense danger, still stood ; and thrusting everything that remained in there, I devoted myself to preserving its existance as long as possible, by hammering away at the tent-

pegs outside, whilst he clung to the pole inside with all his might and main. Murray was in the same position inside his tent, but clung in vain. He shared the common fate.

"How the remainder of the day passed I cannot tell. It was principally spent in vain endeavours to keep one's legs, or to find some temporary shelter behind a salt-meat cask or a heap of stones. A fire was out of the question, and our breakfast was but sorry. The wind increased towards midday to a regular hurricane, accompanied by snow and sleet; and you can imagine our discomfort. Clothes would not keep one warm, and walking could not, as it was perfectly impossible. Our mess tent, containing eatables and drinkables for the next fortnight, was upset, and everything smashed, leaving only a solitary pot of marmalade and a mud-begrimed pot of butter. Murray, in an heroic attempt to save a bottle of *pickles*, was adroitly bowled over by a fugitive rum-keg; and thus our last hope of *preserving* anything vanished. (Never mind the pun!) Towards evening however the wind abated for half an hour, which I employed in pitching my tent once more, splicing and strengthening the pole, and placing heavy stones on the ropes. Murray and I and Antoine slept there—if sleeping it could be called, when every five minutes a fearful gust of wind would threaten to render us homeless again, and made us start from our beds to the rescue. Towards morning however the wind went down, and one slept a little; but never shall I forget the 14th November, 1854!

"After all, I did not lose so much as I first thought. All my accounts are however gone, or rendered so imperfect that they are useless, and several letters, amongst them the long one I had written the night before. That annoyed me more than anything else. Murray has had a more serious loss: his two horses, being attacked by a ferocious one of Strickland's, broke loose, and escaped all three together.

"The Commissariat have lost immensely, but the supplies are still kept up. Filder is most unlucky. At Varna, where a gale would have done him no damage, all his supplies being in stores, a fire came and burnt the stores; and here, where everything is on board ship, and a fire would have destroyed nothing, the gale sinks them.

"Orders have been given to hut, and I shall begin to build one to-morrow, but have not quite fixed the plan. There is rather a difficulty about the spare bedroom and bath-room! I hope however to overcome them.

13th November, 1854.

"The wet weather has set in, and our Transport, which has only just been sufficient, is now, owing to the badness of the roads, diminished by half, as instead of two bullocks to a cart, four are necessary. It is in consequence difficult to keep up the supplies, and we are living from hand to mouth.

"23rd November.—My personal life has not much novelty in it. It consists of tumbling out of bed on a dark cold and wet morning, about five o'clock, in order to turn twenty or thirty dirty lazy Arabadys out of theirs, and make them harness their bullocks, and start with the greatest possible despatch; the latter of which objects, as might be expected from their natural habits, is seldom attained; to gallop down after them, about seven miles, to Balaclava, and then to struggle for five or six hours amidst soldiers, sailors, Turks, Maltese, etc., etc., to load one's carts with various necessaries. It really is a struggle; for owing to the losses by the storm, provisions come on shore so slowly, and in such small quantities, that it is quite a fight between the different Commissariat officers, who shall get them first for their respective Divisions and Brigades. After all, it ends in one's just getting a day's supply, and toiling up the long six-mile hill, strewn with dead bullocks, mules, and broken-down carts, with the comforting reflection that exactly the same work has to be done the next day, and that if unfortunately any of the bullocks or carts were to break down (only too likely) there would be just so many rations deficient."

NOTES.

"The harbour itself was of the most diminutive dimensions; and sometimes we could only get our stock by going on board the store-ships, and procuring them almost by main force.

TO HIS FATHER.

"28th November.—The wet weather has now lasted a week, and has been very nearly incessant rain the whole time. There are many, I fear, worse off than I am; but I will, with no wish to complain, just tell you how I am living. I am either on horseback, or else wading nearly up to my knees in mud on the wharf in Balaclava, drenched through and through (for waterproofs against such continual wind and soaking rain, are of little use), from seven in the morning till five in the evening; and then come back with even one's saddle, from continual dismounting, as wet as one's self, to find that the rain has beaten through the tent, that

it has formed a nice little reservoir in the middle of the bed, and that the floor is a perfect pond. The fire by which the hot dinner one had been looking forward to was to have been cooked, is out; the matches even to light a candle, are damp, and won't ignite, and the few books and papers left on the table, are like sponges. Eventually one goes to bed in despair; and is awoken an hour afterwards by a furious storm of rain, beating through on one's face, and making the remainder of the night perfectly miserable, till day dawns, and the same story commences again. After all, even if I wished, I ought not to complain, for *I* have a moderately dry suit to change and a comparatively dry blanket to sleep in, with moreover some creature comforts worth mentioning; while the unfortunate soldiers have none of these. They are in the same clothes they have been wearing for the last three months, and which have not been dry for a week, for they cannot even take them off to sleep; and they have besides to stand all night almost on outpost duties, or work in the trenches all day. Still more than this, I am well, which many are not.

"*3rd December.*—The quantity of rain which has fallen, and still keeps falling, has rendered the three-mile hill which stretches from Balaclava to the commencement of the Camp almost impassable; and the only wonder is that anything on wheels gets up at all. It is even difficult on horseback, the deep sticky clay reaching very nearly to one's horse's hocks. The small amount of Transport one has is quite unequal to bringing up even a day's provisions; and several Divisions have in consequence been for two days without meat, and on only half a ration of biscuit and rum.

"My Brigade, which has been increased by the 97th (1000 strong) has however always had full rations. To-day was the nearest escape they had. Three carts full of rum broke down on the hill yesterday, and this morning I was obliged to order half-rations. Towards evening however I got some more up, and was able to give them the remainder. We are no longer able to bring forage up, and everybody possessing horses has to send them down for their own. The hill is covered from one end to the other with broken carts, salt-meat barrels, puncheons of rum, and dying and dead horses and bullocks.

"The French, under whose Camp the road runs, do not behave well: for the moment it is dark, they come out in numbers and pillage the broken-down carts. Some Grenadiers, whom I left behind with the rum, were attacked by them in the night, and had

to fight for it. They got some sailors from a Camp close by, and soon gave the Frenchmen not only a good licking, but took them prisoners too. One of my sergeants has just come in to tell me that my four last carts laden with meat have stuck, and that he has brought the horses home! It is a finishing blow! How we are to get on I do not know. I have been buying horses to-day, and have scraped a dozen together, but pack-saddles are deficient; and even with them, twelve horses will do but little towards supplying 3000 men, whose daily consumption is upwards of 8000 lbs. Mr. Filder has written for 400 pack-horses, but they do not arrive. Another wet day, and things must come to a standstill. We'll keep it going however as long as we can. In the meantime, it is a matter of unceasing anxiety, and I can think and therefore write of little else.

"8th December.—My Transport, which at first consisted of thirty carts, has now, from the death of oxen and breaking down, diminished to one! and if it had not been that Rolleston and I had bought up right and left all the ponies and pack-saddles we could, my Brigade would now have been starving. I cannot sleep at night for thinking of breaking-down carts, and of how the coming day's provisions are to be brought up. While I write this, my sergeant comes in to say that my one remaining cart, laden with rum, had only got a mile beyond Balaclava, when the horses refused to draw it any further. It is really heart-breaking, and I feel inclined to cry. What we are to do I know not. It is indeed hard that, after labouring as I do, turning out of bed at five o'clock, two hours before daylight, in cold and wet, and working like a common soldier on the beach all day, that it should all be frustrated for the want of a few oxen and carts. However, I will say no more about it. I have to *think* enough about it without writing too, and so will talk about something else, if I can.

"I have christened my two horses, 'Rum' and 'Salt Pork'. I'm sure if they forget those articles, I shan't.

"13th December.—Notwithstanding the state of the roads, guns are still slowly being brought up, as many as thirty horses being sometimes harnessed to one. The dearth of provisions in Camp continues the same. . . . The 4th Division has, I believe, been on half-rations for several days, and almost all the regiments have to send men down to bring the food up on their backs. Thanks to the horses which Rolleston with much foresight began to buy when he saw our Transport diminishing, my Brigade has not been reduced to that expedient yet, and is still on full rations. It neces-

sitates however much extra labour. The rum, hitherto brought up in puncheons, has to be drawn off on the wharf into small kegs to put on the horses; the salt meat has to be taken out of the casks and put into sacks; and one can trust so little to one's subordinates in an emergency of this kind, that unless I am there to make them work, and direct them, something is sure to go wrong. Either the fatigue party straggles away into the town to drink, and thereby loses an opportunity, or a horse is improperly packed and gets a sore back; or there is no rope, or some other Commissary seizes the biscuit for which you have been waiting. In fact, I am there all day, worrying first one sergeant and then another till I get them out of the town and on their road home; and then the probability is that half the horses fall down by the way, and only half the provisions reach home.

"*17th December.*--They are making use of the Cavalry horses to carry up biscuits to the different Divisions, and fatigue parties of 600 or 800 men go down every day to bring the salt meat up on their backs. We however have struggled on without having recourse to either expedient, a fact that we are not a little proud of; and I hope the worst has now passed. Two hundred and fifty pack-horses were landed to-day from Constantinople, and five hundred more are expected. It has however been a close shave. To-day, after issuing rations to the Brigade, I had half a pound of meat in store!

"It is really most lamentable that we have no regular organised Transport. Filder says he proposed and asked for it at the Horse Guards before coming out; but the idea was pooh-poohed, and he was told that the transport of the country would be sufficient. For a campaign in an ally's country no doubt it would; but we should never have come unprepared. . . . Our want of Transport has been the cause of the death of nearly half the Cavalry and Artillery horses, which, if they had been better fed, would have withstood the cold and wet better. Our men are worked literally to death, and compared with the French are an army of scarecrows. *Exempli gratia*, four days ago a sergeant and six men were attached to me for purposes of transport service. Two are gone into the hospital, the sergeant and two more are lying sick in their tent, and the other two could hardly get home to-night. No wonder; they have barely shoes to their feet, and have been in the same wet clothes for about a month.

"The French Army, on the contrary, look clean, neat, healthy and well clad, their horses and transport animals literally *fat*.

"They are doing everything for us. Their ambulance wagons take down our sick; their Artillery bring up our shells, and their fatigue parties are making a road out of Balaclova for us. One thing is to be said: they have 50,000 and we but 20,000 men. While our line of attack is fully as long as theirs, we have to defend the right, and Balaclova too. It is however rather humiliating. . . .

"I think Mother means to chaff me when she says, 'If you cook your bacon yourself, put a piece of bread underneath.' *Bread!!!???* She might as well say oyster patties!

"CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, 23rd December, 1854.

"I am afraid I shall not be able to sleep in my house before New Year's Day; for it has come to a standstill for want of nails. It is of most rough architecture, having been built by half a dozen Guardsmen, who are attached to me as butchers, but have nothing to kill. The roof is rather undulating, as instead of regular rafters, I could only get a few crooked huge stakes, and there was only enough planking to cover about two-thirds. It will however be covered all over with a tarpaulin, and will I hope be watertight. I managed to find in Balaclova a couple of window-frames, a tin tube for a chimney, and a lock for the door; and to make it quite complete, I mean to rig up a knocker, with 'Ring also' underneath. I also plundered a large lamp, took it to pieces, and mean the first fine day, with a diamond I have got in a pin, and some white paint for putty, to set to work as a glazier. It has a capital fireplace and chimney-piece; and when I get a bookcase up, an armchair in, and a carpet of sheepskins, I shan't envy the Queen of England. A hut as a kitchen is to be built one side, and a stable the other. Everybody is full of preparations for Christmas, and the quantity of flour and plums that is being laid in is positively alarming.

"30th December.

"I know of nothing to tell you, except that one event of great importance has taken place since I wrote, *viz.*, the completion of my country house, which we dined in on Christmas day, by way of a house-warming, and which I moved into the day after. It was a great struggle to finish it in time, with the limited means and material at my disposal.

"It really is, without boasting, very nearly one of the best houses in the Camp, as the generality of them are sunk into the

ground with a slanting roof; whereas mine is entirely above ground, has a gable roof, and altogether has a most imposing and magnificent appearance. The walls, composed of stones and mud, are two feet thick, and six feet high; the interior ten by six; and now that I have put some shelves up for books, etc., it is quite extraordinary how very snug I am. There is a fireplace, in which there is at the present moment a most capital fire burning; and you can have no idea of the luxury we enjoy when after dinner we draw our stools round the fire, and having had our coffee, set to work at our pipes, without having the tent flapping about with the wind, or the rain splashing in upon our beds. To be sure, it is rather damp, the walls being made of wet mud, and if one had come into it from a dry house, it might possibly have given one cold; but as nothing can be much wetter than a tent, I don't suppose it will do me much harm.

"*5th January, 1855.*—The sickness in the Army is frightful, and I every other day meet strings of French ambulance mules conveying our sick, at least a mile long. It is most melancholy to see the pinched and haggard faces of the poor fellows, as they are brought in on horseback in snow and rain over a bad road, and see how resignedly and heroically they bear it. The regiments that arrive daily almost disappear in the course of a few weeks.

"*19th January.*—Lord Raglan is riding about everywhere, and looking a little more than before into the details of the Army. He came here yesterday (we were all out), and asked my sergeant a lot of questions. We were fortunately well supplied, and could give him a very good account. He said, 'Ah, this is the Division that Mr. Rolleston and Mr. Blackwood belong to, and that has never been on short rations.' We have in fact gained some *credos* at Head-quarters and elsewhere for having always been able to keep the Division on full rations. It was a struggle, though, and we only just did it.

"The promotions in the Commissariat which take place annually were notified in a letter from the Duke of Newcastle the other day. The letter ends as follows:

"'I am finally to acquaint you that the Duke of Newcastle has received with much satisfaction your report of the zealous devotion evinced by Messrs. Blackwood, Murray and Slade to the laborious and harassing duties which they have undertaken as Acting Commissariat Officers in the field.'

"'*(Signed) H. ROBERTS,*'"

About the same time an important change in the constitution of the Department took place.

SIR C. TREVELYAN TO MR. STEVENSON BLACKWOOD.

"12th December, 1854.

"The perfectly satisfactory manner in which you have acquitted yourself in your new vocation has been very gratifying to me and your other friends here. The Commissary-General, your own comrades in the Department, and so far as we have had an opportunity of observing, the military officers with whom you have acted, unite in saying that you have discharged your arduous and difficult duties with a heartiness and success which are highly honourable to you. One consequence of this is, that you have, for the present, become necessary to the Public Service where you are; and although the direction of the Commissariat is about to be transferred to the War Department, it is hoped that this will make no change in your original intention of remaining with the Army till the crisis is past. Be assured of the continuance of my best wishes for your health and advancement."

MR. BLACKWOOD TO HIS FATHER.

"26th January, 1855.—A new Staff-officer is sent down to Balaclava, who is turning the place topsy-turvy, turning the shops out, draining and paving the streets, and cleansing the whole place. . . . A little more energy is shown in all the Departments. Huts are being rapidly erected by the regiments near Balaclava, and all the available Transport and large fatigue parties are used to carry them up here. Three hundred Spanish mules have arrived, which are to be devoted specially to that purpose, and two hundred and fifty fresh pack ponies came to-day, of which we shall have our share. But everything, as Lord Derby said, has been too late. The heavy rains, and the coldest part of the winter, are now probably both past; and now the men are beginning to appear better clad, and the huts are gradually erected; things which, to have saved the Army from the dreadful sickness it has been visited with, ought to have been completed at least two months ago. Two-thirds of the horses of the Army are now dead, and I am afraid to say what proportion of the Army itself either dead or sick from the want of clothing and shelter, principally the former. The 63rd, a regiment that was not under fire at Alma, and suffered but little, I believe, at Inkermann, marched down to

Balaclava yesterday, with its *colours and about forty men!* The Guards, about 1500 strong, have 500 in hospital. There has been mismanagement and want of foresight both in England and here to a great extent, and both together they have reduced one of the finest armies that ever left England to the wreck it is now.

"*Nil Desperandum*, however; England hasn't half exerted herself yet, and is only beginning to be roused.

"*11th February.*—As for the state of affairs, I think that the *Times* . . . is full of exaggeration and mis-statements, though as to the general mismanagement they are substantially correct. An article in the 26th, asserting on the authority of the *Moniteur* that 10,000 French great-coats have been distributed to our soldiers, *lies*, and becomes ridiculous when it goes on to say that soon the English soldier will be hovering round the French Camp, accepting gratefully a discarded bone or piece of bread. The statement also that the French and Turkish armies were *dans de bonnes baraques*, while ours were not, is also false. I have not seen above a dozen French or Turkish huts, while we have some hundreds already erected, and even at the date of that paper had more than both of them put together. Our troops are now, as far as I can see, well clothed and shod; they are certainly well fed. All the regiments around Balaclava are housed, whilst those before Sebastopol have all a wooden house for their hospitals, if not more, which a great many have. The railroad is in rapid progress. There is however a great deal of sickness still, and I don't fancy the siege advances much. . . . In the *Illustrated London News* of the 20th was a very good map of the country we marched over. Young Maxse, Lord Raglan's Naval A. D. C., got made a Commander for his ride back to the Katchka; while I, who did the very same thing, with this exception that I was alone, whilst he had an escort of six Lancers, who were bringing up the mails, got nothing.

"*2nd March.*—In one of your letters you wish me to point out the causes of the inefficiency of the Commissariat, and to suggest means of improving the Department. I suppose everybody sticks up for his own Department; but independently of that, I really am at a loss to know in what respect the Commissariat has proved itself inefficient, except in the matter of Transport—no doubt a great deficiency, but one for which the Commissary-General, having urged the necessity of a Waggon-Train on the Government *before* leaving England, and not having had his proposals acceded to, ought really not to be responsible. The deficiencies in

the supplies are attributable in a measure to the want of sufficient means of transport, but in a still greater degree to the state of the roads, which it is not the business of the Commissariat to attend to. If the Quartermaster-General's Department had done their duty, and made a good road in time, our Transport would have more than sufficed, although it is not the sort of Transport which I think the army of a great powerful country ought to be dependent on."

In the NOTES, written after the lapse of so many years, the question is again discussed at large. One passage may be quoted.

"The first necessity had been to get the siege guns up from the ships to the heights. For this purpose, every horse of Artillery and Cavalry, and every man that could be spared from the actual duties of defending the Camp and working in the trenches, was employed every day, the result being that none were left to put the road into such condition as to keep up our communication with Balaclava through the rainy months. Therefore, though the supplies were afterwards in sufficiency on board the ships in Balaclava harbour, there was no sufficient means of conveying them to Camp."

Letter Resumed.

"If the rations issued to the soldiers at present are not those best calculated to keep them in good health, the blame should not be thrown on the Commissariat, as it seems to be according to the papers, by people asking, 'Why does not the Commissariat supply this or that?' At the commencement of the campaign a Board, composed of Medical, Commissariat and General officers, decided on the ration they judged best; and it is completely out of the power of the Commissariat to alter that ration, and issue anything extra on their own responsibility.

"*10th March.*—I cannot understand, and am very indignant at your saying that the Commissariat has failed. Be good enough to state in what, and I shall then know what ground you have for saying so. . . . A Return of the deficiencies has been called for from 15th November to end of January; and what do you think the deficiencies are? Why, in the Division in which the men *were worst off*, they have, according to their own showing, been exactly nine ounces of biscuit per man short during seventy-eight

days. The men have died, not from want of food, but from being overworked, and from a want of proper regimental organisation. A man was sixteen hours out of the twenty-four on duty. When he came in, wet, tired, and hungry, instead of finding his coffee hot and his meat ready cooked for him, which, by telling off parties to get wood and cook the dinner for the others' return, might easily have been done, he had his handful of unroasted coffee and his piece of raw pork given him, and without pickaxe, or anything of the sort, was told to get wood for his fire. What did he do? Why, he threw away his coffee beans, swallowed his pork raw, slept a few hours if he could in his wet clothes, and was again on duty.

"People are making a great noise about the unroasted coffee; but experience must in some measure be a guide, and in the last war in which England was engaged, at the Cape, unroasted coffee was the ration, and the soldiers would not have taken anything else. The best and most nutritious coffee is known to be made from the bean issued raw; and when the ration of coffee was ordered at Varna in June, nobody thought of it in any other shape.

"Certainly if one had been told that our Army was to be worked as it has been, that the soldier was to be on duty sixteen hours out of *every* twenty-four, that he was to have no implements given to him to procure fuel, and that he was to have no time to cook his food, some provision might have been made, and we might perhaps have been able to issue his meat ready cooked. Where does the fault lie?"

When the public indignation aroused by the sufferings of our troops in the winter of 1854-5 culminated in a "Committee of Inquiry," it was an extreme gratification to Mr. Blackwood's family to find his name singled out for approval.

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, AFTERWARDS LORD HAMPTON, SECRETARY
OF STATE FOR WAR, TO MR. ARTHUR BLACKWOOD.

"SEBASTOPOL COMMITTEE ROOM, 9th March, 1855.

"MY DEAR MR. BLACKWOOD,—I am happy to tell you that very favourable and complimentary mention of the zeal and successful exertions of your son has just been voluntarily given

in evidence by the Rev. Mr. Parker, Chaplain to the First Division.

"He has said that the Guards, etc., were never short of rations; and he attributed the superiority of their supplies to those of other Divisions, to your son's exertions; but you will be able to see his statements in the published evidence.

"Yours very sincerely,

"JOHN S. PAKINGTON."

Cordial friends began on all sides to communicate the good reports which were now spreading.

LADY THERESA LEWIS TO MR. ARTHUR BLACKWOOD.

"KENT HOUSE, 16th March, 1855.

"DEAR MR. BLACKWOOD,—As I suppose *nous autres* parents have a feeling in common on the subject of our children's praises, I will not apologise for troubling you with a few lines to tell you how well I have heard your son spoken of in the midst of all the abuse bestowed on the ill-managed, or unfortunate, Commissariat Department. I happened to sit next the Duke of Cambridge the other day at dinner; and in answer to some inquiries of mine, he passed the highest encomiums on your son's conduct in the performance of his arduous and difficult duties. He found him a most zealous, active, and intelligent man of business, devoted to his work, and doing it most usefully to others, and with great credit to himself. And up to the time that he left the Crimea, he was the only one who had never suffered at all in health, nor, I believe (which his mother will like to hear), *in looks*. No doubt you have heard plenty of good reports of him before, but it is a subject on which one can always bear repetition. It gave me pleasure to hear the praises of my son's friend, and I conclude you will not object to hear the same of your own son, coming as they did, from the person under whose immediate eye he had been acting."

The delight of his Mother in all this was unbounded; and she poured forth the happiness of her enthusiastic nature in the loving words which after all these years still seem to be instinct with the feelings of the hour.

“UPPER BROOK STREET, Thursday, 15th March, 1885.

“I tread on air—no, on india-rubber, for my heart is so proud, the pavement seems to bound with me. Oh, what do you think? In Saturday’s *Times* you are mentioned by the Rev. Mr. Parker in terms of approbation. Well, but in Tuesday’s, the Duke of Cambridge mentions *you*; and still more! Oh, I gasp so I can scarcely write, it is *too* ecstatic. Mr. Wilson in the House of Commons praises *you* exceedingly, and the House says ‘*Hear!*’ Ye gods and little fishes! your Mother’s heart *will* burst. I cannot contain myself. I went to Lady Overstone’s party last night, and Sir Dennis le Marchant told your father that it was not *one* single ‘*Hear!*’ but that several members got up, took off their hats, and cheered the praise. You must indeed have done wonders to gain *such* applause. . . . Oh! I am *so* happy. Think of how your Mother enters into your fame, far dearer than aught else in this world.

“Friday, 23rd March.—Ceci spent yesterday morning with Blanche, and came home saying you were mentioned in the leading article of the *Morning Chronicle*. . . . I will copy it out.”

The extract was as follows :—

“It appears from the evidence before the Committee, that there were good as well as bad Commissaries, and young as well as old. Lord Lucan complained of the youth and inexperience of those attached to his Division, whilst the Duke of Cambridge expressed the most unqualified approval of the mode in which his brigade was served by a still younger man, Mr. Blackwood. But all were alike hampered by technical observances, and have been most unjustly censured for attending to these.”

Sir Arthur Blackwood’s remarks on the subject, in his NOTES, are as follows :—

“I had the unspeakable satisfaction of having it declared before the Committee of the House of Commons, which was appointed to investigate the causes of the disasters which befel our troops, that mine was the only Brigade in the whole of the British Army which was never short of one day’s half-ration. This was not to my credit, however. I attribute it to nothing else than the supreme discipline of the Brigade of Guards, who were ever to

the fore on Balaclava Beach, when the fatigue-parties of other Commissariat officers were seduced by the many temptations of the Camp and town. I only had to try one sergeant by court-martial, for being overcome. It was a necessity; however the poor fellow was soon restored to his rank.

"The disasters which befel our troops raised a storm of indignation throughout England. Scapegoats were sought in every direction; and the one least worthy of blame was the one who, I fear, received the most. That was our good little Commissary-General, Filder. . . . Sir George Maclean replaced him; but by that time a railway was being made, the weather had improved, and so far as food and raiment were concerned, things were going better."

SUMMER IN THE CRIMEA AND THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

On 1st March, the Brigade of Guards, fearfully reduced in strength, moved down to Balaclava ; and towards the end of the month Mr. Blackwood started on an expedition to Asia Minor, where the purchase of cattle was to be combined with a little sport. As is shown by his letters, he greatly enjoyed the change. On 28th March he returned.

“ BALACLAVA, 13th April, 1855.

“ Our fire opened again early on the morning of the 9th pretty briskly, but has much decreased, and is very feeble now. The first day we shut up the Mamelon, Round Tower and Flag-staff Batteries, but they are now firing again. Still the scaling ladders have been taken down to the trenches, and an unheard-of quantity of fascines and gabions brought up, all of which looks like an assault.

“ 21st April.

“ Of the second failure of the Allied Armies to take Sebastopol you have, I suppose, by this time heard. Our guns have now almost entirely ceased firing ; and we are not a whit nearer than before. What the Generals are about I know not. . . .

“ Omar Pasha seems to have infused a little life into them, for at his suggestion, they got up a reconnaissance the day before yesterday. I accompanied the Turks. . . . We ascertained that on a hill still further behind, they had five guns in position ; that they had about 500 cavalry and about 3000 or 4000 infantry scattered about. Whether they have more behind the mountain we don't know.

“ The funeral of General Bizot took place the other day. All the swells were there, and sprinkled him with holy water, Raglan and Omar Pasha included. His friends then made funeral ora-

tions. General Niel made a very straightforward honest English sort of speech. Pelissier spoke also, but was so much affected, that he forgot what he had to say, and was obliged to pull a paper out of his pocket, and read it off. Canrobert wound up with a very declamatory harangue, all about '*La Patrie, l'honneur, la gloire, rien n'était plus cher à ce cadavre,*' and ended by wiping away a tear, for he had worked himself into a great state of excitement, making a gesture as if shaking hands with the deceased, and exclaiming in a most theatrical manner as he turned away from the grave, '*Adeiu, Bizot, que la terre te soit légère'!!* It was really splendid; and if the occasion had not been so solemn, one could have roared with laughter.

"CAMP, BRIGADE OF GUARDS, 21st May, 1855.

"I am very well, but dreadfully tired of the inaction. I really now have nothing to do. Get up at half-past eight, breakfast either alone or with some friend at nine. By that time it is intensely hot.

"The whole of the morning one strolls about with very little more than a flannel shirt on, and altogether in the most summy costumes, from hut to hut, or tent to tent, smoking, chatting, and retailing news true or fabricated: and then about three or four o'clock we ride out in a body to bathe, returning to dinner at seven, which is always a very elaborate affair.

"25th May.

"To-day we seem to have made a forward step towards a summer campaign; 30,000 French, 15,000 Sardinians, and about 10,000 Turks have moved down, and occupied in three long lines the ground between Balaclava and the Tchernaya. I am not sure of the numbers, but that is supposed to be correct.

"The small Russian force retired, and left our troops in possession. The breakfasts of the Russian officers were found upon their tables, which they had been obliged to desert in a hurry. I went out after my breakfast, with Dawkins and Burdett, and had great pleasure in seeing the ground again that we had marched over eight months ago, and particularly in finding out the exact spot where I had slept in an Araba the night of the flank march. We then pushed forward to try and get to the village of Tchorgoum, and rode rapidly along the road. As we were some way in advance of our outposts, a little circumspection was necessary, and we naturally kept a sharp look-out, as the road lay between two steep hills, where Cossacks might easily have been

concealed. On turning a corner of the road, Dawkins said, 'Oh, it's all right; there are some of our fellows in the distance coming down the road, so we can go on.' 'Stop a minute,' said I. 'Are you sure they're our fellows?' 'Well,' he said, 'I'll take out my glass and see.' So he dismounted, and no sooner had he put his telescope to his eye, than he said: 'By Jove, you're right; they're Cossacks, I can see their lances; they are coming this way as hard as they can lay legs to ground.' Well, as we had nothing more offensive than sandwiches and sherry and water in our holsters, we thought it prudent to decamp, and so 'Old Tom' had to put his best leg foremost till we got within our own line of sentries again. When I say we had nothing more offensive than sandwiches, etc., we of course had our swords; but these, unless in the hands of a skilled swordsman, would be but little defence against a Cossack's lance.

"After being cooped up for eight months in a certain number of square miles, and a very confined camp with 150,000 men, the liberty of riding over hill and dale, and wood and field, with sweet-smelling flowers instead of the nauseous smells of the Camp, is an immense treat."

In his *NOTES* Sir Arthur relates a somewhat similar escape.

"On one occasion I ran a very nasty risk of being taken prisoner. We had got out some ten miles beyond our outposts, and having picketed our nags, were bathing in a pleasant stream. Whilst in the water some one cried out that the Cossacks were coming! How we got on to our horses, I do not know. All I do know is that we got away safely, but that I left two rings on the bank."

"BALACLAVA, 1st June, 1855.

"The large force of French, Turks and Sardinians that has moved down into the field, has opened to us a large tract of country; and the rides about Tchorgoum, and all the eastern side of Balaclava, are perfectly lovely. The scenery is of all descriptions, sometimes like Saxon Switzerland, with its hills covered with forests and reaching down to the very banks of some clear rippling stream; sometimes resembling Switzerland itself in the rugged cliffs and impetuous torrents; and at other times, amidst hedge-rows and cultivated fields and villages, recalling parts of England forcibly to one's mind. It is a most agreeable change from the

dreadful monotony of our confined Camp to be able to ride over all this country, to bathe in the Tchernaya, and wander over the hills and valleys, and has dissipated much of the *ennui* which was becoming almost unbearable."

THE STORMING OF THE MAMELON AND RIFLE PITS.

"BALACLAVA CAMP, 8th June, 1855.

"I can only say a few words, as there is great excitement prevailing. I am staying up at the Front, only coming down here at full gallop in the middle of the day to see that things are all right in the Brigade.

"Our fire opened at three P.M. on 6th, French firing very little, and continued all that night and the following day, sometimes increasing, sometimes diminishing. At six P.M. on 7th, the whole Army being under arms, the French, 15,000 strong, stormed the Mamelon, running up and over it like a lot of bees. The moment they were in possession of it, a flag was hoisted close to where Lord Raglan stood with his Staff, and a rocket fired, which was the signal for our troops to attack the Stone Quarries and Rifle Pits in front of the Redan. This they did, and took them.

"The French in the meantime having followed up their success too far, and having almost arrived at the Round Tower, were driven out of the Mamelon with great loss, but captured it once more. The Russians must have resisted it most obstinately, for from 6 P.M. till 8-30, there was the most fearful fire of shell, shot, rockets and musketry raging, something most awful and deafening. The red sun was just setting behind a dark bank of clouds, against which the flashes from the cannon and muskets shone vividly, and it was altogether a most wonderful scene. The English were driven out of the Rifle Pits three times during the night; but both that position and the Mamelon were in our possession. There has been frightful slaughter. I don't know what is to take place, and I am off again to see all I can. It is believed that in three days we shall be in the town. . . .

"The foregoing, as you must perceive, was written in a dreadful hurry, for I wanted to get to the Front again in time to see anything that might be going on. On arriving there however I found there was so little chance of anything taking place to-night that I determined to return and finish my letter to you.

"It is very probable that the Russians will try and retake the Rifle Pits and Mamelon to-night, in the latter of which two guns

have already been placed, and it is hoped more will be there by morning. When I came away, our batteries were firing away vigorously. The Russians hardly at all, but some ships were throwing a great quantity of shell into the Mamelon. If we can get our guns without disturbance into the Mamelon, we shall command the shipping, to-morrow will see the downfall of the Round Tower and the Redan, and then the place is virtually ours.

"I was stationed close to the Staff, and saw the whole thing splendidly, *i.e.*, as well as one could through the very dense smoke. The Stone Quarries were hidden from our view, but one could plainly see with a glass the French swarming up the slope of the Mamelon, then waving their flags at the top of the parapet, being driven back, then charging again, and finally capturing the Post. Everybody was in the greatest state of excitement, and it certainly was an awful and most exciting moment. We have lost 365 men killed and wounded, and thirty-five officers, of whom seventeen are killed. The French I believe about 1500. The Official Despatch and the *Times* Letter will give you longer and more authentic details.

"CAMP, BRIGADE OF GUARDS, 15th June, 1855.

"Our fire has not yet again opened; and it is supposed it will not do so for some days. We are, I believe, strengthening ourselves as much as possible in the Mamelon and Rifle Pits, and when a sufficient number of guns have been placed in the former, we shall make an attack, similar to the last, on the Round Tower and the Redan, and so take the place by degrees. But it is really so difficult to know, not only what is going to take place, but also what has happened, that I can tell you nothing for certain about either. We generally do not even know when we are going to open fire till after it has commenced, and our only certain knowledge about past events is derived from the newspapers and Lord Raglan's despatches. You must therefore not rely on what I sometimes tell you. All I can do will be to give you an account of what I have been doing personally during the last week. . . .

"Sunday, the next day, I again rode up to the Front, as an attack was generally expected; it did not however come off. We therefore, with about twenty or thirty other officers, amused ourselves with watching the firing, which was very heavy, from a hill some hundred yards in advance of the Fourth Division. We seemed to be firing very heavily, whilst the Russians hardly returned one shot in twenty. They did not seem to approve of our

watching their proceedings so closely; for all of a sudden, above the booming of the Artillery, the very disagreeable hizzing whizzing sound of a shell was heard, and seemed by the rapid increase of the sound to be directly approaching our position. Everybody holloed 'Look out!' and instantly displayed most wonderful activity in tumbling off their horses anyhow, and lying flat on the ground. Myself and a few others contented ourselves with crouching down on our horses' necks, and watching for the explosion. In about half a second from the time the noise was first heard, a cloud of dust was knocked up about twenty yards in front of us, and the shell ricochetting past, burst with a sharp loud crack, a little to our left. You may guess that we did not await a second message.

"That evening our fire ceased. . . .

"An order has just arrived that the Brigade, carrying one day's provisions, is to march to-morrow. Whether it is that they are really to take a part in the storming, or whether Lord Raglan thinks that, having done so much of the hard work during the winter, they ought to be allowed to participate in the glory of the capture, which by being under arms on the heights and in reserve, they would do, is unknown.

". . . Since writing the above, it is ascertained that we move up there for good. I shan't be sorry to have a little work to do, as our life here has been very inactive."

THE ATTACK ON THE REDAN.

"CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, Wednesday, 20th June, 1855.

"The Electric Telegraph and the *Times* must have already communicated to you the unfortunate result of our attack on Sebastopol on 18th. The Army is more disheartened than I can possibly describe, at least every person I have met within the last two days speaks in the same tone, and that the most dejected. Everybody seemed sure of success, and indulged in the most sanguine expectations of the capture of the place, the conclusion of the War, and our return to England; and you may imagine the effect that our repulse must have had. What our failure was attributed to I do not know; but can only suppose the cause to be the ignorance of our Generals and Engineers of the places they were about to assault; and from every account there seems to have been the most lamentable confusion amongst the troops, which can only result from want of arrangement.

"The fact of our fixing on the 18th June shows how we

counted on success, and there was a line of Cavalry posted along our whole front to prevent any one but the troops actually engaged from rushing into the captured city. This was of course a prudent precaution, but it shows our confidence.

"The Russians, I hear, made a sortie on the French a short time before the hour fixed for our combined attack. They were driven back, and this brought on the general engagement a little sooner than was intended. . . . I can tell you nothing of the real events . . . and can only relate what has happened to myself within the last few days.

"We marched up to the Front on 16th, and a great nuisance it was to leave one's cool comfortable hut on the heights of Balaklava, close to the sea, the lovely scenery of Tchorgoum and Baidar, to return to the hot dusty and foul-smelling 'Camp before Sebastopol,' and the scorching heat of a bell tent, which at first is almost unbearable.

"The heat during the last four days has been intense.

"On the evening of the 17th the Division was ordered to parade at 2:30 the next morning, and Sir Colin Campbell told us that the men could not carry their Rum, so we were to take it down after them. I therefore thought that we might perhaps come in for a share of the scrimmage, and accordingly loaded my pistol, and, provided with a certain quantity of cold chicken and sherry and water, followed the Brigade when they marched off the next morning at dawn, accompanied by four horses laden with Rum. The firing was tremendous, and the Division was moving up as quickly as possible, everybody expecting that we were to go into action in a few minutes. It proved however that the Division was to be in reserve, and they were accordingly drawn up in front of the Picket-house all the morning. The firing was kept up very heavily, and the wounded were being continually brought through our lines; a dreadful sight, and the more so, as no result had been gained by the loss of so many lives.

"At ten o'clock, the firing ceased; and the General's Staff, who had been the whole time in the 21-Gun Battery, came up looking most tremendously down-cast; and Jervoise, on General Airey's Staff, on passing a knot of us, whispered, 'It's all up.'

"Finding that the attack was abandoned, I communicated with Lord Rokeby, who ordered the issue of half a ration of Rum. I therefore, by a skilful manœuvre, brought up the force under my command, throwing out two of the horses with Rum-kegs as

skirmishers, whilst I formed the remaining two into a square on the two centre sub-divisions. On arriving within range, I deployed them into line, and giving the word of command, '*Spring the Bungs,*' delivered a tremendous volley of Rum into the whole Brigade with wonderful effect. Forming them then quickly into close column with the empty kegs in the rear, I effected a masterly retreat, and arrived at the Camp without the loss of a single keg, one only having received a slight contusion. The Brigade soon followed.

"That we were defeated there can be no doubt. . . .

"CAMP, BRIGADE OF GUARDS, BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
30th June, 1855.

"The telegraph must have already announced to you the melancholy news of both Lord Raglan's and General Estcourt's deaths. The former died, I believe, very suddenly, as at six o'clock on the evening of the 28th, nobody anticipated a fatal termination to his illness, and at ten o'clock he was dead, purely they say from vexation of spirit, brought on by the failure of 18th. I am very sorry for him, poor old man; for though I believe that many of the disasters that have befallen our Army were partly attributable to him, yet I also as firmly believe that he always did his best, and for the best; and if he was not equal to the emergency, it was not his fault. It must have been hard to die when in the command of such an Army, and when within a month, or perhaps less, of attaining success; and very hard to die without an opportunity of clearing himself from the many imputations that have been cast on him. Poor old man, I really grieve for him, and hope sincerely that his fame will be vindicated. . . .

"You have no idea how wearisome life in Camp can become. It is something passing description; something not to be imagined.

"CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, 21st July, 1855.

"As we have been given to understand that the Division will remain in its present situation for some time, I have begun to make our little camp as comfortable as possible, and have built a Cook-house, Stable, etc., etc., and hollowed out the Mess-tent, which is now very snug. Having little to do now besides accounts and general superintendence of affairs, it is rather agreeable to work away at something; and I accordingly pick, and shovel, and dig, and build until my hands are all over blisters.

“CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, 27th July, 1855.

“The heat during the past week has really been something intense, so much so indeed that I hardly feel as if I had energy enough left in me to write my weekly letter. It is impossible to describe it. One wakes about six o'clock, the sun already high in the heavens, and striking through the canvas tent with force sufficient to bake, roast, or boil; all the flies that ever were born buzz, crawl, fly about, and bite one in a manner that effectually prevents any further thought of sleep. There is no wind: that only rises about nine or ten o'clock; and then instead of a cool refreshing West wind, it is a sort of Sirocco, and one that instead of cooling and refreshing one, really suffocates, and takes one's breath away with the intensity of its sultriness. It continues the whole day; and if it were not for the expectation of the afternoon bathe, which one tries to rouse one's self for, even though it cost one a ten miles' ride there and back, I hardly think one could live out the day. It is impossible to keep anything cool.

“About once a fortnight however a cool rainy day comes, like an oasis in the desert, and lays the dust. Such an one came yesterday, and Hanbury and I took advantage of it to ride to Baidâr, which I have already described to you, and even to a long way beyond it, to a place called the Gates of Baidâr, where after ascending a long zigzag road up a wooded mountain, we suddenly turned round a sharp corner, and came upon a massive archway, cut almost out of the rock, through which the road to Galta passed, and on the other side of which a precipitous cliff some 500 feet in depth went sheer down to the sea, which lay calmly and peacefully before us. It was a striking unexpected and lovely view, and the forms of some twenty or thirty of the 17th Lancers, with their horses grouped together under the archway (placed there at picket), the men lounging about or reclining on the benches, and their lances with the fluttering pennons stuck into the ground, did not render it the less picturesque. We had a charming ride, for we had come provided with everything, and we made two halts in the day, the first for breakfast, about ten o'clock, and the second at four for dinner. We reached home again about ten, having been about fifty miles.

“CAMP, CRIMEA, 12th August, 1855.

“Somehow or other, I think that something must be up to-night. Our Divison finds the men for the Trenches, and instead of

going in at five o'clock, their usual strength, they were delayed till eight by a sudden order from Head-quarters, that every available man was to go in. Accordingly cooks, servants, Bâtmens, etc., etc., have all marched down, what for nobody knows, but I dare-say there will be a row before morning.

"I am only just returned from attending the funeral of a man with whom I have associated a great deal out here, and for whom I entertained great friendship and esteem—by name Copperger, in the Commissariat as a Volunteer from the Irish Constabulary. He was a thorough Irishman, with a strong brogue and a good deal of wit, and one of the most honest hearty straightforward thorough good fellows I ever knew; a man about twenty-five, as strong constitutionally and physically as anybody you could mention. I had seen a great deal of him lately, riding to bathe with him almost every day, and accompanying him in picnics to Baidâr, etc., etc. This day fortnight, he came here with Barlee to ask me to ride with them, and as I could not, asked me to dinner for the day next but one. When I went, I found he was slightly ill of a bilious attack, and could not come to dinner. He got a little worse afterwards, and I went to see him once to talk and read to him; but the seeing anybody excited him so much that the doctor would not allow him to see anybody but Barlee, with whom he lived, and the hospital-orderly. Nothing serious was however expected, and he was improving every day, when yesterday afternoon, on my return from Balaclava, I got a note from Barlee, saying that if I wanted to see Copperger alive, I was to go up directly. I did so, and got there about half an hour before he died. It was a dreadful sight. I had never seen a deathbed before, and hope that all deaths are not so horrible to see. He was more emaciated than anything I could have conceived; however I will not describe it. He had been insensible since eight in the morning, and died at three, so I hope without pain. . . . Poor fellow! I cannot tell you how I lament his loss.

"It is a melancholy theme to write upon, and I don't know why I have told you about it, except that I am full of it myself."

THE RUSSIAN ATTACK ON THE TCHERNAYA.

"CAMP, 18th August, 1855.

"You will already have heard by Electric Telegraph, I suppose, of the unsuccessful attack the Russians made on the Tchernaya Bridge on the morning of the 16th. The Tchernaya Bridge, you may remember, was the termination of the flank march through

the Wood, and on the very spot where I drew up my Arabas, and went to sleep in one of them, are now lying the bodies of about three hundred or four hundred Russians.

" We had notice some four or five days previous, that an Army of 60,000 men was not far off, and that an attack might be expected; and accordingly at about four o'clock in the morning of the 16th, when the Russians thought the French would all be rather the worse for drinking the Emperor's health the day before, they advanced under cover of a mist that was over the plain, drove in the Sardinians and French pickets, and crossed the bridge. They were then however attacked by a French Regiment in ambuscade, and a most murderous combat took place. Out of 2000 men that crossed the bridge, they say not one returned. I only heard the firing at seven o'clock, and galloped there of course as quickly as possible. The Russians were then retiring across the plain, while some French and Sardinian Field Batteries pitched into them, the Russians only answering from their heavy siege guns in position on the Tchernaya heights, which did however a good deal of execution.

" When out of range of our Field Artillery, they formed into squares, and were slowly retreating, when the French opened fire on them with some rockets from Canrobert's Redoubt on the Inkermann heights, and sent them right into their squares and columns, and must have killed them by hundreds. The distance was about two miles and a half, I should think, or even more. The fight was over about nine o'clock, the Russians being thoroughly repulsed.

" Averaging all the different accounts I have heard, I should say that the Sardinians lost about 100, the French 800 or 900, and the Russians cannot have lost less than between 5000 and 6000. I counted myself 400 prisoners safe and sound, and about 1000 wounded prisoners, and there cannot have been less than 1500 dead on the field, when I rode over it yesterday afternoon, and I only saw those on this side of the bridge, though I could see on the plain beyond they were lying scattered all over it. The struggle on the bridge must have been most sanguinary, equal to Inkermann, I should think. General Reid was killed, and another General taken prisoner. On the former was found a plan of the battle. If their attempt had been successful, they were to have thrown up rockets, and the garrison of Sebastopol were to have attacked the trenches, while they themselves advanced on Balaclava. That's all I know about it.

" KAMARA, 1st September, 1855.

"The Highland Division moved down to this place last Sunday, 26th, as another attack was expected from the Russian Army in the rear, and it was deemed advisable to strengthen the Force of Sardinians and French in the Tchernaya Plain: and so, to the great detriment of the Guards and other regiments in the Front who have to do the duty in the Trenches, 2500 canny Scots are encamped just behind Kamara Church; and as I was in orders as attached to them, I have been obliged to accompany them, though I believe Sir George Maclean will send me back to my old Brigade in a few days. In the meantime it is a very jolly excursion, quite like leaving London for the country for a few days, and I enjoy it exceedingly. I have pitched my camp on a little spur of a hill above the troops. . . . There are a few quail here, and I am going out this morning or to-morrow to try and have a shot, at any rate to imagine I am out shooting.

"Yesterday the mail of 16th came; but it reached me at the same time that a party of ladies, the wife and daughter of the second senior Commissariat officer here, did; and as we had to entertain as best we could, and escort them to Balaclava afterwards, I could not open your letters till I returned at eleven o'clock at night, and they then took me an hour and a half to read. It seemed so odd speaking to a lady, not having spoken to one, as far as I can remember, for sixteen months."

" CAMP, BRIGADE OF GUARDS, 8th September, 1855.

"After having spent ten days with the Highlanders at Kamara, I have been ordered back to my old Brigade, and returned here the day before yesterday. The farce of 'the Russians are coming' is still kept up, and the unfortunate regiments are under arms all day and all night long, except when they are more peaceably employed in gabion-making, but no enemy appears.

"I am however very lucky to have come back the day I did, as the same night we set one of the Russian ships in the Harbour on fire, a splendid sight, and one which I watched for nearly two hours with my excellent glasses. The same day the bombardment recommenced, and has been going on by fits and starts, sometimes ceasing altogether, and at others shaking the ground under our feet. Something must be coming off. Immense numbers of troops have gone down to the Trenches, and those who have been in last night and all to-day, have still to remain there,

while every Artillery waggon in the Army is employed in bringing up ammunition.

THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

CAMP, CRIMEA, 10th September, 1855.

"Well, so at last the 'doomed City' has fallen, the ships sunk, the batteries destroyed, and Sebastopol is but an empty name.

"I suppose there is great excitement in London. For my part, everything goes on here so much the same, that but for the cessation of the eternal bang, bang, I should not believe that the place was taken. Everybody was very much surprised. We went to bed on Saturday night very down in the mouth, knowing that the French had taken the Malakoff, that our soldiers, after being in the Redan for twenty minutes, had been repulsed . . . that there was an immense sacrifice of life, and the usual mismanagement on the part of the Generals.

"And we awoke on Sunday morning to hear that the enemy had abandoned the place, and that the whole town was in flames. The Highlanders were all ready to storm the Redan at one o'clock at night, when they suddenly found that there was no one inside it, and walked quietly in. The failure on our part to take the Redan was, as far as I can make out, solely attributable to the want of support. The reserves were all ready in the Trenches, but owing to some mismanagement, did not advance. The French had great luck; they took the Malakoff completely by surprise, as excepting the usual sentries, all the Russians were in the big trench behind it, eating their dinner, and the General himself was captured at his luncheon. The moment the French went in all the Russians ran out, and betook themselves to the Redan, thus preventing us from surprising it, and doubling the number of troops in it. Everybody says that there was no necessity for our taking the Redan, the Malakoff being once ours; and the Russians have proved it by abandoning the place. Indeed, one can see how completely the Malakoff commands the Redan, and all the approaches to it, when one is in the latter. There was however no excuse for our not keeping it. . . .

"There were frequent explosions all yesterday, and about ten o'clock, Rolleston and I, accompanied by Lockwood on 'Tom,' went in by the Malakoff, and rode all over the place; but though it had only been abandoned four or five hours, every house was gutted, and we found but little. All the houses almost were burning, and explosions going on in every direction; so after

staying there a few hours, and seeing all we could, we came out again.

"I brought out a Russian bugle, battered and bloody, two little medals, two swords, two bayonets, a pot of hair-grease from Moscow, a candlestick, and two or three glass dessert-plates, etc., etc. I had loaded Lockwood with some heavier things, such as some large dishes, a corn sieve, which would have been very useful for my horses, and several other things, but they were taken away from him. . . ."

[Alluding to the stringent measures against looting which prevailed in the British Army.]

"In fact, the Russians left nothing they could carry away, and there is accordingly but little plunder, and that very worthless. It is a wonder they lived in the place so long; every house, even in the middle of the town, had a shell or two through the roof.

"To-day I have been all over the Redan and Malakoff; they are wonderful places, but the latter seems much the stronger of the two. With proper reserves it would have been a victorious capture, instead of an evacuation. Mail going out in a hurry, so good-bye.

"CAMP, 14th September, 1855.

"This is the anniversary of the day on which the Allied Armies landed in the Crimea.

"Well, I have been all over the place, Trenches, Batteries, Town and everything. At first orders were necessary to enter the town, as they were putting the vast quantities of powder in places of safety, but now everybody can go in.

"I devoted a whole day to the Redan, Malakoff, and Flagstaff Batteries. The latter, as far as I can judge, seem by far the strongest of the lot, and they are wonders of fortification. . . . The French had carried their sap right up to the ditch of the Malakoff, so that they only had to knock the gabion at the end away, and there they were at the edge of the ditch, while our men had to run over 240 yards in the open before they reached the Redan.

"The Town is literally knocked to bits. The streets are ploughed up by shot and shell, and every house has a hole in it. Their losses must have been tremendous. As to their being short of ammunition, it was all humbug; there are hundreds and hundreds of guns piled up, and enormous quantities of shot. They

left nearly 3000 dead and dying in their hospitals; and yesterday Adair, who was sent down on fatigue to bury, found a cellar with 300 more bodies in it, all officers. . . .

"The Russians are now fortifying themselves very strongly on the N. side, and throwing up great earthworks, and it will soon be as impregnable as the S. We have begun to fire on them, though; and Franky, who has just come up here, says that the ships are going in almost immediately.

"Time they did, I think. . . . Nobody knows what our plans are. Queen's message just arrived. Very good one.

"CAMP, CRIMEA, 21st September, 1855.

"Yesterday, as you all without doubt remembered, was the anniversary of Alma, and the medals were distributed divisionally by order of the Commander of the Forces. We did not get ours, as there were not enough, but are to have them soon. There was of course great rejoicing all over the camp. The men had their feast, the Sergeants theirs, and all the officers of the Brigade who were at Alma had a grand dinner at the Club, at which I was present. Soyer cooked, and it was very well done. We were twenty-eight all together. There were of course a great number of toasts, amongst which my health was drunk, coupled with Rolleston's, and amid loud cries of 'Blackwood and Fresh Beef,' 'Rolleston and Salt Pork.' Rolleston as the senior should have answered, but he was shy; so I, for the first time in my life, made a speech. . . . Afterwards songs were sung, and the evening ended very jollily. This morning my sergeants informed me that my health had been drunk at *their* banquet, and that they thought they never would have done cheering.

"CAMP, CRIMEA, 28th September, 1855.

"We are entitled to medals, and I get one with three clasps, Alma, Inkermann and Balaclava, as being on duty at the action, or rather as being attached to a Division or Brigade on duty. I shall also have a Clasp or whatever they give for Sebastopol."

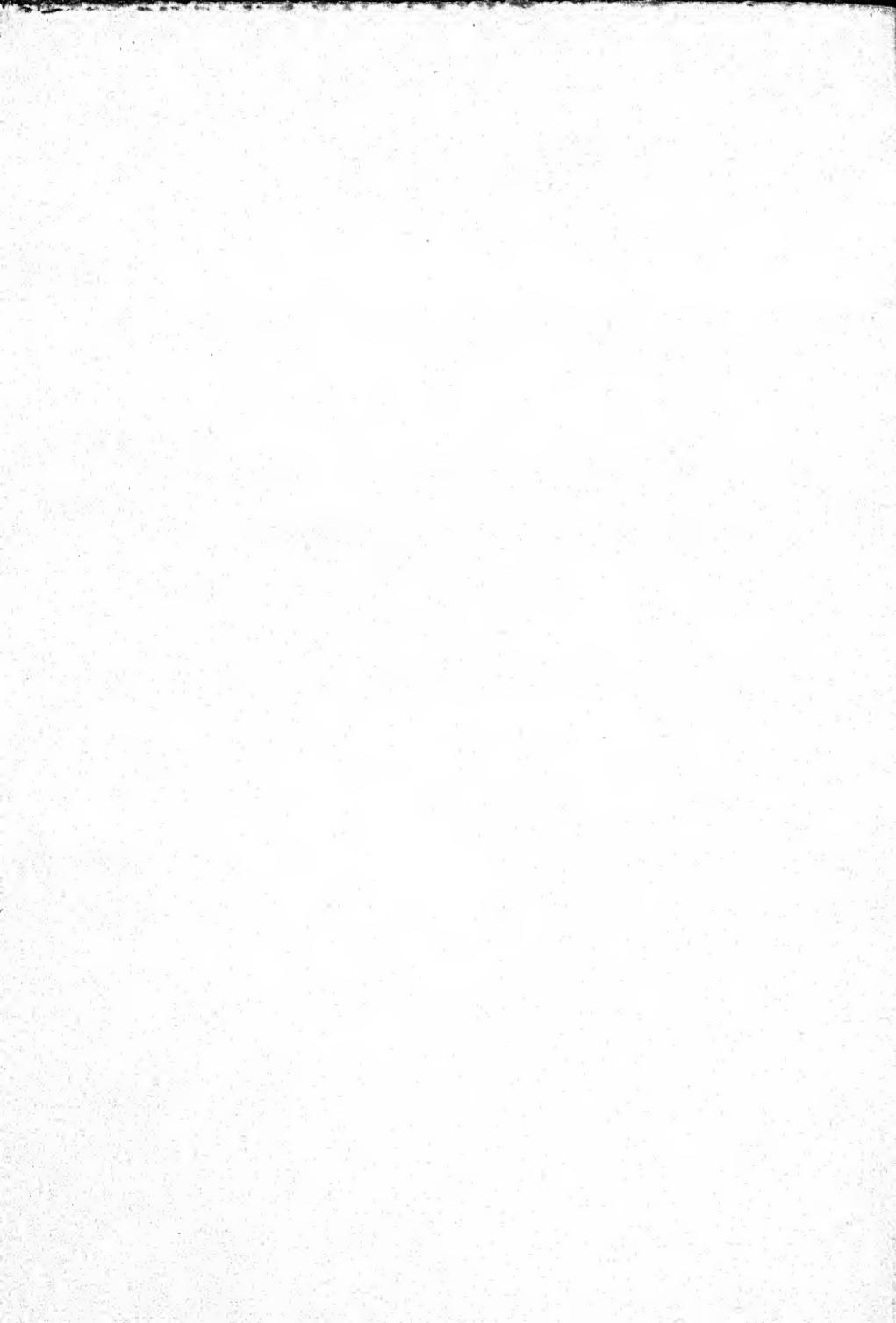
With these events Mr. Blackwood's career in the Crimea may be said to have ended, for although it was not until 8th December that he sailed for England, the excitement of public events had naturally passed its climax in the Fall of Sebastopol; and the heavy blow

which now fell upon himself personally withdrew him in great measure from the social interests and pleasures into which he had hitherto so keenly entered.

That Mr. Blackwood was happily able to retain throughout the whole of his Service the good opinion which he had won is shown by many letters from those under whom he had served.

But no words could speak so eloquently as the action of the men with whom he had soldiered. Quite spontaneously the Non-commissioned officers and men of the 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards, presented him with a silver statuette of a Guardsman, in recognition of the debt which they felt was owed to him by themselves and their comrades, whose lives they believed to have been saved by his exertions. The figure wears the old uniform of the corps, and stands with fixed bayonet, beside a drum. On the ebony base is the inscription :—

“Presented to Stevenson Arthur Blackwood, Esq., by the Non-commissioned officers and privates of the First Battalion of the Coldstream Guards, with which he shared the dangers and vicissitudes of the Eastern Campaign, 1854-5-6.”



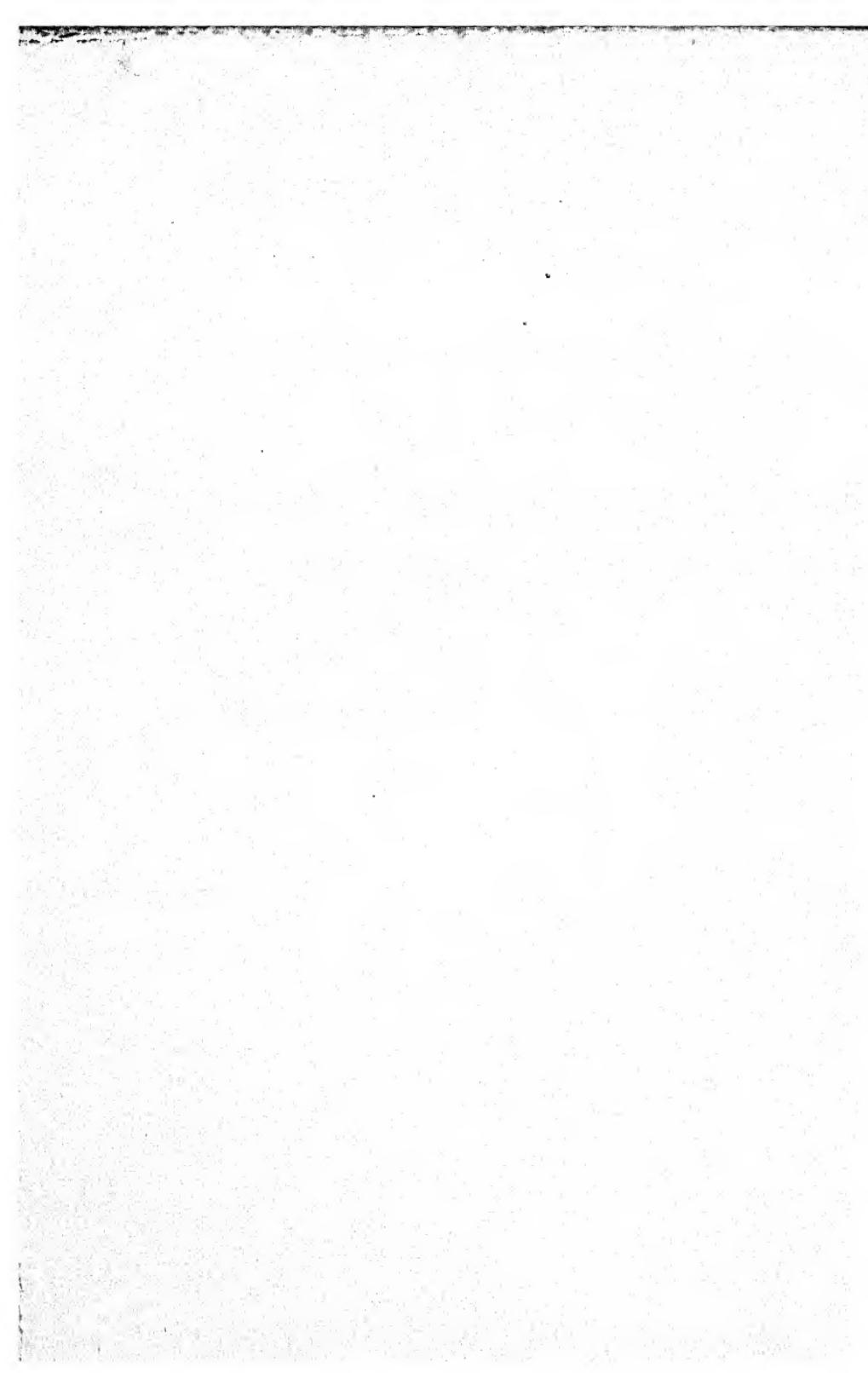
III.

"THE DAY-SPRING FROM ON HIGH,"

THE AWAKENING.

"CECI."

"FROM DEATH UNTO LIFE,"



THE AWAKENING.

“ THE DAY-SPRING FROM ON HIGH.”

With these words Sir Arthur Blackwood himself prefaces in his brief autobiographical NOTES, the account of his conversion. The impressions which he had so often disregarded and disobeyed, were once again, through the unspeakable mercies of his God, to be now revived.

In his own words, written to his elder sister on his forty-eighth birthday:—

“ Twenty-four years under ‘other lords,’
“ Twenty-four years under ‘one Lord’ make up my forty-eight.
“ Now all will be clear gain ; and then Eternity.”

As has been said, his Mother, in an agony of fear lest her idolized son should not live to return from the East, had filled pages upon pages of her letters with earnest entreaties that he would seek the Face of God, lest, dying suddenly or unprepared, his soul should pass away into the death that never dies. Even the letters which tell of her boundless delight in the credit which he had won, do not end without a return to the subject.

“ My child, I pray earnestly for you, that your endeavours may be crowned with success, as they have hitherto been ; but more especially I ask Christ to give you His Holy Spirit, and a desire to seek your *eternal* welfare. My Boy, my darling precious child, pray for yourself ; it is not a light thing, it is not the applause of your country, it is *Eternity*, a vast, an endless Eternity in joy unspeakable, or woe unutterable.”

His sisters, who themselves "knew the grace of God in truth," wrote many tender loving words about spiritual things ; but although it is impossible that all this can have been entirely without effect, for above a year there was apparently no response.

Mercifully he was not deceived as to his own condition. There were times when it was a distress to him to be unable to do anything for the spiritual help of the dying men whom he saw around him. A few weeks after the Battle of the Alma he says :—

"One of the deaths I shall never forget. A young ensign was lying just as he fell, with his head supported on his knapsack which some soldier had placed under him, shot through the lungs, I suppose, as he was heaving out blood at every convulsive gasp for breath. He was unconscious, I am afraid. I asked however Mr. Halpin, the Chaplain of the Brigade of Guards, whom I met close by, to go to him. He instantly did so, and kneeling down, prayed for a few moments over him. I hope the dying man heard him—for he was past all earthly help."

Still until the summer of 1855 even the attempts at a Christian life which from time to time had characterized his earlier days were entirely wanting. He abandoned every vestige of religious observance, and for some years he entirely neglected the Bible and prayer. As his Father's letters have shown, he had indulged to some considerable extent in gambling, and the fact is constantly noted in his own Journals. Thus at Malta he says :—

" Played *vingt et un* till three. Lost £2. Had however won £13 on the voyage."

Even when the hand of death was stretched out amongst his most intimate friends and constant associates, the old love of play remained unconquered. In his PRIVATE JOURNAL, the sad list of names which fills

half a page of the entry for Inkermann on 5th November is immediately followed by the words:—

“Went to S—s in the evening. Won £3.”

Another entry of about the same date is as follows:—

“ Played *vingt et un* with W—, with the Butchers’ dirty cards, and lost £6 4. o. Dined at D.s. Played Loo afterwards, and lost £45. Walked home again about 1 o’clock. Licked Antoine.”

Even when anxiety and hard work brought graver feelings, there was no change of heart. He “walked according to the course of this world.”

“But GOD, Who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved him,” had not forsaken him.

And it was during the Summer in the Crimea that the final awakening began to stir in his soul.

When it became evident that Sebastopol was not to be carried by any *coup de main*, but that the long months of a siege lay before the Allied Armies, Mr. Blackwood had written home for books. Works of history, biography, and fiction were amongst his choice. When the box arrived it contained one volume for which certainly he himself would never have asked, but the choice of which was surely guided from heaven. In one of his Mother’s letters these words occur:—

“Aunt Charlotte sends you a Memoir, with her affectionate love. I should like to have read it first, but have not the time, as it only arrived this afternoon.”

The “Memoir” was “*The Change, a Life of Lt.-Col. Holcombe, R.A.*,” who had been converted through reading “*The Sinner’s Friend*,” the well-known little book by J. V. Hall.

Thirty-two years later, as Sir Arthur stood beside the open grave where lay the earthly tabernacle of this

beloved and honoured "Aunt Charlotte," he told something of the sacred tie which bound him to her in undying gratitude and love.

"From the day of my birth she was indeed a friend to me. She was my godmother, and I believe there was hardly a day of my life that my name was not upon her lips in prayer. She accompanied those prayers with efforts; and by letters, books, and other means she tried to bring me to the Saviour. A book sent by her to me produced a very deep spiritual impression on my heart. It was while I was in the Crimea, thirty-two years ago, that she sent me out this book. I put it on one side, not caring for it. But when at last I had nothing else left to read, I took it up, and it pleased God to bless the reading of that book to my soul. It led me to seek the Saviour."

"And yet, when I look at it now," he says in his *NOTES*, "I can see nothing in it at all calculated to attract or impress a young man of the world. All I remember is that the impression I received from its perusal was a perfectly new one—that there was happiness to be found in this world in a religious life."

Every afternoon during the long weeks of that hot summer, he would lie in his tent before riding down to the Tchernaya to bathe, and read this book over and over again. Other circumstances combined to foster and deepen these impressions. All through his service in the Crimea he had been more or less harassed and annoyed by the debts which he had incurred; and keen as was his desire to return home on the fall of Sebastopol, he quite made up his mind to stay out during the ensuing winter, that he might be enabled himself to discharge these liabilities.

"I thank you a thousand times, my dearest Father," he writes, "for your wish so kindly expressed to help me out of my debts. I am well aware of the sacrifices you have already made for me, and should be grieved that you did, even if you could, any more. I am earning money out here, which will, I hope, be shortly enough to relieve me from my difficulties; and I think it quite right that I should bear the consequences of my imprudence, and not you."

"I am determined to pay my debts," he wrote in August, 1855; and again a few months later:—

"Darling Mother. . . . I can only write you but a scrap, to thank you again most sincerely for your repeated offer of money, and again to decline it. I can now pay my own debts, and intend to do so. . . ."

For some time, also, a feeling of intense home-sickness and weariness took such possession of him that in his own slight NOTES he recalls this depression, which evidently stood out in black outline, even after the passage of so many years. He was moreover impressed by the fact that the man who shared his tent, although apparently not a professing Christian, knelt in prayer night and morning.

"It was impossible," he says in the NOTES, "for any one to have lived through the scenes of the past year without having had many thoughts of a serious nature. Many of my friends I had lost in action; not a few I had seen dying of cholera; and from time to time I could not help thinking how I should fare if any such fate were to befall me. . . . During the months of leisure at Balaclava I had plenty of time to think over my past life.

"One Sunday afternoon, happening to be in Balaclava, I saw the announcement of an afternoon service; and I went up the staircase which led into an upper room, where one of the Army Chaplains was reading prayers for such as liked to come in. At the close of the Service the Holy Communion was to be administered. I had never been to the Communion in my life, or indeed thought at all about it. But that afternoon, why I know not, I felt inclined to remain, and the service greatly impressed me, and deepened the convictions which had been already weighing upon my mind. So strong did these convictions become, that I began to form determinations of leading quite a different life on my return to England; and in order that these feelings might be recorded, and known to those who had written to me so constantly with regard to spiritual things, I wrote to my darling Mother what I was then experiencing."

"30th July, 1855, DESPATCHED Sat., 4th August.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,—You have so repeatedly in your numerous letters, so kindly urged upon me the necessity of think-

ing more seriously about the future, and have evinced so much anxiety upon the subject, for which I am most truly grateful to you, that although I have as yet never answered your kind solicitations, still I must write to you now to tell you what I feel—both, because I think it will in my absence be a great comfort to you, and also because, having nobody here to whom I can talk upon such subjects, it will be a relief to myself.

"I at length hope that I am beginning to devote more attention to the state and prospects of my soul than I ever have before; whether it is the dreadful precariousness of life here, and gratefulness to God for having so mercifully preserved me, when friends and acquaintances have been cut off around me without a moment being given them to make their peace with their Creator; or whether it is the entreaties of you, of Lucy and of Ceci that, by God's grace, have produced their intended effect, I know not, but I do really think that God is putting into my heart a desire to become His, and to forsake the pleasures of the world for His sake. I read my Bible with more pleasure. I try to pray more earnestly, and to regulate my thoughts, words, and actions, so that they might be more in accordance with God's Word.

"But do not let this induce you to think that I am an altered man, for I am indeed far from it; I do not pray half so often or so earnestly as I ought, frequently muttering a hurried prayer before going to bed as an irksome duty, and often turning from my Bible to a novel, or any other book, with a willingness that shows too plainly how much I prefer the latter—besides passing whole days, nay, weeks sometimes, without thinking of God more than casually. Still every now and then, anxious thoughts as to my future fate will arise, and then I read and pray more fervently for a short time, and I feel how great a sinner I have been, and ask almost with tears for forgiveness for twenty-three years passed in sin; and then I read the promises of our Saviour which say that they who truly repent and ask for forgiveness through His merits shall be forgiven, and I rise with a calmer mind, and full of good resolutions, —But the next morning they are gone. I am surrounded by worldly friends, and I follow their example, and swear, and think and talk of nothing but the sinful pleasures of the world, and kneel down again at night to ask forgiveness for the same sins, and to make the same resolutions over again.

"It is true that there are not so many temptations to deeds of sin as there would be, were I in London, and that only makes me the more fearful. For I think, if I cannot resist the tempta-

tions I am subject to here, what shall I do hereafter, when there will be so many more inducements to break through resolutions? But then I remember, 'Take no thought for the morrow. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof; ' and that I should merely occupy myself with trying to resist the present temptation, and that God will give me proportionate strength to resist those that may assail me in future. But I have nobody here to give me advice. . . .

"Cholera is beginning to rage here. Men are carried up past my hut to the Hospital, and are dead in five hours, and die in such agony often, that they have no time to think of God. And although one feels confident in one's health and strength, yet one cannot help thinking, Why am I spared? And my conscience declares too plainly what my fate would be were I cut off suddenly. . . . Sometimes I feel great despondency, and I am sure that twenty-three years, nearly half an ordinary life-time, and perhaps a great deal more than that of mine, spent in dreadful sin, and utter forgetfulness of God, could hardly be forgiven; and then at other times I feel confident that they are pardoned, and that through the intercession of Jesus Christ, I may become a better man, and a partaker of the benefits of His sacrifice.

"I took the Sacrament about six weeks ago for the first time, and I think that it is in a great measure *that* which, making a great impression on me at the time, caused me to think more seriously of the state of my soul. . . .

"I cannot tell you, dearest Mother, how happy I was to see from your letters that you also were beginning to think more of heavenly things. . . . Write to me, my dear Mother, and help me by your advice to be steadfast and resolute. But this must not make you think that I am already a converted person, for indeed I am not. I feel too deeply that I am a dreadful sinner still, and that I do nothing else but sin.

"These thoughts are not so frequent as I could wish, and I have taken advantage of the frame of mind I happen to be in today to describe to you my state. . . . The books I have been reading are Doddridge's '*Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*', '*Sir Fowell Buxton*' and '*Memoir of Lt. Col. Holcombe*'. The latter of these makes continual mention of a book which seems to have been the means of converting many, '*The Sinner's Friend*'. If you can, will you send it me?

"29th July, 1855.—All the above was written two months ago or more, when we were down at our old Camp near Balaclava; and I have, I know not why, always deferred sending it off, some-

times thinking that it might lead you to expect too much. But I will send it, because the fact of your knowing the resolutions I have formed, may in some degree help me to keep them when I return to England; for though unfortunately one is often not reluctant to break resolutions formed before God, yet those formed before men, and with their knowledge of them, one is ashamed to break.

" . . . Oh, how I long for that day when, having grown stronger in faith and love to Christ, those worldly pleasures shall be distasteful to me, which are now such obstacles and causes of temptation; and when, having made my peace with God, I may look forward to the future calmly without fear, and with a certain hope of salvation. Pray for me continually, dearest Mother, and entreat God earnestly that these feelings may not be transient, but that He will *now at this moment before my heart is hardened*, give me His Holy Spirit, and strengthen me with His grace, and make me a child of His; and I will pray for you, dear Mother, and all of you, as I do every night and morning, and ask of God that we may all meet in happiness again in this world and in that to come."

This letter was despatched 4th August, and it was on the 12th that he attended the funeral of his friend, Mr. Coppinger, whose death must have come as a solemn seal upon the resolutions which he had just recorded.

But the Hand of the Lord was to touch him yet more closely. "The severe mercy of God's discipline" was to be the response to all these prayers, and "by terrible things in righteousness" was he answered by the God of his salvation.

"CECI."

Amongst the many home-ties of devoted and even enthusiastic affection, the influence which appears in Sir Arthur's own estimation to have been strongest and tenderest was the love which bound him to his younger sister. Long afterwards, in telling of his conversion, he said that the idea of her pride and pleasure in any credit he had won had been a strong incentive to his work in the Crimea ; and the thought of seeing her again was one of the things to which he most looked forward, on his return home. She was his closest friend and the darling of his heart.

"I will not relate events," he says in one of his letters to her, "but just have a little chat with you, as if you were sitting on my lap, and we were having a confab"; and again he recalls their happy evenings together, when the elders were dozing, "and I whispering to you over the fire."

She was "lovely in mind and in person". Quite recently one whose only acquaintance with her had been during a few days spent together in a country house, spoke to a comparative stranger of the ineffaceable impression left by the beauty of holiness which dwelt upon her. Her letters to her brother, filled as they are with the simple detail of a young girl's life, again and again recur with a half timid reiteration to the one subject which was dearest to her heart.

"I should like," she writes, "to ask you so many questions if I were by you. Darling, I want to know if you are *ever* able to

attend the service whenever it is held on Sunday; if you can ever find time to read any of the little book I put in your desk (if it is not lost), or your Bible. Darling, I do so earnestly hope that the very awful scenes of death and suffering around you may lead you to think of the *cause* of all the misery in this world—sin; and of our *own* condemnation owing to it, and of the *only* escape from it. I feel, dearest, that all you have gone through has been of much use to your natural character, in developing its energies, and taking you away from a most useless life; and it makes me long for it not to *end there*, but to be made the means, with God's grace, of making you live for the next world instead of for this one."

When the Committee of Enquiry was sitting, she wrote :—

" MY OWN DARLING STEVY,—I really cannot think how I shall express to you all the joy and pride I feel at the distinction you have so deservedly obtained. . . . Your praises are in everybody's mouth, as the only person who has got credit instead of blame in the course of this Enquiry. I am so thankful it is instituted, as your name would probably never have come out so prominently but for the investigations. . . . We must try and remember Who it is that gives you strength, wisdom and energy, and not glory in your success, but in His great goodness which has allowed your exertions to meet with success. . . . I have been thinking too so much of the words, 'Shall we receive honour from men, and seek not the honour that cometh from God?' Darling, do let all the honour you are receiving from men, make you seek that honour from God, which we can only obtain through the death and righteousness of Jesus."

In the summer of 1855 this beloved sister accompanied their Aunt, Mrs. Cecil Fane, to Wiesbaden, where a few very happy weeks were spent. She was then apparently in the finest health. "I am strong enough now to do anything," she wrote, when building castles-in-the-air about a visit to her brother in the Crimea, to be followed by a tour with him to Bagdad and Damascus,

Towards the end of September Mrs. Blackwood's letters speak of her as slightly ailing. Still the attack was thought to be of but little importance; and as the family were leaving town, and the house in Brook Street was in the hands of the painters, it was the inconvenience of an illness at such a juncture which appears as its chief feature.

Mrs. Blackwood writes :—

"Sunday night, 30th Sept."

"Never could anything be so unfortunate. . . . The smell of the paint is very injurious to Ceci, but as we were in hopes she would leave to-morrow, and the odour is not very strong on my floor (she is sleeping in your room) we had not thought it worth while to take a lodgings. . . .

"Ceci has not been so well to-day. The pain in her head has ceased . . . but she is so weak that she could not get up all day. . . . I hope it may please God she is better to-morrow.

"*Monday, 1st Oct.*—Ceci is better. I am so vexed to conclude in such a hurry. . . . Affectionate Mother, up to her eyes and over her head in business."

His Father's letter of the same date shows how little danger was apprehended.

"Mama has written to you about Ceci's indisposition in her usual impulsive fashion. You need not be alarmed. She has had . . . nearly a fever, and is mending."

When the next letters were sent on the Saturday, 6th October, she had already left them.

With tender consideration his parents, whilst preparing him in them for any result, concealed the worst. His Mother came from the room where her darling already lay dead to write a little note—"your cheerful scrap," as he calls it—in which no sign was given that even then she had passed away.

Two days later his Father wrote :—

"Monday, 8th October, 1855.

"I rise, my dear Boy, from my knees to address you. I felt myself unequal for the painful task devolving upon me until I had first nerved my heart by offering up a prayer to Almighty God that He would enable me to impart the sad news calmly to you, and that you might have strength given to you to bear it with Christian and manly fortitude. And now I am better prepared to relate an event so fraught with anguish to us all.

"My letter dated Saturday [6th] was in reality, barring the last lines, written on Friday [5th] . . . so I could not do more than give you the account of our darling up to that afternoon. I have now to resume from that time. In the afternoon she became more quiet, and her mind wandered less. We flattered ourselves that she slept . . . and ignorance gave us hopes; for it was nothing but exhaustion, which made it more difficult for her to take any nourishment. At seven on Saturday morning a rapid change was visible. We sent for Mr. Jervis, who pronounced her dying. And truly enough at half-past eight, her pure angelic spirit passed away peacefully, painlessly—her sweet face retaining its loveliness to the last.

"Such, my most dear Boy, my only child, was her end. . . . Well do I know the intense love you entertained for this dear sister, and how lacerated your heart will be at this sad intelligence. But unite with me, my Son, in feeling happiness that she is transferred from a world where she might have been destined to endure great sorrows, to a place of everlasting repose. Torn as my heart-strings are by this event, not alone for myself, but for all those who so dearly loved her, I avow to you that I am happy, on her account at her death. Try and feel the same yourself. The awful uncertainty of life which you have witnessed, and which has contributed to lead you to God, will have qualified you more even than I can be, to bear up against this grievous affliction. So put forth the bravery and energy of character so gloriously developed in you (of which *she* was so proud) and rejoice with me at her great gain.

". . . In conclusion, dearest Boy, I have only to add that this distressing event must not make you commit the egregious folly perpetrated by —, who quitted his ship on the death of his Father. You can render us no real service by coming home. And it will conduce more to our happiness to know that you are performing your duty in your accustomed exemplary manner, and having your thoughts diverted by the stirring scenes of the

Crimea. Remain therefore till such time as you think fit to return in next spring, when we shall, please God, then be able to fold you to our hearts with more tranquillity than we may be able to do for a while. God bless you.

"Your affectionate Father,
"A. BLACKWOOD."

His Mother's letter is endorsed, "Read this *Last*. Read Papa's first, I entreat."

"Monday, 8th Oct., 1855.

"MY DARLING,—Another post must not escape me without a word from your broken-hearted Mother. Your poor Father is more resigned. He does not wish her back from the realms of bliss where she *assuredly* is;—but *I do*. We did all we could to make her life happy, and we might have enjoyed her some few years longer. I pray for submission, but this is *not* submission. May Jesus speak His love to *your* heart in this withering stroke. . . .

"I thank God she had *no* pain, but fell asleep, we may truly say rich in faith and in works.

"You shall have a journal of her last days and hours, when I can write it. . . .

"I wish I could write so as to be a comfort to you, but I feel dried up. May God the Father, and God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost speak comfort to you. Try and bend to this heavy dispensation. Bear it we *must*, but there is another way of bearing it.

"God is *Love*. He *chasteneth* those He loves—and this is *in truth* a chastening. A Father does not afflict his child willingly. . . .

"Recollect what an indulgent Father *you* have, and you will then see that a Father does not *willingly* afflict his child. God is desirous of having our hearts. . . . I thank Him that He gave us such a blessing for twenty-one years. . . .

"Your letter" [the letter on page 115] "was a comfort to her heart that words cannot speak. Her eyes seemed brightened with heavenly light when she said, 'Oh, Mama, what a blessing! and now that I can talk to him, I cannot believe it. Oh, how overwhelming!' In her wanderings, you were *ever* on her tongue, and with that voice of pride which she ever felt in you. . . .

"Your affectionate and fond
"MOTHER."

FROM HIS SISTER LUCY.

"Monday, Oct. 8.

"**M**Y OWN DARLING STEVY,—Our own precious Ceci is safe in the arms of Jesus, safe from all sorrow, pain and sin, and 'for ever with the Lord.' Shall we not say 'Amen, so let it be,' although our heart fails us, and our spirits are overwhelmed within us? May Jesus comfort your heart, my darling brother, and be very near to you in this time of trouble. Our darling one was so *full* of thankfulness and joy when she heard that the Saviour Whom she loved had been speaking to your heart; and her thoughts and words were continually with you at the last....

"It comforted me so, the evening of the day she was taken, to open upon these two texts in her book of Psalms which she read daily. '*Nevertheless I am continually with Thee. Thou hast holden me by the right hand, saying, Fear not, I will help thee. Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and after that receive me into glory.*' She had marked them her own self underneath. So it shows us what *her* hope was, and now it is fulfilled."

These heavy tidings reached the Camp on 22nd October. The letter of 6th, received three days before, had evidently awakened the greatest anxiety; but still hope prevailed, and the blow, when it came, fell with crushing force. In his letters the grief which almost transported him is curbed and concealed so as to add no pain to the sorrowing hearts at home, but his own NOTES draw back the veil which love had thrown over his real feelings.

"Never shall I forget the misery and rage into which I was thrown by these tidings.... Shutting myself up in my tent, I only emerged from it after dark, and then stormed up and down the Camp like a madman. My grief was insupportable."

"I was nearly mad when I heard it," he once said in conversation with a friend. "I was in the most ungovernable rage against GOD for daring to take my sister."

The next mail brought his mother's promised jour-

nal, giving all the little details for which a bereaved heart so longs, when the door is for ever shut between itself and the object of its love, "till death us join." For the most part, they are of too sacred and personal a character to reproduce. The very words tingle yet with the living pain of the hearts whose sorrow is now all quenched for ever in the joys of re-union.

A single incident may be given.

"Whilst in one of her worst moments of delirium, she suddenly ceased talking for a moment, and then in quite an altered tone of voice solemnly said, '*I am prepared to meet my God*'; and then again, at another time said, 'When we come to Jesus Christ, there is God the Father, and God the Son,'—and then stopping, continued for an instant almost inaudibly, and then added, 'And there is the household on earth,' thus showing how clearly she had felt and experienced herself that communion with God which is the peculiar privilege and joy of His elect on earth."

FROM MISS CHARLOTTE WRIGHT.

"I need not say how peculiarly lovely we thought her both in mind and person. She had twined herself about our hearts more than ever before, during a most happy visit here of six weeks last winter—so gentle, so intelligent, so lively, yet free from levity, so very affectionate. Oh, it was sweet to see her! We did love her, precious, precious child! . . . But the purposes of our loving wise and holy Saviour were otherwise. *He* too loved our beloved Ceci with a love far surpassing ours. She was *His own*—'by an emphasis of interest *His*,' Who had 'loved her with an everlasting love'; and when He hung bleeding and dying on the Tree, the accursed Cross, had her in His eye and on His heart. . . . He bore away her sins by His own precious sacrifice. . . .

"The LORD bless you, and sanctify this affliction to your soul, that you may know that whom *He loveth* *He chasteneth*.

"*The Lodge, 12th Oct., 1855.*"

All these prayers were not unheard. That the passion and rebellion of grief were accompanied by struggles after submission and by a search after GOD is shown by his letters.

TO HIS SISTER LUCY.

" 2nd Nov., 1855.

" This sad event has for a time revived my slumbering religion, and made me feel more delight in reading God's Word and praying than usual, but how long will it last? I feel that I could not say, as Mama told me our darling Ceci said, 'I am prepared to meet my God'.

" What makes me afraid is, that I do not feel the enormity of my sins as I ought to do. I know that I am a great sinner, and have done little else but sin all my life, but it does not make me unhappy. I do not feel that heart-rending conviction of my sins which I am sure I ought to feel, and which should make the sacrifice of Christ so precious to me. Will you pray for me, Louey, that I may not only *know* that my salvation lies in fleeing to Christ, and trusting in His death to cleanse me from my sin, but that I may really *feel* it, and *act* accordingly?

" It will be a great pleasure to me to know that I read daily the same Scriptures that you do. I will therefore tell you what I am reading at this date. . . .

The Answer.

" FULBECK HALL, GRANTHAM, 18th Nov., 1855.

" Do not be discouraged or disheartened because you do not feel your sins or your need of a Saviour so much as you think you should. You know He draws us to Himself in so many different ways, that we need not think it necessary to feel exactly as some others may do. With many, it is true, the convictions of the Spirit come with such deep and overwhelming force that they seem almost to sink beneath them. With others He speaks in a still small voice to their hearts, teaching them by degrees.

" The only thing we need *begin* by feeling is our *want of a Saviour*; and let that want be however weak or however small, bring it to Him, and He will make it more and deeper. The only way is to come just as we are and waiting not.

" " Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come."

" " Be not afraid, *only believe*,' are His own encouraging words. In ourselves we ever are and ever shall be nothing, but in Him

we are 'complete—entire—wanting nothing.' Let us therefore 'look unto Him, and we shall be lightened.' The more we cast ourselves entirely upon Him, the more we honour Him. And when we can look upon our Salvation as a Free Gift, without anything in ourselves to cause it, the more we shall see that, covered with His Righteousness, we shall indeed be saved eternally. . . .

"I shall so much like reading the Scriptures with you as you propose, and I hope the time may soon come when we may *study* and *search* them together."

In the meantime Mr. Blackwood's anxiety to return home had become intense.

"CAMP, 24th Oct., 1855.

"I think that God *has* comforted me, and shown me that it is merely a separation for awhile, and that it is meant to be perhaps an additional incentive so to live, that we may soon meet again. Oh! what a happy family we were! and by God's grace, we *will* be a happy family still, with an additional cause for happiness, that one of us has been removed to still greater joy; and while rejoicing in her great gain, we may mutually assist each other in resisting the temptations of the world and striving to imitate whatever in her life was acceptable in the sight of God.

"And now about coming home, I do not know of course whether you have acted on the entreaties of my two last letters, that I might be recalled; but in answer to yours received to-day, I can only say that I am quite willing to submit to, and do, what you think best, and most convenient for us all.

"My reasons for wishing to return are: First, that I long most intensely to be amongst you again. . . . I cannot bear to be away from you whilst you are in such sorrow. And secondly, that I do not like to run the risk of a longer absence. Death may come quite as suddenly, and take another of us away, and what credit or money can compensate me for that? I am most anxious to return; but if I can't, why, I can't, and I must then stay here, hoping that we may meet again. . . . These are my views, but rest assured that whatever you all think best to be done, I am contented to abide by."

So heartily did Mr. Blackwood accept what he had reason to think would be his Father's decision that he

now set to work energetically to build winter quarters for himself. In long letters he describes his "house," thinking that the details might for a moment serve to turn the minds of those at home from the one sorrowful subject.

On 26th November, to his great surprise and joy, he received through the Commissary-General, the news of his recall by the Treasury. The completion of his accounts detained him until 8th December, when he sailed from the Crimea in the *Clyde*, stayed one night at Constantinople, a week at Malta, and on the 27th reached England. A day later he rejoined his family.

To the last year of his own life Sir Arthur ever marked the days of his parting with his dearest sister, and of her entrance into heaven. Writing on 6th Oct., 1892, the letter ends with the words, "Anniversary of Ceci's death."

Before another anniversary came round, they had met again.

"FROM DEATH UNTO LIFE."

The year 1856—that year which was to be to him “the beginning of years”—opened very quietly. The shadow of death, even though it was the light of Heaven which shone behind it, hung over the re-united family.

The records of the early months of the year are few, and are given in Mr. Blackwood's own NOTES.

“After about six weeks spent at Fulbeck Hall, (my Uncle Cecil Fane's) I went with my sister to her Uncle Frank Wright, at Osmaston Manor, Derbyshire. There I got much help in the new life I was trying to lead from association with Henry Wright, his second son, about my own age.* After some weeks spent there and at Lenton Lodge, I once more resumed my duties at the Treasury.”

In March, in recognition of his services in the Crimea, Mr. Blackwood was placed in the Treasury Chest Department, an appointment which carried with it the duty of conveying Specie to various ports. His first trip in this work was to Liverpool on 7th March.

NOTES.

“My ‘Uncle’ Frank, for such he ever was to me, had introduced me to a good old Admiral Hope, who used to invite me to dine with him once a week, and then go to a Bible Reading at Captain Trotters's, (late 2nd Life Guards, an old friend of my Father's) held at Soho Square. The members of this Bible Reading were many of them twice, if not three times my own age. I

* Afterwards so well known and beloved as Hon. Sec. of the C.M.S. Drowned while bathing in Coniston Lake in 1880.

think it can hardly have been suitable for so young a beginner as I was ; but somehow, like it I did, and went there most regularly. But as the season drew nigh—many of my old friends coming up to London, and former acquaintances being renewed—my good resolutions began to grow somewhat weak. Although I adhered to my determination to abstain from Operas and Theatres, I thought I could enjoy a little of the world quietly, without abandoning my religious profession."

Old fascinations and snares now put forth their power, heightened by the tribute paid to the distinction gained by his services in the Crimea. Subtle and powerful temptations were to test the worth of all his efforts and resolutions. His experience was that recorded in the "*Memorials of Captain Hedley Vicars.*" "Self-interest, even when calculated with the reckoning of Eternity, is not strong enough at all times to raise a man above the dominion of his own inclinations. He knew not yet 'the expulsive power of a new affection' ; he had not learned to say 'The love of Christ constraineth me.' "

NOTES.

"I therefore began to lead a sort of half-and-half life—a Bible Reading once or twice in the week, and a Ball on several other evenings. I was not unconscious of the inconsistency, nor of the injury I was sustaining by such a course, but at any rate I wilfully allowed myself to be beguiled into old ways till at last, one evening at the Queen's Ball at Buckingham Palace, my eyes were opened to see what must be the result of the life I was leading, and how false I was playing to what I had felt and avowed."

Of that night's awakening he afterwards spoke with great emotion.

"Oh, if you knew all the circumstances ! the terrible temptations ! GOD has indeed taken me up out of an horrible pit."

The brief entries in his DIARY OF DATES stand as follows :

"April and May.—Troublous times . . . undecided. . . World in my heart. God in my conscience. Falling back. Deceiving myself.

"17th June.—Queen's Ball. . . ."

NOTES.

"Against the God that rules the sky
I fought with hand uplifted high,
When thus the Eternal counsel ran,
Almighty Grace, arrest that man."

"And He was pleased to do so by a series of circumstances which, to me at least, have always seemed most remarkable.

"A day or two after the Queen's Ball in question, I was at work in my room in the Treasury, when my friend Bob Anstruther, Adjutant of the Grenadier Guards, who himself also had been the subject of religious convictions for some time, ran upstairs. 'Stevie, old boy, come down with me to the orderly-room door at once. I want to introduce you to a great friend of mine who is at my door, Miss Marsh.' Who Miss Marsh was, I did not know; but accompanying Anstruther, I speedily made her acquaintance. . . . She very kindly invited me to dine at Beckenham Rectory, to see her father, Dr. Marsh. I accordingly found my way thither; and walking with me under the shady trees of the garden, Miss Marsh lost little time in speaking to me most earnestly about the concerns of my soul. Not being naturally of a reserved disposition, I told her where I stood, and what I felt; and that I was perfectly conscious that, in the attempts at a religious life which I had been making, there was no love to God in my heart. Being under the impression, as I fancy, that I was further advanced than was really the case, she remarked that an excellent means of increasing love to God in one's own soul was to try to do good to the souls of others. . . . We went out to a cottage meeting, where Miss Marsh spoke to those assembled on John iv.—the woman of Samaria."

Letters of the same date and other recollections supply further details. On 24th June Miss Marsh had written to him; and after arranging for his visit on the following Friday, 27th, she continues :

"Since our short interview the other day at the Horse Guards, I have (more than once or twice) remembered you at the Throne of Grace, but this evening you have been particularly on my heart for prayer; and so I venture to claim the right it seems to give me, to ask you if you are yet rejoicing in the consciousness of your sins being forgiven you for your Redeemer's sake ?

"Have you ever noticed the order of the words—(a truly Divine order—man would never have so placed it)?—'Be diligent that ye be found of Him *in Peace*' comes before—'without spot and blameless.'

"Have you ever noticed also the connection of 1. John, 5, 10 with 11th verse?

"'He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar, because he believeth not *the record* that God gave of His Son.'

"'AND THIS IS THE RECORD, that God hath given to us *Eternal Life*, and this Life is in His Son.'

"Again, 'He that believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life.'

"In all this, there is *no character* described; simply, one act is called for—to believe a record—to believe that 'Jesus Christ came into the world to *save SINNERS*.'

"You probably know the story of a half-idiot hearing these words, and making them the premiss of a syllogism, which he thus concluded,

"'I am a sinner, Therefore, Jesus came to *save ME*.'

"A syllogism which carried him to Heaven.

"God give you faith to believe in the relationship thus made between Himself and you, for we are 'children of God by *faith in Christ Jesus*.'

"With the sense of relationship to such a Father—through such a Saviour, springs up Love; and Love *constrains us to live for Him Who died* to make this relationship *free to us*."

This letter was left at the Treasury by Capt. Anstruther. The envelope is endorsed "*Je serai chez toi à peu près quatre heures du soir. R. A.*" Accordingly on the appointed evening, Friday, 27th June, the two friends went down to Beckenham, then a quiet country village—"Blessed Beckenham," as he afterwards called it.

After dinner, "in the summer evening," they went to

a Cottage Reading at Elmer's End, a little hamlet near Beckenham. There, in a small room in one of a row of cottages, Miss Marsh spoke from the story of the Woman of Samaria, in John iv., dwelling specially upon "the thought that there was nothing between that sinful woman, and God's holiest gift besides a Saviour, but *asking*. Mr. Blackwood listened intently, and then hid his face on the cottage window sill, and did not raise it again until at the close of the meeting, we knelt in prayer. During the drive home he scarcely spoke, and when, on reaching the Rectory, he left the carriage, Capt. Anstruther . . . went indoors to leave the way open for more personal conversation."

Towards the Railway the garden is bounded by a path shaded by a line of tall elm trees ; and walking up and down here, they spoke of the things of Eternity. He told her how he had tried, and how impossible he had found it, to give up this and that. She replied that the first question was not "giving up," but getting something better. With intense earnestness she set before him a Saviour able and willing to save ; Who had been seeking and was now seeking him. When he spoke of "having no love to God in his heart," she said that an excellent means of increasing love to GOD in one's own soul was to try and do good to the souls of others—"a piece of advice," Mr. Blackwood said afterwards, "which he would not have given to a person in the state in which he knew himself to have been ; but one which he was quite sure that she was led of GOD to give to him," for it was another link in the chain of mercy which was to draw him home to GOD.

NOTES.

"I do not remember," he says, "being impressed by anything she said in particular, but on returning to London that

evening, I could not help feeling that it would be very inconsistent of me if I were to go to any of the three balls to which I was invited. But on reaching home"—[finding "his things all put out ready"]—"thoughts of friends I was likely to meet . . . gradually exercised their attractive power; and before I knew what I was doing, I found myself—first at one, then at the second, and finally at the third, at Willis's rooms. Standing and looking on at the Quadrilles which were being danced, and putting—why I know not—my fingers in my ears, so that no sound of music reached me, the thought forced itself upon me, 'What folly! . . . and all these people have immortal souls to be saved!' Then recurred to me Miss Marsh's words in the garden at Beckenham, 'Try and do good to the souls of others.' I thought I would begin at once; and going to the supper table and drinking champagne with an old friend, I began to speak to him about his soul. He laughed at me and turned away. Not discouraged, I sought some one else; and asked a girl to dance whom I had known very intimately indeed for a long time. When the music began I proposed that instead of dancing, we should go and have a chat in one of the side rooms. We accordingly did so, and I then began to talk to her about the realities of Eternity, as I had never talked to any one in my life. I have not the least idea what I said: but I only know that I left that room with my religious emotions more deeply stirred than they ever had been before; and I went home to pray for my friend and myself, as I had never prayed before."

Sitting there "under the chandelier," he determined to give his heart to God, and his life to His service.

"That was the last ball to which I ever went. The next time I entered Willis's Rooms, six years later, was to preach the Gospel."

His sister remembers that that night he stopped as he passed her room, and roused her with the words, "O Loo, I have found peace at Beckenham"; and that he went to bed feeling as though a load had been taken off his heart, "as happy as possible." But next morning doubts and darkness returned. The sense of peace which had come from the determination to surrender himself to God, was succeeded by the old feeling of

"impossibility." He had tried and failed—it would be the same over again.

It had pleased God to use one of His servants after another to lead him thus far; but the revelation of Himself in "the face of Jesus Christ," the last touch—that touch of Life which was to make him "a partaker of the Divine nature"—was to come from HIS hand alone. "*It pleased GOD to reveal His Son in him.*"

NOTES.

"On Saturday, 28th, I went down to stay with friends at Willenhall, near Barnet; and on Sunday morning we went to Christ Church, Barnet, where the Rev. W. Pennefather was Vicar. I do not remember the sermon; but sitting behind the pew of my friend, Captain Trotter, we rose to sing the second hymn—John Newton's—of which the 1st and 2nd verses run as follow:—

" ' Rejoice, believer, in the LORD,
Who makes your cause His own :
The hope that's built upon His word
Shall ne'er be overthrown.'

" ' Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.'

"As we sang the third line of that second verse, which is word for word the 3rd verse of Col. iii., the full light of truth shone into my soul. The deep doctrine of the passage I did not indeed then understand. All I remember was the joyful conviction which burst in upon me, 'Then I am everlastingly saved.' Neither do I remember more of that day, 29th of June, 1856, except the intense joy with which, lying on the lawn at Willenhall in the afternoon, and looking up through the early leaves of the lime trees to the blue sky, I realised for the first time that God was my Father, Christ my Saviour, and heaven my Home."

Many years ago one who knew Sir Arthur was told of a lady who was at a Sunday morning service in Christ Church, Barnet, in 1856. She passed out of the church

alongside of a tall and handsome young man. As they moved slowly through the porch, he looked down at her and said, "I came into this church in darkness. I am going out of it light in the LORD." Neither the lady herself nor the narrator had any clue to the identity of the speaker. The fact was told as a remarkable occurrence. But it is easy now to know who it was who thus instantly "confessed with his mouth" the LORD upon Whom he had at length "believed with the heart."

NOTES.

"With what new feelings did I return to London and to my Treasury work next day! Instantly I made known the glorious things that had happened to me to Miss Marsh, to my sister and to Bob Anstruther. No struggle was then needed to give up the worldly associations to which I had been foolishly clinging. They seemed to drop from me; for the pleasures of the new life grandly made up for the excitement and vanities of a dying world."

The Record of these events stands thus in his DIARY OF DATES :—

"June 27th, To Beckenham for first time.

"28th, Willenhall. . . .

"29TH, SUNDAY. Church at Barnet. COL. iii. 3. 'FOR YE ARE DEAD, AND YOUR LIFE IS HID WITH CHRIST IN GOD.' Rom. v. 1, 'Joy and peace in believing.'"

IV.

"NEWNESS OF LIFE."

SERVICE AND SUFFERING.

ITALY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

" THEREFORE IF ANY MAN BE IN CHRIST, HE IS A NEW CREATION:
OLD THINGS ARE PASSED AWAY; BEHOLD, ALL THINGS ARE BE-
COME NEW."

Who that one moment has the least descried Him,
Dimly and faintly, hidden and afar,
Doth not despise all excellence beside Him,
Pleasures and powers that are not and that are ?

Ay, amid all men bear himself thereafter
Smit with a solemn and a sweet surprise;
Dumb to their scorn, and turning on their laughter
Only the dominance of earnest eyes ?

SERIVCE AND SUFFERING.

"This man put his hand to the plough, and never looked back."

So reads the epitaph on a tablet in Exeter Cathedral ; and some such words might fitly describe the life whose birth had been "bright with such excess of light." In Christ Jesus, revealed to him by the power of the Holy Ghost, Stevenson Blackwood had now found the joy and rejoicing of his soul, and in His Service, perfect freedom. The instincts of the new and heavenly life were now the swift evidence of its reality. It is hardly possible to estimate the magnitude of the debt which he owed, and especially at the time of his conversion, to the prayers and influence, both by word and letter, of his friend Miss Marsh ; and when, on 30th June, he wrote to tell her the joyful news of his passage "from death unto life," the response was so full of sympathy and wisdom, faithfulness and courage, that it seems impossible to withhold its teaching from others who may equally need instruction of so much value, and yet so rarely given.

"PORTLAND HOTEL, SOUTHSEA, PORTSMOUTH,

"2nd July, [1856.]

"MY DEAR MR. BLACKWOOD,—Your letter has followed me here, and made me *thank God*, with a full heart.

"I have not time to-night to give it the full and prayerful answer it requires. But I could not let a single post leave, after receiving it, without saying, *Hold fast on* to all you have gained. Beware of losing one particle of peace by careless walking. Watch

and pray lest you enter into temptation. Seek to be *filled* with the Holy Ghost. Look, hour by hour, to Jesus. See, in the light of His Cross, the *true colour* of sin—of your own sin. It does one little good to contemplate it in the abstract. See every shade of it as the accursed thing which filled up the measure of His agony. Can you bear it then?

"Do not think—(please, I must speak plainly)—that you are to be the *Messenger of Jesus* to any but your *brother men's souls* at present. It is *all the devil's delusion* if you attempt doing good to any *woman's soul* to whom you may have given a dangerous bias before. It is only a new 'craft' of Satan, instead of an 'assault' of his; and 'from all the crafts and assaults of the Devil, Good Lord DELIVER us,' should be our constant cry.

"In cases where your influence may have been injurious—*let me say*—send a good book, if you like—(a Bible, best) and parting advice BY LETTER. But do not meet—do not keep up correspondence. I am venturing very far, but I speak from deepest conviction, and a vast induction from the experience of very many. God never sends His message to any soul by another soul who has carried the Devil's message to it before. He will honour you in your message to other souls, but never to that one. It is His curse, 'the mark of Cain,' so to speak, set upon every species of flirtation. Leave it to Him to do good to such souls through other channels. I am not advising—I am beseeching you—for Christ's sake.

"As to the friend who doubts you, I know all that sort of bitterness. There is no anguish like it—none to compare to knowing one has disgraced the Holy Lovely Blessed Name by which we are called, and dragged a soul down nearer to hell, that one might have drawn nearer to heaven.

"But there is nothing for it but to outlive, out-pray, out-love the accusation one has brought upon one's self. Don't give up praying for him; and above all, be much in prayer for yourself. Get into the habit of ejaculatory prayer from hour to hour through the day.

"If I stopped to read this letter over, I should hardly venture to send it. But I have prayed to be enabled to write to you 'after the mind of Christ,' and I believe it is what He would have me say. I speak from such intense conviction on that first question. How I do bless Him for enabling you to speak to others for Him. Where it can be safely and wisely done,—and you have 800,000,000 of people in the world to take your choice out of,—there is no interest like it. What did it ever profit to win hearts,

compared to winning souls to Jesus Christ and glory? May He keep you *very near* Himself, drinking into the Fountain of His heart of Love and Holiness.

"Should I say 'Forgive me' for writing so frankly? I do not think you will say so."

Mr. Blackwood's own letters of this period to Miss Marsh, which would have been of such value in the delineation of his spiritual character and growth, have, alas! been lost; but the want is in a measure supplied by their reflection in the other half of the correspondence.

"BECKENHAM, 7th July.

"I thanked God, and thanked you, when I read your letter, for the manner in which you received mine. It was so very venturesome. . . . Please remember how *very* *VERY* fallible I feel my judgment and advice to be. Yet on the one point which seemed to come strongest in my letter, I spoke from the experience of every single individual who has happened to speak to me on the subject. . . .

"I was not surprised at your finding a little lessening of your joy in the *LORD*. If it always kept up at 'high water mark,' earth would be but the outer court of Heaven. I suppose 'the Valley of Humiliation' is as necessary for *us* to walk through, as for 'Christian' and 'Faithful'; and even the old Slough of Despond may have its good effect upon our after course. But one thing I know—we should be always *pressing up* to the higher ground. 'Rejoice in the *LORD* *alway*, and again I say, rejoice,' is a Divinely inspired command—I *believe* as binding upon us as 'Thou shalt not steal,' though it is wonderful how little thought of in this light it is generally. . . . One thing however is *always* clear before me, that Jesus Christ, the *Same* yesterday, to-day, and for ever, never wearies of us poor sinners, *never changes* with all our chilly changeable love. Oh, let us cleave to Him, closer and closer, every hour of our lives."

It was not long before an occasion arose for such a ratification of his decision as should stamp for ever, not only upon his own heart, but also upon his life before men, the certainty of "Whose he was," and Whom henceforth he meant to serve.

On 9th July, just ten days after his Conversion, the Brigade of Guards, the old comrades with whom he had served in the Crimea, made their entry into London on their return from the War. Mr. Blackwood rode in with his battalion—a sharer in the triumph which Archbishop Trench's lines commemorate.

“ Two years— an age of glory and of pain !—
Since we with blessings and with shouts and tears,
And with high hopes pursued your parting train,
With everything but fears.

• • • • •
“ One thing we saw, one only thing we knew,
Come what come might, ye would not bring to shame
The loved land which had trusted thus to you
Its wealth of ancient fame.

“ Therefore the old land greets you, whose renown
In face of friend and foe ye well upbore,
Handing the treasure of its glory down
Not poorer than before.”

A man is none the less a patriot and a soldier because he has become a Christian ; and entering as he did into all the circumstances of the occasion, it was a keen temptation to Mr. Blackwood to join his old comrades at the Ball given by the Duchess of Wellington to commemorate the event of that day. His absence would be misunderstood ; his parents were very desirous that he should go ; whatever his feelings on the general question might be, this was an exceptional occasion, and he hesitated.

But beside him was one who had watched over him with unfailing faith and love. His sister knew how critical was the moment, and how inevitably a false step taken—a deliberate return into temptation—would have clouded the brightness of the new life in his soul, and influenced his whole future ; and earnestly she prayed that he might be kept back.

"That evening they dined at an Aunt's house, and walked home together in the moonlight. She knew that if he meant to go, he would leave her at the house door. To speak on the subject she felt would be unwise, but she kept on praying that God would keep him back.

"Munro's Allegory of *The Combatants* had been presented to her mind, and as they walked along, she began to tell it to him. When the house door was reached, she had got to the part where, when temptation is yielded to, the good Angels have sorrowfully to stand aside, and the evil spirits come round, knowing that their hour of power has come. She paused, and there was silence for a few moments, while he took out the latch-key. To her thankful joy, he turned to her and said, as he drew her into the hall, 'Come, darling Loo ; let us shut the evil ones out' ; and as she saw the door shut from the inside she praised God for this victory won, and that the Tempter had been overcome by the Stronger than he."

A few months later on, when in Italy, he records in his Journal his acceptance of certain invitations, and his experience at that time, which only convinced his judgment the more fully of the irreconcilable nature of the spirit of the world and the Spirit which is of God, and helped to settle him into the course which became the habit of his life.

Two or three years later, in reply to a question from Miss Marsh, he wrote :—

"5th April, 1859.

"You ask me about Balls, Theatres, etc., and why I gave them up.

"I don't exactly know the reasons why I gave up the latter. From a child I had known that they were not, and never could be, conducive to Godliness ; and though, before going to the Crimea, I had been a confirmed play-goer, delighting in it perhaps more than in anything else, except dancing and flirting, and also looked

forward to it as a great pleasure on my return, yet no sooner were my thoughts in any way led to serious matters, than I at once accepted as a settled matter the fact that Plays, Operas, etc., *must* be given up, if my soul was to be saved at all. I did not then so much see their particular evil, as the simple fact that I felt that they were irreconcilable with true faith in Christ as a Saviour from the sins and follies of the world. Since then their harm has been more apparent to me. The fact that you can hardly ever, I should almost say never, hear a play where God's Holy Name is not taken in vain—that the immoralities the whole system leads to both before and behind the scenes are ENORMOUS (*I speak from experience*)—that the scene in itself, with its glare, its music, its deceptions, and its frivolity is . . . far from calculated to produce or sustain that soberness of mind which it should be the Christian's aim to keep . . . are, I think, sufficient reasons for any man who has . . . love to Jesus, or . . . regard for his own immortal soul's welfare, to abstain from them.

"My opinion as to Balls, I must say, is no less decided, though it was a little longer before I saw it plainly my duty to give them up.

"I was very fond of them certainly, and for some months tried to persuade myself that I could enjoy them and serve God too. I had originally determined to abandon them also; but in compliance with others' wishes and my own secret inclinations, I again frequented them; and beginning by losing all relish for the Word of God, prayer, etc., I ended by falling so deep into sin that I could no longer remain blind to the fact that *they were destroying my soul*. It was a hard struggle; for at that time I was only seeking, and did not know Christ. The moment however that God, in His great mercy, enabled me to see that Jesus was my Saviour, and that my life was hid in Him, '*beyond the reach of harm*', then the struggle was over; and with the exception of one ball, the Duchess of Wellington's, where I wanted to go and meet all my old Crimean friends of the Brigade of Guards, there wasn't one that cost me a thought.

"It was no longer a question of what I must *give up* in order to win Christ, but having won Christ, what can I *do* for Him? How can I, who am redeemed with the precious Blood of my Saviour, take pleasure in the amusements of the world that crucified Him eighteen hundred years ago, and hates Him now? How can I, when every moment is precious, (for they are not my moments, but God's) spend my time in dancing, frivolous talking,

and false hollow civilities, when there are such realities as Heaven and Hell, and souls perishing at my door for lack of knowledge ? Shall I, who am a son of GOD, and destined to live for ever in His glorious presence, live here as a man of the world, whose only thought is the amusement of the moment ? God forbid—I could do so no longer.

"Oh, that I could say all I know of the everlasting harm that these things have done to the souls of men and women ! I have been behind the scenes, and know it thoroughly.

"Captain Trotter gave me a good rule at starting. 'Never go anywhere where you cannot conscientiously ask the LORD Jesus to go with you.'

"I would say further. 'If Jesus is your Friend, you can't enjoy anything where you have not the society of your Best of Friends.'

His way being thus made clear before him, Mr. Blackwood was now able to give his undivided strength and interest to the service of the GOD he loved ; and in this service he found, to his life's end, the chief delight of his happy days.

A letter from Dr. Cay, late Coldstream Guards, gives a pleasant picture of the joy and boldness with which he immediately confessed Christ in every society.

"I have so little to say," he writes, "in reference to one whom I dearly loved, having known him first on the field of Inkermann, in that terrible winter of 1854-5, when he used to come over to the Guards to see what he could do for our poor sick and wounded soldiers ; and they, as well as myself, had to thank him for the splendid services he rendered to us while lying on that bleak hill. I shall never forget that glorious figure of my dear friend as he marched through the snow and mud to our tents, clad in thick riding trousers, blue patrol jacket and cavalry forage cap, and a heavy riding whip which he always carried. His very presence inspired confidence ; and though he had not become a Christian then, all his acts were those welling up from a loving heart filled with sympathy for the suffering. . . . I never met him after the Crimean War until one day I was returning from London to Camberley to join my regiment, when I saw him sit down in the railway carriage opposite me ; and on the train starting, he

pulled out of his pocket a book very much like a Bible. This astonished me beyond measure, and I at once said, 'Blackwood, what is that book you are reading?' He opened those large beautiful eyes full on me, with such a look, and said with a bright happy smile, 'It's the Bible.' I replied, 'And how can you, an unconverted man, read the Bible thus?' His answer, given with such assurance, was 'Don't you know I am converted?' and he at once gave me the story of this change.

"I met him occasionally at the Treasury and at Bible Readings at Captain Trotter's in Connacht Place.

"The men of the Coldstream Guards loved to hear him conduct Bible Readings in Wellington Barracks, where, if I remember right, I took him with the late Sir Robert Anstruther."

Mr. Blackwood's own letters now take up the thread. As will be seen, these are drawn very largely from the correspondence with two or three companions of about his own age, who were also entering at this time upon the Christian course. They have preserved enough to give an interesting, though but a limited view of the multitude of letters which passed between himself and his large circle of friends and acquaintances, but which it is now impossible to obtain.

To HIS SISTER LUCY.

"TREASURY, 29th July, 1856.

"First I must tell you that I was very happy all Sunday, though there wasn't a single person I could speak to about what I liked; but I went out into Windsor Forest, and there amongst the glorious trees, with their arching branches meeting over my head, and giving me glimpses of the blue sky through the beautiful tracery of their thousand little leaves, I read and prayed and communed with God. Oh! I was so happy. I felt there was nothing between me and Him, and that I was really close to Him, and I did enjoy it more than you can possibly conceive.

"This morning I rode up to St. John's Wood to see — in the Coldstreams, whom I told you about; but he was out, so I breakfasted in his rooms with the Doctor; and while breakfast was getting ready, rode up through Belsize Lane to the George. Oh! how they have ruined dear Belsize Lane, where we used to

lead the cow to graze, with Loodle. It's all new houses now. It's quite heart-breaking. I was so sorry——was out, as I had taken up some of Miss Marsh's letters, and had nerved myself up for praying with him ; but he couldn't help it, as he was ordered off to sit on a Court Martial at the Tower.

"Yesterday little — came to see me again ; and told me that I had spoken to him just at the turning-point of his life. This morning I have been having a 'go' at —, who is stupid under the effects of it. I am just going off to see a boy in Westminster Hospital Miss Marsh has written to me about.

"... Pray for me, my darling, that my sight of Jesus may become clearer and more distinct every day. One must either go backwards or forwards ; and if we don't increase, we *must* diminish in grace. There's no standing still, I'm sure of that.

"Give Mama, Titus iii. 5, 6, 7, with my very best love."

An entry in his DIARY OF DATES evidently refers to one of those of whom he here speaks.

"26th July. To Windsor. To Angelsea, Gosport. Saw —— on return. *First Fruits.*"

A few months later he followed this same friend to the Cape with a letter.

"... I want to write to you as a fellow-sinner, but as one who has found pardon and peace in our Lord Jesus Christ. I want you, when you answer this, to answer above all, one question — a question which we *must* answer at the last Great Day—*Have you FOUND Christ?* Have you not only felt your *want* of a Saviour, experienced a sense of the necessity of a change being effected in your heart, but have you also felt *Him to be that Saviour?* Have you not only been able to acknowledge Him as the Saviour of sinners in general, but also to appropriate Him as *YOUR Saviour in particular*, and the Atonement for *your individual sins?* Can you see that *your iniquities were expiated on His Cross?* that *Eternal Life has been given to you by His death,* and that through His merits, you are no longer a child of wrath, but a *son of God?* Jno. i. 12.

"It will do us but little good to believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God—all nominal Christians do that. If that were the extent of our faith it would not be so difficult to attain. Faith,

to be *saving* Faith, must be that which says, ‘I believe that Jesus Christ died for *my* sins, and is risen again for *my* justification.’ Have *you* that faith? Can you look to Jesus as your only sure Hope, and see that your sins are forgiven, and heaven purchased, and bestowed on you as a *free* gift, not in reward of a life devoted to His Service, or the result of ever so exalted a degree of spiritual attainments, but by virtue alone of His death and sufferings? I do trust and hope that you do; but if you do not, ask for it *directly*, ask Him for it earnestly. Let it be the sole desire of your heart to obtain it, and never rest satisfied till you do.

“But if you are not able yet to realise Him as your Saviour, do not be discouraged, or think that whatever impressions you may have received were not of God. This is *the one great truth*, and all are not alike enabled to see it with equal clearness, or equally soon. . . .

“And oh! when we *do* know it! when we are enabled by His grace to see our Saviour with the eye of faith—that is indeed the ‘peace which passeth understanding,’ ‘the joy that fadeth not,’ ‘the hope that maketh not ashamed.’ May you experience *all* this, and much more than I can tell you of, my dear Boy. I cannot wish you a better New Year’s wish than this, for it includes all things.”

FROM MISS MARSH.

“*Sunday night, on the stroke of Monday morning,*

“28th July, 1856.

“Oh yes, my dear Friend, I know it well—changes and fluctuations must come, but *see to it* that you lose not your present peace for want of *prayerful watching and careful walking*. Let us be wise enough to seek to avoid whatever would hide from us the sunshine of His countenance. Whenever *self* comes up, even in His Service, it clouds it. So I am glad you *prayed not to be proud of the boy’s tears*. God bless that boy, and the heart that spoke to his heart. Remember, though, whatever was of *you* in that influence will pass away; whatever was of God will stand.

“Now will you do something for me? That evening I spent in the Hospitals with my sister and Mr. A—, a beautiful boy of eighteen was brought up from Hastings, who had been playing at ball with a child near a blacksmith’s shop. The blacksmith—the *Devil* rather—ran out with a red-hot pointed instrument, and ran it through his leg. . . . To-day he is to have an operation performed. He is in a little room by himself, close by Whitehall, in the Westminster Hospital. *Will* you go and see him?”

With this request Mr. Blackwood complied, although he went several times up and down the steps of the Hospital before he could summon up courage to go in. This was the beginning of a ministry to the sick and dying, which was carried on through life. When brought face to face with suffering and death in the Crimea, he had realised with pain his inability to help the soul of a dying man. Now he rejoiced to tell of a Saviour Who had saved himself.

FROM MISS MARSH.

"CANTERBURY STATION, 7th August.

"Thank you for both your letters—the longer one particularly delighted me, with its graphic account of your disinclination to go for your hospital visit, *and your repentance*.

"But *what have you been doing to lose your joy?* or is it only the hot weather? It is amazing how much weather does affect one's spiritual joy! One thing I never find alter,—*only one* thing,—the sense of a Rock under my feet. Waves have gone over my head; I have felt as if every grain of love to my Saviour had left me, again and again, but *I never can doubt—never have doubted His love to me*, since I first heard of it, when I was a mere baby at my Mother's knee."

Mr. Blackwood has endorsed this letter with its date, and the words, "*Never having doubted Love.*" Such an experience had evidently taken hold upon his mind. A later letter of Miss Marsh's says:—

"R—— went with me to see *your boy* in Westminster Hospital, who does so love you, and speaks of God having blessed your visits to him, praised be His Name! He spoke as a real Christian, one who has found Jesus. Oh, what a Finding!"

He had by this time begun to hold little meetings in the mews behind his Father's house.

To HIS SISTER LUCY.

"TREASURY, Friday.

"God helped me mightily last night. About twenty people. Blessed work in the Hospitals. My little Boy kneels down at his

bedside every evening and says his prayers, and says he means to go on with it, for it 'sets an example to the others.' He is eleven.

"I've written a long letter to the Brockmanns, telling them all about my change, which I want you to see before I send it.

"God be with you, my darling, and give you a very happy Sabbath. Give the dear Mother my love of loves, with 2 Ch. viii. 15, 16, and 1 Peter ii. 4, 5. I like them much, the first very much, the second as explanatory."

To ANOTHER.

"TREASURY, Tuesday, 11 A.M.

"I must just write one line to you before my brains get muddled with routine and red tape to tell you what has been on my heart about you the last few days, and that is that I want you to exert yourself and your energies to *win souls for Christ*. There *must* be work where you are, and it is your *duty*, if you'll excuse my saying so. But why I want you to do it is not only for the sake of others and for Christ's sake, as for your own : it does give one such happiness, real heart-felt joy, to tell others of that love of which *we* have such abundant proofs. '*Watering you get watered*,' and it is so, so true: and we are *told* to do it.

"It is not only 'the Spirit and the Bride' that say 'Come,' but 'he that HEARETH' is to say 'Come.' We are now servants of God, our names are in the Book of Life, we *must* tell His message to others. What does it matter what *people* say of us? What does it matter its being awkward to *begin*? As McCheyne says, 'Of what *utter insignificance* in ETERNITY will seem the little awkwardnesses of TIME?' Think of that, and at once begin to labour in the Vineyard, and it will be blessed to you abundantly; though we may not see the fruit of our labours here, though others may reap what we have sown, think of our harvest in heaven. And think too how we *shall* regret the moments *wasted* here that might have saved souls from Hell.

"Forgive my talking to you in this way, but I have found such benefit to myself that I cannot but tell you. I know you will not mind it. John iv. 28, 29, and 39."

In September, 1856, Mr. Blackwood was taken ill with rheumatic fever, the result, it was believed, of exposure in the Crimea. Although, throughout the

whole of his service in the East, he was never laid up by so much as a day's real illness, all that he went through had secretly told upon even his magnificent strength. The illness which now supervened was of a very grave nature, the heart being seriously affected. The bald mention of the fact in his DIARY OF DATES, is followed by the words,

" Rom. viii. 38, 39.

In October he was able to be moved, under the care of a Doctor, to Osmaston, where, and at Lenton Lodge, he spent the remainder of the year. He "felt that he owed much under GOD to the long time of convalescence, and leisure for the study of the Word of GOD ;" and a steady growth in grace and knowledge is shown by his letters.

On 6th February, having been ordered abroad, Mr. Blackwood wrote to Mr. Rowland Smith.

" BECKENHAM, KENT.

" I start on Tuesday with my sister, who accompanies me to Rome. Thus you see I am not left without a companion at last, but that I am provided with one who is completely of, and to my mind, and with whom I am of *one mind*; and I thank GOD for so ordering it for me. I also have the pleasure of escorting Miss Marsh as far as Marseilles, and I am looking forward very much to what I hope will be not only a pleasant but a profitable journey. I hope by the time we meet again, we may both have got *much* nearer to Jesus, by living more by faith on Him, and be filled with the Holy Ghost. May we never rest satisfied, but always seek more; and may GOD give us grace, zeal, energy and courage to work for His glory, and may that odious 'self' be by His mighty power, taken out of our hearts."

ITALY.

On the 10th February the party started. Following his usual practice, Mr. Blackwood not only wrote lively letters home during the tour, but also carried on his own Private Journal, the whole tone of which bears witness to the depth and greatness of the change which had taken place. A few extracts are given.

JOURNAL.

"Paris, 12th Feb., Thurs.—At eleven went off in a *fiacre* to Notre Dame. Sat on the box and had a long chat with the driver. Sensible, and acknowledged the errors of the human church, and how much it had fallen away from Christ's simplicity; condemned confession of adults, and had evidently read a great deal of history, and had much general knowledge. Could get no answer, though, as to his own sense of forgiveness of sins, though he assented to all one said. Believed in the Holy Coat at Trèves. Rather a rationalist in most things, but a superstitious believer in the coat.

"13th Feb., Fri.—Started at ten. Dispute with waiter about some wood and some soap. Conquered in the matter of the wood, but as he contemptuously offered to make me a present of the soap, and I wanted to give him a tract, the good effects of which the acceptance of the soap would do away with, I had to give in!

"15th Feb., Sunday, Marseilles.—Went to the English Church. Walked up with 'Auntie,' [Miss Marsh] to a very steep hill just above the town, from whence we had a glorious view. . . . Such a Sunday! Gave away a few tracts, and one to a little boy in a red shirt, who had neither father nor mother. Talked to him; and on his saying he liked the tract, gave him a testament and wrote the Soldier's Prayer in it, which he promised to say every day, and never to lose his book. God grant that the words contained in it may be the means of eternal life to him."

The next day Miss Marsh left for Cannes, whither she was bound on visits to her friends, the Duchess of Gordon, and Sydney, Duchess of Manchester, whilst Mr. Blackwood and his sister sailed for Civita Vecchia.

JOURNAL.

"18th February, Wednesday.—Landed. Started at ten. Walked up the hills. Had a conversation with an Italian who had seated himself on our box. Gave him, '*The Sinner's Friend.*' He was very grateful, and much astonished at a gentleman speaking to him of these things. Gave him a testament which he promised to keep and read. Was quite touched by my taking his hand. When I said I hoped we should meet in a better world, said that he hoped to repay me there the kindness I had shown him here. Asked me my direction, in order to bring me some fruit. The Word of God, pure and undefiled, is now in his hands; may it please Him also to put it into his heart. About eight miles from Rome, saw the great Dome looming in the distance. . . . My friend left me, saying, '*Alla revidenda.*' Where may it be?"

After a short stay in Rome, a move was made to Frascati.

To MR. ROWLAND SMITH.

"FRASCATI, March 2, 1857.

"We have to-day come back from a most charming ride to Tusculum, so enchanted with the beauties of nature that we are content to forego the pleasure of visiting the beauties of art for some time. The Carnival was at its height; Rome full of English, of whom I knew a great deal too many, and most things dear and bad.

"Mr. Forbes told me that it was impossible to do anything in Rome; that if one even attempted to give a tract to the waiter of our Hotel, it would be in the Priest's hands in five minutes, and our passport in our own, with an intimation that the air of Rome would not agree with us any longer. He said that there were nevertheless indirect ways of distributing Testaments, but even then only with the greatest caution; so we have made over our stock into his hands; and can now only pray that it may please the Almighty to enlighten by His Holy Spirit the hearts of those to whom they may be given. . . .

"I have had two or three opportunities of declaring Christ amongst the English, but in almost all to whom I have spoken, I have found such an inclination to the Church of Rome, that I really think there must be something in the air of the place which is infectious. . . . However with the help of God, I will not lose an opportunity of telling them of the glorious free unconditional forgiveness of sins, through Jesus Christ, in the hope and belief that it may please Him to make me an instrument in His hands for good."

To MRS. BLACKWOOD.

"Thank you, my very dearest Mummy, for telling me about poor Bishop and his happy end. I am so thankful that you and I were enabled to be of some help and use to him, by the grace of God.

"The more we trust and believe that He is *able* and *willing* to satisfy all our longings, the more we shall honour Him, and the more will He fill us with Himself. I daily see more that all time is wasted that is not spent for Him, and that all things are loss, which do not give us an increased knowledge of Him. Let us also trust Him for *all* things, for He *is* faithful that promised."

JOURNAL.

"3rd March, Tuesday.—Very cold. Did an hour's Hebrew in the morning, and then walked down to the train. Regular East wind day, bitterly cold, clouds of dust, and very high wind. Repented of ever having set out, and determined that we could not at any rate stay in Rome, even to see a hundred Coliseums lit up. Felt rather seedy and very out of temper. . . . Angry with the waiter . . . but it's ridiculous to be angry about it. Sorry afterwards. Back by train to Frascati. Glad to get back to our charcoal fire, and sorry we had ever been out. Know better next time the Tramontana blows."

In a letter written to "the Aunts" at Lenton, his sister says :

"ALBANO, 12th March, 1857.

"Dearest Stevie is indeed 'kept' by the power of God very near Himself, and often stirs me up by his earnest seeking after more faith and love, and by his delight in reading and searching the Scriptures, and his tenderness of conscience about sin. It is so

touching to see his sorrow if he feels he has, by any careless word or deed, grieved his loving Saviour. I often feel about him just as Miss Marsh expressed herself in a letter to me. 'I often wonder I have not got my Saviour to do as much for me in as many years as He has for him in so many months.' He has deeply felt being unable to do anything for the poor people amongst whom we are.

"In the morning at prayers we are going through Deuteronomy, and read to-day the 17th chapter. Stevie liked the latter part of v. 16. 'Ye shall henceforth return no more that way,' for it seemed to him, he said, not only a command, but a blessed promise."

JOURNAL.

"17th March, Tuesday.—To St. Peter's. . . . Beautiful warm, and yet not close day. Ascended the dome. Wonderful! It is there one first understands the enormous size of the dome, and sees what a great part of the whole church it is. Got higher and higher until we at last stood in the Palla, and looked the whole depth down to the pavement. A thrilling sight. We went round the Balcony. Had a most glorious view of Rome and the surrounding country. It moved one of our party even to tears."

To HIS FATHER.

"104 VIA DEL BABUINO, Tuesday, 17th March, 1857.

"As my dearest Father will probably be very jealous at the long and private letter which my Mother received from me a few days ago, he shall have this one all to himself, and not communicate any of its contents, if he doesn't like.

"All this afternoon I have been going about with H. S. looking for horses; for on Friday the hounds meet near the tomb of Cecilia Metella on the Appian Way; and we are going to see what sort of thing it is like. I have had the most amusing descriptions of it given me. They find the foxes sitting like hares. The fields are divided by strong posts and rails four bars high. The only man who jumps over them is a Mr. K—. We have found a couple of horses, which will do to have a canter on; and I expect it will be rather good fun."

A later letter says:—

"Oh! I've never told you about my hunt. H. S. and I, having procured some antique-looking carriage 'osses, set out one

hot and dusty morning, with the ground like a brick, for the appointed place, about five miles from Rome on the Appian Way, where we arrived about 11.30. I had a pair of spurs, and H. a whip, and we felt that if a fox were found, both would be needed. The field consisted of about thirty, principally Italian Princes, some of them very respectably got up, and with very sportsman-like seats on thoroughbred English horses: a very neat little pack of hounds with an English huntsman and whip. Several ladies and a great many carriages were present. A few regular Cockneys in lavender kid gloves, low shoes and straps were also there, who looked as if they meant riding. A tent was pitched, but whether it contained luncheon, or a surgeon with his apparatus, I know not. The fields were large, and covered with big stones, sharp and angular, of the size of a hat-box, which it looked certain death to ride over. For the posts and rails we had no fear, for a man who looked like an earth-stopper, probably a descendant of Scipio's, was with us on a shaggy pony, armed with saw, axe and bill-hook, whose services were constantly put into requisition, and who did wonderful execution in demolishing the timber. We drew a few fields blank, and at last a fox was halloèd away from a ruined temple, and H. and I. dug our heels in, and galloped for our lives; but we found that wasn't the correct thing to do, for at the end of the second field the fox was killed, and on looking back we saw the gentlemen-sportsmen hadn't moved out of a walk. So the next fox, which was lost after a ten minutes' scurry, we took our time about, and by staying behind, saw all the fun, and nearly lost our seats from laughter.

"The next one we determined to follow the same course with, but being in the same field with the hounds when they found it, I couldn't resist the temptation to do a little riding on my own account; and so, in company with Mr. K—, the huntsman, and another venturesome Cockney like myself, put my best leg foremost, and cramming my unfortunate charger somehow or other over a couple of four foot stone walls, found that we had it all to ourselves, and we really had a very pretty twenty-five minutes without a check, best pace. Across the Campagna we went, past ancient temples, under the arches of ruined aquaducts, and over deep ravines until at last we came in view, and after a five minutes' course, pulled the fox down in the bed of a brook, and not a bit too soon either; for the charger was done, and dead lame too, and no wonder, for if you imagine Oxford Street with the paving up, and in a state of repair, you'd have an idea of

what we had been galloping over. The other Cockney asked the huntsman for the brush, observing to me in tones that smacked of Cheapside, 'One likes to have a brush that one's ridden for, Sir! Eh, Sir!' I agreed with him, and accordingly got the fore pads, which I shall have made into handles for paper knives.

"Having then had enough, and sufficiently immortalized myself, we jogged home, feeling that what we had done was completely in character with the spirit in which we ought to see Rome."

[ENCLOSURE.]

"*For the Mother.*"

"I shall be so glad to get home to England, and settle down to some regular work for our Master. It certainly has a deadening effect, the being shut out from all spiritual communion of any kind; and though one ought to be independent of these outward aids, still one falls very far short of that.

"I feel I am living far below the mark. The glory of God is not my object, my one sole aim, as it should be. I often feel reluctant to pray, and can say no more than the Publican's prayer; and then doubts come into my mind, and I think that because I feel so little, that my title to Heaven and to pardon is not safe. But oh! thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift, *it is not so*. 'While *we* were yet *without strength*, Christ died for the *ungodly*.' He LOVED us, '*even when we were dead in sins*.' 'He came not to call the righteous, but SINNERS to repentance.' Wondrous fact, my claim to His *love is that I AM a sinner*. Oh! my darling Mother, may we both have such faith given us from Him that we may be enabled to trust on Him more humbly, more implicitly every day; and may we count all things as loss for the excellency of the knowledge of the love of Christ. Ps. 119, 25 is the one you ask me for."

TO THE MISSES WRIGHT.

"ROME, 19th March, 1857.

"We have begun a mid-day reading as a means of a break in the day, and are going through Isaiah, which I hope we shall be able to continue. . . . We have been up to the top of St. Peter's, a wondrous, wondrous, oh! a wondrous sight; down into subterranean caverns, once Golden Palaces of the Emperors; through Picture Galleries, Halls of Sculpture, Museums containing things 2000 years old, a Library with copies of the 1st Septuagint and

1st Greek Testament, Henry 8th's tract against Luther, etc. This will give you an idea."

TO HIS PARENTS.

"ROME, Monday evening, 30th March, 1857.

"It's my turn to write to you, my very dearest Parents. Our stay at Rome is over. . . . I am looking forward to enjoying the blue sky and sea of Naples, where the beauties are the works of GOD. . . . An hour in the colossal grandeur of St. Peter's, amid the ruins of the Coliseum and Forum, or an evening's walk on the Pincian Hill to see the sun's last rays shining over the city, have caused me more real enjoyment than all the rest of Rome put together.

"One day we made a most charming excursion for two or three miles along that wonderful street of Tombs, the Via Appia, and picnicked at the Fountain of Egeria. It was a warm day, with yet sufficient masses of clouds to render the distant Alban Hills and Apennines as variegated in their colors as a piece of mosaic; and if you had seen us sitting under the shady ilexes of the Sacred Wood, you would have thought we enjoyed ourselves very well indeed. . . . We did very much long for you, for we had great fun. While Lucy made a sketch of an aquaduct and the tomb of Cecilia Metella, S. and myself employed ourselves most profitably in cutting away at some sticks from the Circus of Romulus, which I hope to bring home. We both have a weakness for sticks, and both an eye for them; and I can assure you that I have got some stunners, with such knobs, which when polished up will form most capital souvenirs of the places we have seen."

TO MR. GEORGE HANBURY.

"ISCHIA, April 20th, 1857.

"Though one naturally experiences a selfish feeling of annoyance, on hearing that one by one, one's friends are all getting married, and are thus lost to one—for a friend is no longer one in the *true* sense of the word, when once he is married,—yet I must tell you that by far the preponderant idea in my mind was one of pleasure that you had so good a chance of being happy as your letter of 3rd announced to me. I expected as much. . . .

"Be on your watch against the devil, my boy. Pray without ceasing. One cannot know his wiles and crafts and deceits, and one is only safe when one is looking to God for help against him.

He so continually makes earthly happiness such a snare ; but oh ! do not let the thoughts of a temporal love, pure though it be, for one instant diminish aught of your love to Him Who loves you, and gave Himself for you. It is easy enough for me to say this, I know : whilst all the time I am feeling how weak, how insignificant my love is : but I do most earnestly desire its increase, both for you and for myself, and dread therefore lest anything should come between us and Christ. . . .

" I have been lately reading some Lectures on Prophecy, which have given me quite a *new* hope. I had always fancied that the end of the world must, from the fact of so many prophecies having yet to be fulfilled, be necessarily far far distant ; and pictured myself dying, and sleeping, or at any rate not in full enjoyment of heaven for many thousand years until the end of the world. But these Lectures most clearly, as I think, prove that His Second Coming is but the beginning of the Millenium ; and that it may take place any day. They prove that the first Christians were in that attitude of expectation which such a belief would naturally cause.

" This has explained much that was before dark to me ; and I now see what a different effect upon the lives of believers such an expectation must have. If we believe that at any moment, the heavens may open, and He may appear in glory, bringing His saints with Him, and that *we shall be changed*, surely then we shall live as He told us to do. We shall watch as servants for the coming of our LORD.

" But I must give you some account of our doings. . . . I have taken the prayers morning and evening, which at first was nervous work ; but which is very good for one, and I trust may have been good for others too. I saw this morning a verse in Job for the first time, which I commend to your notice, ch. xlii. 10. May we all make it our steadfast purpose to know *but one thing*, 'Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.'

" 'Faith, O my Saviour, in Thee
Is the substance of all my request.' "

JOURNAL.

" 27th April, Monday [1857] Naples.—Up at six, which if possible I mean to continue. Did an hour's music before breakfast, and began a new plan of writing down heads for prayer. Tremendous wind all the evening. Duetts, and read '*The million-*

peopled City.' The Post-Office and Omnibus men take the greatest hold on my interest.

"*1st May.*—Up, I am sorry to say, at 6.30. A bad beginning for the new month."

This habit of early rising was now felt by Mr. Blackwood to be of incalculable importance. The practice in his case was certainly not the result of inclination nor of natural disposition. In speaking of a rather later period, his Wife says :

"In those early years he suffered much from the effects of the fever and severe illness in 1856, and getting up early was very difficult, the languor and lassitude were so great; but he had all sorts of contrivances to insure his not sleeping after six o'clock, so that he should have time alone with God before he went out. At that time he used to ride before breakfast, but afterwards he took to walking, when he could think and pray. He always said the day never could go well in any way unless he had thus early received strength and help from the Word of God, and had been alone with Him before he had to do with others."

Long afterwards, when this intercourse with God, heart to heart, had been exchanged for the fellowship which is face to face, it was said by one who had known him intimately as friend and pastor, that never but once had he felt himself to be unwelcome, and that was when Sir Arthur had wanted to be alone with God.

JOURNAL.

"*1st May [1857]*—Went to the Duke of —; where the Prince of Syracuse and the King of Bavaria were invited. Very pleasant party. Prince of Syracuse a capital sculptor, and the artist of the beautiful Angel in grey marble in the Museum, a fat bearded fair German-looking man. King of Bavaria looked about thirty-five, slender, dark, hairy, and very short-sighted. The Duchess introduced me to lots of people . . . and I should have enjoyed the novelty and beauty of the scene if I had not felt that one was led into sins of thought, manner, and words in a way

which 'a pilgrim in this world' should not do. I was sorry that I went, and have learned that I cannot go with impunity.

"*2nd May, Sat.*—Up at 6.15. Went to the —. Miss — in the midst of her singing lesson. In consequence of a remark she had made to Mrs. — about my going to the Duke of —, was led into an explanation, or rather condemnation of my own conduct, which I trust may have had no bad effect on her."

FROM HIS SISTER TO "THE AUNTS."

"*FLORENCE, May 6, 1857.*

"You will want to hear about Stevie. The Lord is indeed instructing and teaching him, shewing him, I think, more and more of his own heart, but never leaving him to himself; giving him a very tender conscience about sin, and increasing views of the beauty of Jesus. It does seem wonderful to me, the way in which the Spirit's light has shined in so short a time upon all the ins and outs of his daily walk, thus enabling his conduct and conversation to be so consistent. I know dearest S. feels how slow he is in learning, and how continually and deeply he is humbled by the sin that dwelleth in him; and it is indeed a cause for thankfulness that to himself he is made to decrease, while others see the power and love of Jesus perceptibly increasing in him."

Leaving Florence, they reached Wiesbaden, where Mr. Blackwood had been ordered to take a course of the waters, on 19th May.

On the same day, according to Mr. Blackwood's DIARY OF DATES, he "gave up smoking." His reasons are detailed in a letter of that date.

"I have at last arrived at a point and a decision which you had already reached in November last, and which I then did not see the necessity of—namely—to give up smoking. For the last four years I have never smoked much, a cigar a day being generally the maximum, and sometimes not even a cigar a week for some time, and I thought that I might without injury to myself and others occasionally indulge in an afternoon weed; and the more so as I did not feel that it would cost me much to give it up. But I have lately begun to look at it in another light; and though I do not condemn it as wrong in the slightest degree,

am nevertheless impelled to give it up, from the conviction that it conveys a wrong impression to the minds of others. . . .

"Would it not have an unfavourable effect if, smelling of tobacco, one were to sit down to read God's Word by the side of some sick or dying man? It might also be a stumbling block to others; and thus on several grounds, all of which no doubt combined to cause you to relinquish the habit, I have also decided to give it up. It is moreover a small opportunity for self-denial."

JOURNAL.

"May 22, Friday, 1857.—Twenty-five years old. I have now lived a quarter of a century. I wonder whether I shall see another. I hope if it be God's Will, that I may be enabled to spend twenty-five years in His service as I have already passed twenty-five, or nearly so, in the service of sin."

"May 24, Sunday.—Read Life of Chalmers. Oh! for the quickening power of the Spirit. I am miserably cold and dull. I want to be filled with the love of Christ. God grant I may be more earnest in my desire and search after Him."

"1st June, Monday.—I would this morning make a record of my besetting sins, in order that there may be no self-deception on that point, and that by the help of God, I may be enabled to fight against them more systematically, and by reference to this record, once a month, ascertain my spiritual state in reference to them; and may this record be a means of humbling me if I find I have made no way against them; and if I find that I have made any progress may I be kept from pride, and attribute the victory and glory to the grace of God which worketh in me. . . .

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"O God, enable me to be watchful and careful, strict in my self-examination, and do Thou search me Thyself, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting, for Thy Son's sake."

On 16th June the travellers reached home.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"The truest insight into the mind of a man is that afforded by his private letters spread over a long period. Biographies show merely an image refracted by the medium through which it is transmitted. Autobiographies are trustworthy only within narrow limits of time; for who can step back into the past, and accurately recall feelings since quickened, dulled, or perhaps inverted? In letters, written at the moment, written too with no purpose but to convey the fresh impulses of the mind, character lies bare."

To MR. GEORGE HANBURY.

"TREASURY, 24th June, 1857.

"I can't tell you how extremely glad I was to arrive just in time to see you married. I would not willingly have missed it, and look upon it, though still to a certain extent depriving me of a friend, as a most auspicious commencement to the as it were new life I am beginning; for as such I look upon it.

"This is, as it were, a starting afresh, clear and with no encumbrances. What a life of liberty it is indeed, to feel that instead of being torn asunder by a thousand conflicting interests, instead of being slaves to the world and *the devil, which we were*, we have *one* Master, even our loving Saviour.

"I dined with Chapman on Monday, where I met Gurney, and we read Luke xv., and then Rom. vi., as a commentary upon it. We have organized a Reading for Tuesday evenings. To-night I dine with Rowland Smith, and we have a dual debate upon prophecy, as regards the Millenium, afterwards.

"As yet I am not able to strike out any decided line of work for myself, for I am hardly settled, and find that I have more than

enough to do amongst my own class. I hope I have commenced a weekly Bible Reading with M—.

"On Sunday Anstruther, R. Smith, and Bob L. (S. F. Guards) and myself met at Mr. Goodhart's for the evening Service and Communion, and it was very nice.

"I have had a very nice chat with my dear Father, who most kindly and affectionately said he hoped I should act entirely according to my own views with regard to society, though he could not help feeling mortified by my giving it up so entirely . . .

"I recur to our old plan of sending each other a verse.
Isaiah xliv. 10."

The opportunities so humbly sought and so faithfully used were now continually granted to his eager desire.

One morning, in the Park, he met with a ragged one-armed man, in great distress. Mr. Blackwood succeeded in placing him at one of the crossings in Mount Street; and in the lodging which he found for him, a little meeting was begun, attended by the very poor who lived in the neighbouring attics, or were gathered in by the crossing-sweeper. The man himself, although for a time apparently satisfactory, eventually, to Mr. Blackwood's great disappointment, returned to his old habits. But the meeting continued. The London City Missionary of the District heard of it, and helped; and for about ten years it was held weekly in other quarters in the street, and was the means of help to many.

"Certainly," say the NOTES, "it was a source of great spiritual profit to myself, inasmuch as it compelled me to search the Scriptures, with a view to explaining them to others, in a more thorough way than I had ever yet done."

He had already given some attention to Hebrew, and now began a more regular study of the language. "Commenced Hebrew," his DIARY OF DATES says in August. In October the following notes occur:—

"Began Readings in Westminster Hospital, Brompton, and Mrs. Clarke's. First Speech at Boatman's Chapel."

TO MR. GEORGE HANBURY.

"TREASURY, 10th July, 1857.

"I have been dreadfully busy at this shop of mine, and have had no time for writing.

"Our Readings at Chapmans have been going on most satisfactorily. I am going to meet them, Macgregor, etc. at Poles tomorrow for the tea-drinking of the Refuge boys. Yesterday I rode down with Bob to Mr. Goodhart's, who is a dear old man, and asked us to come down some Saturday evening, and spend it with him.

"I spend my day in a most regular manner. Up every morning at six. Reading till 7:30. Music till 8:30. Hebrew four days a week till 9:30, and the other two, reading Ezekiel with my sister. Prayers and breakfast. Office eleven till five, and then exercise and odds and ends till dinner. I have not been quite so well since my return. . . . The principal work I am engaged in is the distribution of tracts, which, if God is pleased to bless it, may be of just as much use as anything else, and whilst walking about, I can dispose of a good many in the course of the day.

"Bob is to follow your good example on 29th at Beckenham. I'm his best man.

"You will I know be anxious to hear how I am going on in the spirit of my mind. I have had some low fits, but I have been brought through them, and am now clearer and quieter and happier. I am ceasing rather to enquire continually of myself whether I am growing or not, and am a little more content to leave it to God, and strive just to go on from hour to hour and day to day doing His will, and running my race with patience. At the same time that we ought to watch over our hearts carefully in respect of sin, I think we waste a great deal of time, and only cause ourselves to doubt and fear by always looking into ourselves for evidences of our growth. I think we should honour God much more by this state of reliance on Him, and should not run the risk of either exalting our pride, or giving rise to doubts by the constant looking into self.

"Rowland Smith and I are studying the Millenium. You remember my telling you what I had been reading about it whilst abroad. I have now been reading Wordsworth's Lectures against it, and made a *précis* of his arguments. Rowland is reading the Pros and Cons at Derby, and when we meet we are going to compare our conclusions."

TO HIS SISTER.

"TREASURY, Thursday.

" Had a Hebrew Lesson yesterday. You've no idea how odd it seems to be talking to any one about the Bible, who believes the Old Testament, and yet doesn't believe in Our Saviour. It is rather unpleasant, even painful.

" Great work to get Edward up in the morning. Lazenby and Thomas ringing door-bells, and I my own bell. Edward tumbles head foremost into my room, with his hair all over his face, his body upstairs, but his heart in his bed downstairs.

" Such a nice Lecture from Mr. Molyneux last night, on Conversion of Paul. Dwelt much on Ananias' conduct, as so like our own, ready enough to say, 'Here am I, LORD,' but the moment a duty, specific and perhaps distasteful, was enjoined, he remonstrated."

TO MR. GEORGE HANBURY.

" 29th July, 1857.

" Tuesday night, 12 P.M.

" . . . I like to think of Him, not *only* as the *Son of GOD* dying for man, but as *God Himself*—the Creator dying for the created, the Monarch dying for the rebel, the Righteous Judge for the guilty and condemned felon; and the more we look at it in this light, the more I think we see the frightful heinousness of sin, that the *Almighty Ever-living God* could *ALONE* pay the penalty which it had incurred. But thanks be to Him *that* penalty, which we could never have paid, has been paid for us, and *nothing* more remains to be done. Justice is satisfied. 'Who forgiveth ALL our sins.' And we only have to *believe* that, for it to be true to the letter as regards *us*. The mystery of salvation is indeed mysterious in its wonderful simplicity.

" Now what remains for us, having believed to the saving of our own souls, to do? Why, to show forth our belief in every action of our lives, and 'to please Him Who hath called us to be soldiers.'"

TO A FRIEND.

" I mean by His grace to devote my life to His service, and I hope that you may have the desire and will and power to do the same.

" As far as I have tried it, I can say from my heart that there is no happiness the world can give that equals that joy which God

gives to those who believe on His Son. No cause is so glorious a cause to fight in. No banner is so proud a banner to fight under, and no Captain so *certain* to lead us to victory as the King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

“LYNTON, N. DEVON, Aug. 2nd, 1857.”

TO HIS SISTER.

“53 UPPER BROOK STREET, Tuesday, [22nd August, 1857]

“I had such an enjoyable Sunday at Bonchurch with the three old ladies. (*Precious little* I should have enjoyed it two years ago.) I took their prayers for them in the morning, praying *extempore*, only fancy! and read them and their three maid-servants a sermon in the evening. It was a day of much peace and quietness, and I was much strengthened by deeper views and feelings of Jesus as the Propitiation, and the Scapegoat *once for all of my sins*.

“I had a very nice reading with the grooms last night, and was enabled to speak more earnestly and solemnly than I have yet done about the Broad and Narrow Way.

“TREASURY, [30th Sept., 1857].

“Our darling’s extract on Humility is very good. Oh, I despair of ever being humble. The Spirit has a mighty work to do in me yet. When shall I get rid of . . . all that is so directly opposed to humility? Of course I know they will never leave me till I leave them and my body; but still when I see the humility of other Christians, it shows me how much I have to learn. *All Power* is given nevertheless unto Christ, and He can subdue all things, even our proud hearts, and bring them into perfect subjection to Himself.

“. . . I had my Reading on Monday night. It was marvellous how I was helped. I had been stammering frightfully all day, and went to it very weak in spirit, and very much afraid of——! But through prayer to God, I hardly stuttered more than once or twice.”

TO MR. ROWLAND SMITH.

“TREASURY, Wednesday, 30th Sept., 1857.

“I was very glad to hear how much you have been enjoying yourselves, for I must speak of you in the plural number now. Your experience seems perfectly to agree with that of both —— and ——, and goes very far to persuade one that married blessedness must very far exceed single ditto. Nevertheless I am not in

the slightest hurry myself. I am so very happy as I am, at home; and I find that there is so much to draw me away from the side of Jesus and His work as it is, that I rather fear the distracting effect which another state of life might have upon me. I am not speaking of the *married* state, for there in its varied interests, and particularly with a wife of one's own sentiments, I think there must be much to help one on, but of the state which precedes it. . . .

"I should be very glad sometimes to be quietly married and settled, for I have great ideas of the happiness of married life; but at the present moment I do hope that the chief desire in my heart, though alas! but weak when compared with what it should be, is to know Jesus Christ, and His love for me, and to be able to work for Him. I shall probably never have such another opportunity; for now I have time, which at other periods and in other conditions of life I might not have, and my heart is free to love and serve Him wholly and entirely. I do not say it does; but it's free to do so, and therefore I do not desire circumstances which must very much interfere with that freedom."

TO HIS SISTER.

"TREASURY, 5th Oct., 1857.

"I can't let to-morrow pass away without you receiving a token from me that I, as well as you, am celebrating the day in my heart, the second anniversary of that day on which our darling Ceci passed from faith to sight, the Birthday of her endless joy, when she was united to Him Whom she had loved and served on earth, Whom now her heart is capable of loving FULLY, and of seeing perfectly. Truly it is a day on which we should especially bless His Holy Name, and thank Him that He has loved her so.

"I was thinking yesterday that if we had God's Word for it that she who had loved us so dearly on earth, should now ever be about our paths, powerful though invisible, to shield us from every danger, to comfort us in every sorrow, and to cheer us up whenever we were cast down, how fully we should trust *her* to do it. Should we not feel that it would be her especial delight to watch our every footstep, to rejoice over us when we are happy, and to fly upwards to pray for us to her Father when she saw us likely to fall?

"We should have perfect reliance on *her*. We should know, and never doubt but that she would never forsake us for an in-

stant, but that it would be her chief joy to guide us, whom she so loved, safely to the heavenly land. Should we not? Such a thing as doubt would never cross our minds, would it?

"You see where I am leading to—Why then should we doubt our Saviour?—Him Whose love for us, compared with hers is as the ocean to a drop; Who has promised never to leave us, or forsake us, but to be with us alway, even to the end of the world? Oh! how base our ingratitude, how cold our love, how weak our faith! He is near us, there is only something before our eyes that prevents our seeing Him; but there He is, preventing and following us, watching us with the tenderest care. The thought has done me good. I hope it may help you, darling.

"I am engaged to deliver a Lecture to two hundred working men at Paddington, and have chosen for my subject, '*How we became Protestants.*' What do you think of it?"

To Miss MARSH.

"TREASURY, 2nd Nov., 1857.

"Only one line to tell you that I have made my *début* in public life, and spoke to two hundred working men the other night, and God helped me very much. . . . Last night I went to their Chapel" [the Boatmen's Chapel] "and sat with about 300 men in smock-frocks and rags, to worship our common Saviour. They were so earnest.

"Had two nice Bible readings yesterday, one with the grooms, another in some Mews near me. Took the Prodigal Son.

"Oh! for more earnestness! more knowledge of the *love* of Jesus, as well as of our freedom from condemnation. May God give it us!

"I have much to thank Him for. Help me to praise Him.

"There is a rumour in London that '*Poor Blackwood has gone mad.*' Isn't that an honour?"

"I'm off to Southampton, Liverpool, and everywhere," [with specie] "and take the chair to-morrow at a Lecture, besides learning Hebrew and music.

[November, 1857] Thursday, 11 P.M.

"I received your letter this evening at 7:30. Had to dine, and be at my Cottage Reading at eight, where God was, I trust, with me. About thirty-five there. Subject, Noah. And ever since have been with a dying consumptive man near the British Museum, dying though in hope, thank God, of a glorious resur-

rection. It is now eleven, and I must be up at six to start off to Liverpool with Treasure.

"... I'm believing, but not seeing just now; but I've had such a wonderfully happy time lately that I must be content not always to be so. It's good for us to come down to earth sometimes."

"Pray that I may know more of Jesus."

To MR. ROWLAND SMITH.

"TREASURY, 5th Dec., 1857.

"I begin to see that the fight of the Christian,—which seemed easy to me at my first start, and indeed *was* so, comparatively speaking, whilst my knowledge of self was but small,—the moment it ceased to a great extent to be wholly with the outward temptations of the world, began to assume a very different aspect. It is indeed a humiliating lesson which we have to learn.

"Though at one time, when in the first burst of a new Love, I thought the Christian should always be joyful, and felt angry with those more advanced who seemed so often sad, I now begin to understand that we *must* be '*sorrowful*, though always rejoicing.' Our Master was 'a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.' All His sorrows were caused by sin, and so are, and will be, ours.

"I thank God that He has given me a new heart, which *can* be sorry for sin; it's a sign that one has passed from death unto life. I am trying not so much to look for sensible joys, but to do His will, to please Him perfectly, and to serve Him with a *quiet present* mind. One day, all will be bright.

"I have given up shooting, though I shot that day at Poles. It was the last."

It cannot be supposed that this quiet renunciation of one favourite pursuit after another was made without a sacrifice, joyfully as that sacrifice was offered under the constraining power of the Love which had now become the supreme object of his life.

The DIARY OF DATES chronicles, evidently because felt to be real events in the spiritual life, each step of renunciation; and in every case with the few added words

which show where the real strain of the sacrifice must have lain.

"November, [1857].—Poles with G. Hanbury, Anstruther. Shot for last time. Wrote to Father about it.

"December 8.—Wrote to Father about hunting."

Nothing surely could exceed the high-minded generosity with which these communications were received and answered; and the pain caused by a confidence so touching must have been great indeed.

FROM HIS FATHER.

[GRANTHAM, Thursday Evening, Dec. 11, 1857.]

"If I have deferred writing to you, my dear and precious Boy, on the subject of shooting it has principally been because I am lost in admiration at the noble example you set to me and others in resolutely following a course which you think is right, and in abstaining from pursuits which are not devoid of amusement to you. Whilst existence, at your age, is so sweet, and earth so smiling to you, it is surely difficult to abandon pleasures so agreeable to the senses. But you have compensations which I am satisfied reward you amply for the, to us, seeming deprivations. . . .

"These are my notions hastily jumbled together.

"I would not however that they should prevail over your more deliberate ones. For if you are convinced that yours are right, it would be grievous to me that you did not act up to them. Whilst I look to you, my dear Boy, and dwell on the memory of my ever precious Cecy, that bright star now in the heavens, I feel an inspiration of good often coming over me that warms up my dull sluggish soul, and urges me to walk hand in hand with you. For the sake then of myself, for the sake of others to whom you are a living beacon, I would not for worlds that you should depart from your own well considered opinions, and follow mine, which I am sure do not spring from such a holy source as yours."

TO THE HON. EDWARD LEGGE.

"LETON LODGE, NOTTINGHAM,

"29th. 12. 57.

"Nothing, I am convinced, is more dishonouring to Him Whose Name we bear, and nothing does His cause so much harm

as an inconsistent walk, a half and half line of conduct. It declares plainly to others that we do not find the pleasures we profess to enjoy in religion *alone*, that Christ is not *all in all* to us, and that we must have a little of the world's pleasures to fill up the void. And that influences others very much. . . . We shall never be able to have that effect upon the minds and souls of our fellow-men that we wish to have, till we show them plainly that we have found Peace and abundant Joy in Him Who is the Fountain of all Happiness. Never shall we get others to abandon sin and the service of Satan till we show them by our lives that in the service of *our* Master *we* find all that we desire, and that *in Him we are satisfied.*

"And not only this. What harm we do to our own souls! How can we expect Christ to 'dwell in our hearts by faith,' if we are only giving Him half a heart? Depend upon it, the Holy Ghost will never make us His *temples*, till we come to Him, desiring to be emptied of *everything* else, and filled only with Him.

"I think one great cause, if not THE cause of our reluctance to do this, is the fact of our not sufficiently appreciating the value of Christ and His atonement to our own souls. If we once had a clear view of the Eternity of Hell that we deserved, of the infinite price it cost *Him* to save us, of the love that prompted Him, and of the love—tender, changeless and divine—that He now bears to us, we should never hesitate to '*count all things as loss or as dung*' that we might win Him. One sight by faith of the precious Saviour bleeding, dying on the Cross for *our* sakes, and we should at once give ourselves wholly to Him, body, soul and spirit, as our reasonable service. Rom. xii. 1, 2.

"God bless you, and give you an increasing knowledge of the Saviour. May this year prove one of great growth in grace and faith.

"Take as a motto to use in your daily prayers, Heb. xii. 1, 2—down to 'faith.'"

TO HIS MOTHER.

"LENTON LODGE, 30th Dec., 1857.

"I am sure you do not think that I have forgotten my old Mother, and it is such a relief to feel that one's affection is not doubted because one does not write. Many happy returns to you, my Darling, and may I live to see them all.

"At the ——'s there was a little to fight against outwardly, but a great deal more inwardly.

"Here I have naturally been enjoying myself very much. My Lecture came off last night, and Papa came over just in time, and met us at the Schools, where it took place. My audience was about a hundred and twenty, of a class superior to that at the Boatman's Chapel. I stammered rather more, but by God's help got on very well. To-morrow I go to spend with the Daddy at Grantham.

"I . . . want it to be a year of *special growth* in grace, not of standing still, but of *pressing forward* through all difficulties to get nearer to Him. God bless you, my Mother.

" . . . I read with the servants this morning. What a useful thing it is to have to study the Word, to be obliged to do it. I prepare overnight, and make short notes, which helps considerably, and enables me to speak methodically; and it then fixes it in one's memory for after use, and self-edification."

TO MR. ROWLAND SMITH.

"TREASURY, 12th March, 1858.

"Do you keep a Diary? I don't, and am sure I shouldn't know where to find the time if I wanted to.

"You know that it pleased the LORD to show me my Salvation in Christ without having first given me a view of my own sinfulness; and for a long time I *saw* but little of it, and could not understand the expressions I read and heard of those who so much bewailed the naughtiness of their hearts.

"But I think that during the last five or six months or more, the Holy Spirit has been revealing to me more and more how thoroughly bad I am, and how continually I need that 'precious blood' of Christ 'which cleanseth us from *all* sin.' Though I *believed* it before, yet now I can say with Paul, 'I *know* that in me dwelleth no good thing'; and what proves it to me more than anything is the constant self-righteousness and self-esteem, which hangs about me, and brings iniquity into my 'holy things.' For six weeks or so, I had not been very happy, and got into a kind of legal bondage, continually working for the LORD in hospitals and elsewhere, but having no joy, partly I think because I was overworking myself, and rather fretting under it, and partly because I looked to the work itself to procure me joy instead of 'looking unto Jesus.' But for the last fortnight I have been quieter and happier, and had much more pleasure in His Service; and *how* happy He does make one sometimes, when He

comes Himself, and dwells in our hearts by *faith*, and causes us to *live* above this vain world. It is then that we can speak about Him to others."

TO HIS MOTHER AND SISTER.

"TREASURY, Thursday, 15th April, 1858.

"Thank God for the glorious weather.

"The groom, or helper, I spoke to at Grantham seems very thoughtful, and is coming to my reading to-night.

"I can now most decidedly praise God for Townsend. There is no doubt he is in perfect happiness and peace about his soul. He said, 'I'm weaker in body, Sir, but stronger in Christ. I bless God for the day as ever I see you, Sir. All the Peace I have I owe to you.'

"Bless the Lord, O my Soul."

"I went yesterday to St. George's Hospital, to see Mrs. Todd's brother, very dangerously ill, and in deep anxiety. He regularly drank in my words, and the Holy Spirit is indeed convincing him of his need of a Saviour. Whilst speaking to him, I suddenly heard a loud burst of grief, and looking up saw a poor young woman, who had flung herself down by the side of her dying husband, and was sobbing as if her heart would break. He was in the last agonies, breathing every half minute, and the death-rattle in his throat. One never knows how much they can understand, so I crossed over and said three texts slowly, loudly, and distinctly in his ear about Jesus, and I hope he was saved. He had been long ill.

"Ps. lxvi. 16-20."

TO HIS SISTER.

"TREASURY, 29th April, 1858.

"What fun it will be going abroad. But I want the first object to be our Master's glory, and am praying much about it. So is Aunt Anne, and so must you and Sophie. I have laid in a most excellent stock of German and French Tracts.

"I want to go abroad with the one object of spreading the glorious gospel; and God will, I trust, in answer to prayer, make the journey a blessing. Only be much in prayer about it, especially about my trip to Proseken.

"Townsend departed yesterday morning at 8:30, very peacefully. . . . I praise God for his conversion and death.

"PROSEKEN, June, 1858.

"I must begin my letter with just a few words telling you how abundantly our prayers have been answered. . . . As I drew near to Wismar, I almost wished I had never come; the way seemed so difficult, the dangers and temptations so great, and my strength so small that I had no resource but in prayer; and then the thought of the many who were praying in England for the same object was of great comfort.

"But all my fears were without foundation. 'Hitherto hath the LORD helped me;' and 'as my day' so has my strength been.

"Thanks be to God, my letters *did* have a great effect here, and all are most ready to speak and to hear of the gracious things that He has done for my soul, and for the souls of others.

"I can give you all details when I return.

"I cannot describe to you the joy with which I have been received. . . .

"I had about 8s. to pay at Aix-la-Chapelle. They undid everything, and as I think I told you, made me lose the train, and caused me to travel all night, instead of sleeping at Minden, as I meant. It was annoying. I'm sure if religion did nothing more than prevent one's losing one's temper and being upset by little things of that sort, it would be worth having. But what a blessing it is when one is enabled to see the Hand of God in every otherwise trifling thing that happens to one. I doubt not that three hours' delay at Aix was for some purpose. I gave away some French and German tracts there, which may bring forth fruit."

To MISS MARSH.

TREASURY, June 15, [1858.]

"Praise God with all your heart, as I know you will, for the mighty answers to prayer in the strength given to me whilst in Germany, and in the results of my visit.

"He has enabled me to tell no less than *three* friends about Jesus, and has made their hearts willing in the day of His Power.

"Two of them are Germans; . . . the third a young Englishman . . . with whom I travelled home, who has just got his commission. . . .

"Pray as you read this, that they all three may be kept unto salvation. . . . God has helped me wonderfully . . . and I trust He has not allowed my example to neutralise my preaching.

"This instant a messenger in my office has come into my room to thank me for what I said to him a month ago, and to say that he is humbly pressing towards the mark.

"Thank God again."

Of the two young men, the one for a time ran well, but after joining his regiment, "in time of temptation fell away." For several years Mr. Blackwood heard of him or saw him from time to time; but at length entirely lost sight of him, and although he still remembered him in prayer, he never knew whether in the last Great Day he must look for him on the right hand or on the left hand of the King in His Glory. To himself, both as a Christian and as a worker, it was a most solemn lesson.

The other, by the grace of God, "continues to this day." In a letter dated 18th June, 1862, he thus recalls the incidents of his conversion.

"How kind of you, my dear Friend, just to write to me for the day of my conversion. Do you remember it was on the 8th that we went out to cut sticks, and you told me how you were almost shot by an Englishman by mistake, and after luncheon I came to your room, and you prayed with me? That was in fact the beginning. But the next day when I came to Proseken, we went up towards the house, and you then quoted Acts xiii. 39, which gave me grace to believe at once. The LORD has been very gracious to me since, has given me far more than I deserve. . . . I certainly cannot thank God enough that He guided my plans so that I could see you those four days here. . . ."

From a long correspondence resulting from this visit to Mecklenburg, is now given a series of extracts which appear likely to be of value to other beginners in the Christian course. Although extending over several years, they are here placed consecutively.

"CALAIS, Sunday, June 13, [1858.]

"I just send a few lines to tell you how much I have been thinking of you in the last two days, how often I have been pray-

ing for you, and how continually I have thanked God for the change that I believe and hope He has been pleased to commence in your heart. Oh! what a wonderful change it is too! 'From death unto life'—'from darkness unto light'—'from the power of Satan unto God,' are the words the Bible uses to describe it; and when once one has been enabled to experience it, in however so small a degree, one must immediately confess that they are not a bit too strong.

" But oh! do not forget the price which all this cost. Do not forget that it was at the cost of the Blood and Life of God's own dear Son; and do strive to remember that this tremendous price, which all the whole universe and the million worlds we see above us at night cannot equal in value, was paid for an object, and that a twofold one; 1st, that you might be saved from hell; and 2ndly, that you might live to the glory and praise of God, Who esteemed your soul of such wondrous worth that He did not hesitate to give His Son for it.

" Please look at Rom. xii. 1, 2; 2 Cor. v. 15, 17, 21; Col. i. 9-14.—iii. 1-4.

" *Watch and Pray.* It's a hard fight, but the end is sure.
Rev. iii. 21.

" HUNTLY LODGE, 7th Oct., 1858.

" . . . I am indeed thankful that the company you have been in has not dissipated your love for the Word of God and prayer; but I would most earnestly say, BE CAREFUL. Satan comes in by little and little, insidiously and cunningly. Oh, beware—his devices are awful, and are aimed at nothing less than the ruin of the soul.

" "Ye cannot serve God and mammon;" it's impossible, for you must hate the one and love the other. Oh, may God keep you from falling into sin!

" . . . I know the danger. I have seen the end of some. I know that a downward step is easily taken, and with pain regained. If I did not speak plainly, I should not love you as I do. . . .

" Remember, the peace of God will not fill you heart, nor can you retain the joy which cometh from above at the same time that you are wilfully indulging in the things which form the chief pleasure of the servants of Satan. May God give you wisdom, zeal, and resolution to cleave to Him; and that you may not grieve Him by the least departure from His love. You may think that I write strongly, but I feel strongly.

"ISLE OF WIGHT, 30th Dec., 1858.

"I cannot agree with you about prayers in the family. The fact of hypocrisy existing in connection with it is no argument against it. According to that, there ought to be no church service, because hypocrites go there. Remember that the devil always uses good to educe evil ; that where there is good money, there will always be counterfeit coin ; at any rate the fact of some being hypocrites cannot absolve the master of a household from the plain duty of giving an opportunity to all in dependence on him of hearing the Word of God every day.

"... Circumstances must yield to the Gospel, not the Gospel to circumstances.

"... May He give you grace to see it in the same light, and when you do see it, to follow it honestly. '*Duties* are ours, events are God's.' I remember a passage in the life of that noble Christian, Havelock, which made a deep impression on me. 'When once he saw the path of *duty*, he held *consequences* as light as air.'

"Cultivate your own soul; let nothing interfere with your times of reading and prayer. Try to work for Him, *Who worked so hard for you*. Can you not visit some poor sick or dying man on your estate, and read the words of Jesus to him ; and tell him how full, how free, how unconditional the offers of salvation are for *all* sinners, and cheer his sick bed or dying moments ? God will bless you in doing it. Oh, read Matt. 25. 31 to the end.

"TREASURY, 20th April, [1859].

"... Oh, my dear Friend, I *do* want to see you taking a noble stand for God in your country. A negative religion is *not* the religion of Jesus. 'He that is not with Me, is against Me, and he that gathereth not with Me scattereth.' If it be true that nothing less than the Blood of God's only Son was shed for us, we must not stand still. These are the days when men are in earnest about everything ; nothing is done luke-warmly ; men put their hearts into their work and their pleasures. And shall we show less zeal and energy in the Service of our glorious King than men do in the paltry pursuits of time, the money-making of the busy world, and the pleasure-seeking of the rest ? Oh, surely not ! Men talk about enthusiasm as if it were allowable in painting, oratory, hunting, trading, but not in religion ; and yet what more glorious field for enthusiasm than the plucking souls out of the power of Satan ? What cause more worthy of devo-

tion than that in which the Captain and Leader gave up his own life?

" But above all, if you want to be useful to others, *Seek Jesus much and often*, meditate in His Word; let your reading of other books be calculated to help you in the knowledge of Him. Holiness is not acquired easily; sloth and indolence must be overcome, evil habits mastered, the thing taken up as one would take up an earthly profession. . . .

" Pray for these two things:

" 1. Greater knowledge of one's own sinfulness.

" 2. Greater knowledge of the love of Christ. God help you abundantly.

" I cannot agree with you about not speaking to others. . . . You can't get over the plain Word and command of God, 'Let him that heareth say, Come.' Look at John i. 36, 37-41, 42, 45; iv. 28, 29, 39.

" Oh, dear friend, we cannot know the inestimable blessings of salvation, and that we ourselves are delivered from the horrible pit, and leave others sinking down into it, without a word of warning. . . .

" Forgive my continually urging the point, but shall it be so with you? Will you be contented to make your appearance empty-handed in that day? What does Paul look forward to with such joy in 1 Th. ii. 19, 20, but to meeting those he had carried a message of life and peace to, in the presence of Jesus?

. . . What a glorious *privilege*, not *duty*, to be a *fellow-worker* with Christ; to be able to add to the joy of the Saviour, and make His heart, which bled for us, glad by winning fresh souls for Him. And it is not an unprofitable labour, even for *us*. 'He that watereth others shall be watered also himself.' Once experience the joy of 'saving a soul from death,' and you won't rest content without winning others.

" You say it's not your gift—**HAVE YOU TRIED?** Oh, *do* try. . . . I pray that God may so open the way for you, and give you such joy in the work of getting souls for Him, that you may realize to the full and continually the happiness He has sometimes given me.

" **TREASURY, 16th July, [1859].**

" . . . I particularly concur with you that you might 'do a great deal of harm by talking to everybody you meet, and on every occasion.' I am sure it needs a great deal of discretion. . . . I feel there are particular seasons when one can speak far more

readily and with (humanly speaking) a far greater chance of success, than at others; and to seize these opportunities needs much wisdom from above. No, do not think that I would urge your speaking everywhere and to all men. Great good may be done by example, and one can never lay down a precise rule of action for anybody. All I would say is, 'Be of the same mind that was in Christ Jesus.' What was His mind? What was it set upon? What else but the *salvation of sinners*?

"TREASURY, 30th August, [1859]

"... And now to answer one or two of your remarks. I quite agree with you that a departure from one's general way of living is prejudicial to the health of the soul. I only know of one remedy for it, *increased earnestness in prayer, determination about regularity in it morning and evening, which nothing shall break through with.*

"As to the Old Testament, let us remember that 'All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works,' 2 Tim. iii. 16; and David had only the five books of Moses when he wrote the 119th Psalm, which is so full of his delight in the law of his God.

"If I were you I should read the Bible *straight through* from beginning to end as a matter of history, and to become acquainted with it; but apart from your daily readings of the New Testament for the benefit of your soul. A knowledge of Scripture is the GREATEST TREASURE a man can have.

"... Remember there is such a thing as 'handling the Word of God *deceitfully*.' 2 Cor. ii. 17; iv. 2.

"I believe our only safety in these days of abounding error lies in taking it just as we find it—not as the word of men, but the Word of God.

"TREASURY, 2nd Feb., 1860.

"You ask me about prayer for temporal things. What can I do better than give you that text, 'Be *careful for nothing*: but in *everything* by *prayer* and *supplication*, with *thanksgiving*, let your *requests* be made known unto God'? Phil. iv. 6. And that is my creed. It is the fact of being in the habit of telling God about everything, and committing all to His guidance that enables the Christian to be '*careful for nothing*': which does not mean that he is not to exercise carefulness in his daily business and concerns, but that he is not to be over-anxious. See Ps. xxxvii. 5.

"I believe that '*everything*' means EVERY thing, that nothing is excluded; and therefore it is the greatest comfort to me to ask God about business and house and family and money-matters and health, and in fact every single thing: He cares for the hairs of my head—nothing is beneath His notice; and He loves the confidence of the little child that tells Him and asks His advice about all things, however small. There is nothing small in my Father's eyes. He has bestowed as much care on the moss on the wall and the animalculæ in the water as He has on man, and on the sun and moon. 'His thoughts are not our thoughts.'

"I am never so happy as when often in prayer about various persons and things, either in my room at home, on horseback, in the train, or at the office. . . .

"You say you cannot remember the text in which Paul says he is not aware of having committed sin. *No more can I.* But if you want to know what both Paul and John felt on the subject, look at Rom. vii. 15, 23, and 1 Jno. i. 8.

"I don't believe that any day will pass until we stand in glory, in which we shall be able to say we are without sin.

"TREASURY, 3rd April, 1860.

"I fear you have rather misunderstood my meaning about prayer. Do not think that the ejaculatory and occasional lifting up of the heart throughout the day is to stand instead of secret, stated, and regular prayer. The two are quite distinct. Matt. vi. 6, 8, which you quote, refers especially to the latter. 'When thou prayest, enter into thy closet.' The strength of the Christian's life lies in regular secret private prayer. Every saint I can remember in the Bible is an instance of this. Nehemiah in ch. i. and ii. is an illustration of both kinds of prayer.

"We find he first prayed long and secretly, and then when the emergency came, and he stood before the king, he momentarily '*prayed to the God of Heaven, and said unto the King.*'

"It is in the closet, when a man is shut out from the world, and can come leisurely and calmly before God, and draw very near to Him, and speak face to face with Him, that his soul makes progress in the divine life. An hour alone with God in the morning in reading and prayer is worth the whole of the rest of the day; and a man comes out of his chamber after pleading with his Father, and pouring out his heart before Him, refreshed for his daily course, with heaven in his heart, and thankfulness on his lips.

" Point out the men who have been notable as holy consistent Christians, benefactors of their generation, and eminent servants of God, and you will find without one exception that they have been regular in their morning, noonday and evening devotions.

" Depend upon it, though momentary prayer may do for an emergency, it does not do to live upon ; and what is more, a man is not in a frame of mind for such prayer, if he is not much with God in private.

" Another thing I may say too is this. A man's fondness for private communion with God, is just the thermometer of his spiritual life. May God give us grace to judge ourselves by this rule.

"TREASURY, Nov. 22, [1860].

" I was very glad to hear from you, and I lose no time in answering your letter. . . . I trust that you will take all that I say as it is written, in a spirit of real brotherly love. . . .

" You acknowledge that there is temptation : you nevertheless deliberately go into it—and yet hope that God will miraculously keep you from harm.

" My dear Brother, *this is not GOD'S way*. You cannot pray daily, ' Lead me not into temptation,' and then rise from your knees and go straight into it.

" God will not keep a man who acts thus. You do not, I dare-say, think so strongly, but remember, ' To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin.'

" 'Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth.' Rom. xiv. 22.

" I beseech you to ask yourself, Is this wise? Is it not dangerous? When Christ says, ' Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation,' am I right in deliberately doing those things which I acknowledge and feel *are* a temptation? . . .

" Oh, it is a dangerous thing to hurt one's conscience with any known sin, however slight. Many a man's ruin, and the life-long unhappiness of many a Christian, has begun with that. . . .

" I know that the struggle to keep some pet amusement, some darling sin, is very great, and that just at that time the devil makes them appear particularly enchanting, and makes one feel that if one were to give them up, life would be almost a blank; but I have gone through the struggle; I know and can testify what a gainer I have been; and I also know that, once the thing is done and given up, it has appeared perfectly trifling.

" You may think I am exaggerating the matter, Nothing of

the nature of sin in one who has been washed in the Blood of the Lamb, can be exaggerated. It cost the Blood of GOD'S own Son. . . .

"TREASURY, 10th May, [1866].

"There are two things in your letters which I should like to say a word about.

"1. *As to the handicapping.* Of course racing in Germany and England is very different. Here certainly no one would be looked upon as a consistent Christian who was thus engaged. The whole thing would be uncongenial to an earnest follower of Christ, being an essentially 'worldly' thing, and so mixed up with robbery, cheating and lying; . . . and any attempt to improve matters would be about as hopeless as Lot's attempt to improve the state of things in Sodom. Gen. xix. 6-9. He was in a wrong place, instead of walking with Abram who walked 'before God.' Gen. xvii. 1. He had got down to the level of the world, and instead of regulating it, was nearly destroyed with it. . . .

"It is sometimes useful to ask one's self with regard to things about which one may have doubts, 'Do I do this to please myself, or to please and glorify God?'

"2. *As to our Children's salvation.*

"It is a very large subject; but the principles which I gather from Scripture are these.

"God looks upon the children of His people as also His. Ps. cii. 28. Deut. x. 15.—iv. 37, and many other passages. Ps. cxxviii. 3, 5.—cxxxvii. 3.—Acts ii. 39.

"2. *He bids us train them up for Him,* Prov. xxii. 6.—Eph. vi. 4, etc., etc., etc.

"3. *Where this is done,* Parents have every reason to believe that God will save their children.

"4. *Where it is neglected,* to expect their salvation would be unwarrantable presumption.

"5. *When the children of GOD'S people have turned out badly,* there is always a cause, e.g., Eli's sons, 1. Sa. iii. 13.

"I have very little doubt concerning the ultimate salvation of my children. God may choose His own time for converting them, and I may not see it in my life; but I believe that He will, and therefore bring them up for Him, and remind Him of His promises. . . .

"PENZANCE, CORNWALL, April 11, [1871].

". . . God has been very gracious to us both. Gen. 33. 5, and I trust that, through His great grace we may be able, in the

day of His appearing to say (Heb. 2. 13.) ‘Behold I, and the Children which God hath given me.’ It is a great thing to believe that ‘the promise is unto us, *and to our Children*,’ (Acts. ii. 39) and that ‘Because He loved the fathers, therefore He chose their seed after them.’ Deut. 4. 37. See also Deut. x. 15.”

The thread is now taken up again in the year 1858. A few words from a letter of Mr. John MacGregor’s (“Rob Roy”) give a glimpse of Mr. Blackwood united with this fearless champion of the truth, in open air work.

“*July 11, 1858.*—A large crowd, especially of infidels and well-known sceptics, heard my farewell address on ‘The Rock and the Sand,’ at King’s Cross. Many shook hands most cordially. Blackwood (the handsome fellow) spent an hour with me, giving cards and tracts.”

To MR. ROWLAND SMITH.

“TREASURY, Aug. 16, 1858.

“ . . . I too am looking back on a two years’ life as a new creature; and in doing so, I cannot praise God sufficiently for the wonderful way in which He has upheld me. . . . Oh, how much greater need do I seem to have of Jesus than I had two years ago! What should I do without His daily sprinkling Blood and ‘everlasting righteousness’? Two years ago, next October, I began to pray that I might have deeper views of sin, and of Him, and He has graciously taught me a great deal—a great deal more than I could have borne at the time; and yet how much there is still to learn.

“ My work prospers, thank God. On Thursday evenings I have about seventy, or more, and am going through the 8th Romans. What a glorious chapter it is!

“ In September, God willing, we are going to Scotland.”

But before that time arrived, a proposal was made to Mr. Blackwood, through his Father, which, if accepted, must have changed the whole course and character of his life. It was the offer of a Government appointment as Colonial Treasurer and Commissariat officer in British Columbia, and carried with it a seat in the Colonial

Council and also certain pecuniary advantages. He felt the question to be one of much importance.

To MISS MARSH.

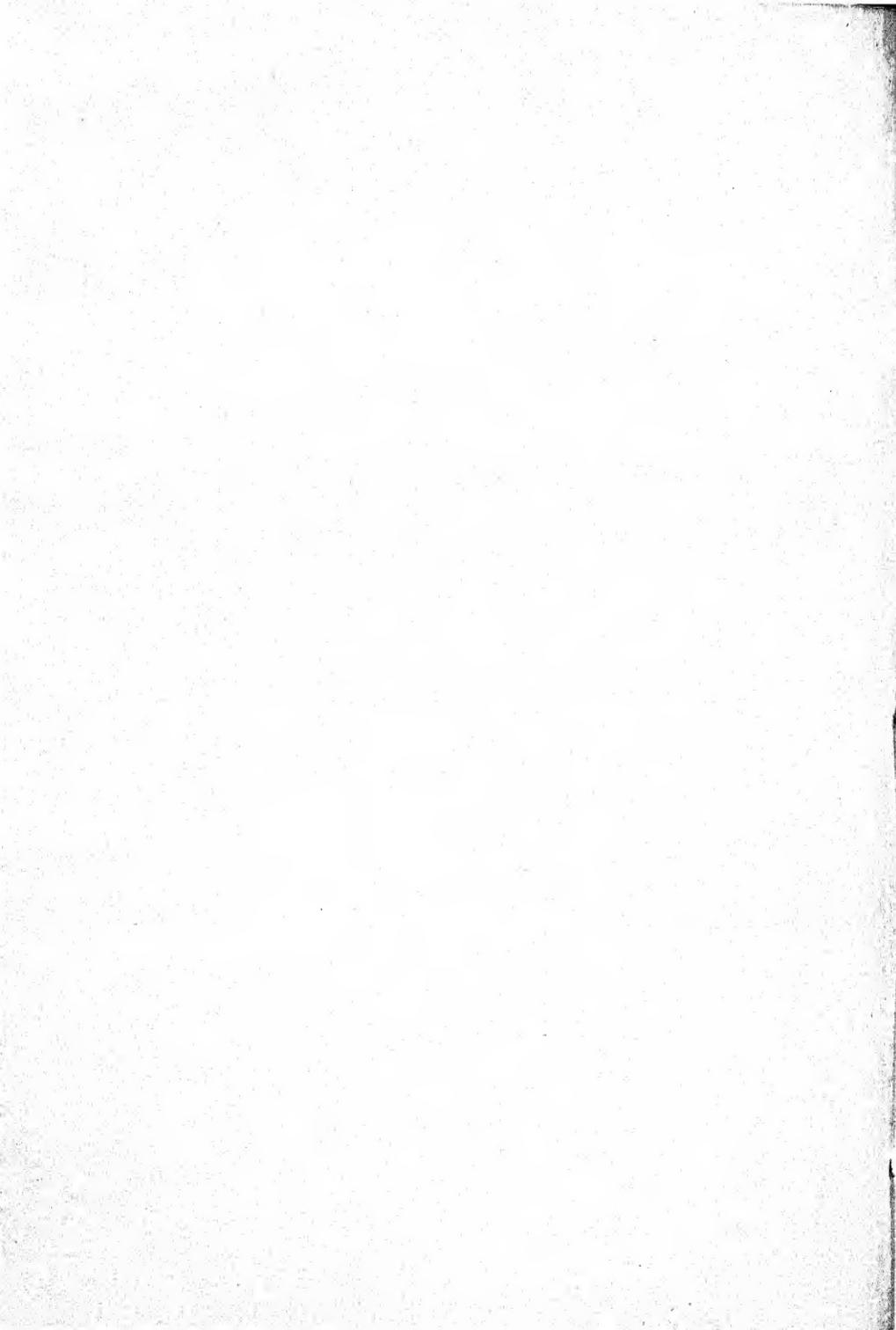
"TREASURY, 13th Sept., [1858].

"... At the present moment I know not which way the matter will end. It is in the Lord's hands. Let Him do what seemeth Him good. It will depend very much on what the Doctor says to-morrow, and my Father to-day.

"The matter had been decided *against* going, when it was brought up again in an unlooked and unsought for way. . . .

"About the time you get this we shall be deciding. Pray that I and all of us may act as for Eternity, with a single eye to the glory of our Saviour, and that He may make it *very* plain."

The result of that decision was a final refusal. God had provided some better thing for him.



V.

MARRIED LIFE.

HUNTRY LODGE AND FIRST HOME.
STREATHAM.
FROM PLACE TO PLACE.

"At his best a Christian is but a stranger here, set him where you will ; and it is his privilege that he is so. And when he thinks not so, he forgets and disparages himself. He descends far below his quality, when he is much taken with anything in this place of his exile."

Copied from LEIGHTON ON ST. PETER, in
December, 1858.

HUNTRY LODGE AND FIRST HOME.

Within three or four days of this momentous decision, Mr. Blackwood and his sister left London on a visit to the Duchess of Gordon at Huntly Lodge, Aberdeenshire.

Huntly Lodge stands within a short distance of the little town of the same name, which, situated near the meeting of the Bogie and the Deveron, is the local capital of the district of Strathbogie, a region holding a place of its own both in history and in fiction. To a southern eye the surrounding country may appear bare and bleak, but the lines of the Clashmack and other low moorland hills are full of beauty ; and within sight are the peaks of Tap o' Noth, the Buck of the Cabrach, Ben Rhynis, under whose shadow lies the birthplace of Mackay of Uganda, and other outposts of the more distant Grampians.

The old Castle of Huntly is now a fine ruin, planted on a little knoll above the rocky banks of the Deveron ; and a quarter of a mile or so on the other side of the river stands "The Lodge," a dower-house of the Gordon family.

Here during her widowhood lived Elizabeth, the last Duchess of Gordon,—"the good Duchess," as she is still affectionately called ; and staying with her at this time was Sydney, Duchess of Manchester, the widow of her beloved nephew, George, 6th Duke of Manchester, over whom and her two young children she had for years watched with loving maternal care.

The announcement of the engagement which shortly

took place between Mr. Blackwood and the Duchess of Manchester is thus made to one of his friends.

"THE LODGE, HUNTLY, ABERDEENSHIRE, 5th Oct., 1858.

"The wish so often expressed in your letters that I might find a 'help-meet' for me in life, has at last by the mercy of God been realized; and I write to you amongst the first to let you know that I am engaged to be married to Sydney, Duchess of Manchester, with whom I have been staying here, at the Duchess of Gordon's, for the last fortnight, but whom I have known more than a year.

"You will rejoice to know that she is one of God's own dear children, whom He has been teaching in no ordinary school . . . and who is in every way fitted to make my life thoroughly happy, as being capable of filling every void and satisfying every want of my human heart, at the same time that her whole desire is to glorify our God in her life, and to spend and be spent for her Saviour.

" . . . No congratulations can come up to the demand for them.

"Will you and your dear wife praise God for me, Who has blessed me thus abundantly and undeservedly, and pray that our lives may be devoted to Him in singleness of eye and thorough sincerity of heart?

"Pray above all that Jesus may be first in everything, and as you know the snare a time of engagement is, that we may have especial grace for such a time of need. . . .

"I am happy beyond expression."

It need not be said that the news of the engagement gave general and unbounded satisfaction. It happened that most of Mr. Blackwood's chief friends and associates had themselves been recently married. They now welcomed him with acclamation into their ranks.

And thus, "sanctified by the Word of God and prayer," and blessed by the holiest and most lovely thoughts, this happy union was formed.

On 11th October Mr. Blackwood and his sister left Huntly Lodge for a promised visit of a few days to friends whose acquaintance they had made at Wiesbaden.

TO SYDNEY, DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER.

"HUNTERSTON, 14th Oct. 1858.

"The weather is dark and dreary, and there are great black clouds of rain sweeping across the sea, and the mountains are wrapped in mist, and I think weather must influence the soul, though I don't quite like to concede it, for there are clouds and mists over my spirit to-day, not at all 'rejoicing in the LORD.' But 1 John iv. 15 made me feel that Jesus Christ was '*the same*, yesterday and to-day and for ever,' and that God *does* dwell in the hearts of His children and they in Him, though they may not be always able to realize it. . . . Oh, if Christ is ours, what do we want besides? Though all the storms of doubt and despair sweep across the soul, nothing, thank God, can shake that '*Ye are Christ's.*' As long as that's in the Bible; as long as the Holy Spirit says in plain English, 'Christ has got hold of you, you're His,' the devil himself can't take away our sure and certain hope. And then, if we *are* Christ's, what manner of persons ought we to be in all godliness? Ah! there's the rub—the flesh doesn't like that. We are very willing to lay hold of the promise, but when the consequence comes in, and the result of belonging to Christ is found to be that we must be redeemed from all iniquity—saved from our sins, the flesh staggers at it and thinks it a hard bargain."

To MISS ANNE WRIGHT.

"HUNTERSTON, 14th Oct., [1858]

"Thank you for your warnings and prayers: they are *much, much* needed. A time of earthly business and bustle is coming on, and what with office work and arrangements for the future when I get back, there will be danger of the heart and mind being drawn away from that Saviour Who loves me so much, and Whom I love so little. . . . but I thank Him that I can say, 'Hitherto has the LORD helped me.' He has not allowed the human love, I trust and hope, to outweigh the heavenly, feeble though it be, but keeps up a desire in my heart to know more of Jesus."

On 27th October, his leave having ended, Mr. Blackwood, as he notes in his DIARY OF DATES, "returned alone to London. Glorious journey of work."

TO SYDNEY, DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER.

"27th Oct., 1858.

"... It's 12 o'clock. I'm getting near Inverury, where I shall meet K. ... I had such an escort to the train. I am in a 3rd Class carriage with twenty-four people. I couldn't make up my mind to give them all tracts at first. There were some swell ... of whom I was dreadfully afraid. 'Notwithstanding the Lord stood with me, and strengthened me,' and I was enabled to give to all. They were very well received. Just met an old friend, a working man, to whom I had given a tract the day I went to Keith Hall; he gave me such a hearty shake of the hand, and has just got out. Just passed Inverury—wonderful man K—. I would I had his zeal for souls, and *forgetfulness of self*. He put his head into the carriage, and after saying a few words to me, began to preach to them all so solemnly. I shrink from such a thing fearfully. Ah, mine's a wretched service. May God give me more devotion of heart, and more constraining sense of His love. Still God makes us all useful in our way. As the train went on, I got into a little conversation with an old man opposite about K.'s concern for the salvation of others, upon which he said, 'Is it you or he is Brownlow North?'

"We are getting near Aberdeen. I must put up my epistle. Best and most grateful love to my dear Granny." [Duchess of Gordon].

"Wed., 3.30.

"... At Aberdeen, whilst waiting a quarter of an hour for the train, I went out to the Quay, and gave away a good many tracts, and went on board a collier, and preached a little sermon; and then whilst taking my ticket, I gave a man a book called, 'I have found a Ransom,' and began to speak. He asked me in an earnest way, 'How can I know that my ransom is paid?' I pointed him as plainly as I could to the truth and faithfulness of God in His word. He said, 'I should like to see more of you; this concerns *me*, it's a personal thing.' We parted, engaging to travel in the same carriage, but I have not seen him again. On starting there was one elderly man in the carriage with me; in some common-place conversation he said, 'It's a de'il of a long way to London.' I felt obliged, constrained to speak; and told him what a fearful thing it was to speak so frivolously of the Enemy of our souls; that if we were familiar with his name, we were familiar with him, and were his children, heirs of wrath.

He had been drinking; at first there was opposition, but he soon softened, and we knelt down in the carriage and prayed together. The poor man was so grateful, thanked God that he had met me, that I had spoken so faithfully to him, and said he felt it was a message to his soul. He is very solemn and sober now, just opposite me, seemingly impressed. Some others got in, an old and a young man and a young woman; they got their books. The old man read his; then came over to me and took my hand and said, 'If you've given me that pamphlet, Sir, for the love of the Lord Jesus Christ, I shall see your face shining in glory.' A nice conversation then ensued. May God grant that it may be a blessing to them and to me. He has helped me so. . . .

"The young woman, who hadn't said anything hitherto, has just got out. She took my hand and said so sweetly, 'I shall meet you again at *Home*, Sir, for I'm travelling home too.' Wasn't it nice?

"I've just found the other man; he's coming into my carriage at Perth. May God give me something for him, for Christ's sake.

"The poor drunkard quite sober, and *so, so* earnest. We were left alone again. He besought me to pray again with him, and knelt down; he rose sobbing like a child. . . . I pray that God may have touched his heart. He is praising God for His mercy.

"6 o'clock, *Perth*. We were left alone again, and once more prayed. Will you pray too for the poor man? . . . I fear I shall not be able to write more, for there is no light in our carriage. I want to spend a night of prayer. . . .

"TREASURY, Thursday.

"[Oct. 28th.] Shoals of work of all kinds awaiting me, official, domestic and religious, and but little time to do it in. . . .

"At Perth my anxious friend joined me. After drawing *me* out, he disclosed *himself* to be a Free Church minister, who had been preaching four times at Inverness on the Sunday, and was on his way to Canada as a Missionary. We had two hours' very pleasant communion. He said he felt he had been remiss in availing himself of opportunities of testifying for Jesus, and trusted that my having given him a tract at the Ticket place, would stir him up to more decision. We parted the best of friends for time and Eternity. . . . During the morning got an hour's thought about Rom. viii. 9, 10, 11, and composed my address. On the whole, never had such a journey of work and

pleasure in the work and profit in my life. His mercy endureth for ever. God be praised! . . .

"TREASURY 29th Oct., 1858.

"[Friday.] . . . Whatever the feelings may be, the work remains the same: thank God. 'It is finished!' 'Ye are complete in Him.' Not despair even can take us out of the cleft in the Rock of Ages.

"I am tremendously busy and must confine myself to business. I'm remarkably well, and have walked five miles already to-day.

"Give my very best love to the dearest Granny, and tell her that apart from all the joy of heart my stay at Huntly has caused, I do feel the rest and the instruction and the opportunities to have been very good for my soul.

"Pray for me . . . that business and pleasure may not distract or excite me; there is danger of it. I want 'A mind to blend with outward life, whilst keeping at Thy side.'"

To MISS MARSH.

"TREASURY, 29th Oct. [1858].

"I returned yesterday, better in soul than I have been for many a long day, after a journey from Huntly of which I never had the like before. . . . He is keeping my soul *near* to Him, I believe; and *His* work, thanks be to His grace, is ever foremost. I know you will be anxious to hear this.

". . . Oh, 'Auntie,' she is 'a gift from the Lord.' . . . May He grant that I may make her happy. I feel wretchedly undeserving of her, but He has led us together. . . .

"I had fifty young men in Huntly Church-of-England Church on Sunday, and was much helped."

To A FRIEND.

"Sat. morning, 12 A.M. [30th October, 1858].

"You must not be thinking such hard things of yourself; it's dishonouring to God. Your heart is right in His sight, for it's not your heart any longer, you've given it to Him; and it's renewed after His image; and He has returned it to you to keep for Him, instead of that stony heart you once had. Don't let the Devil tempt you with such thoughts. Do not look for *feelings*—feelings are only *consequent on faith*: if you are doubting God,—your being His, or your standing in grace, your feelings cannot

be satisfactory. Believe Jesus has loved you, and bought you, and keeps you; and feelings will come, but never while in unbelief. May He strengthen your faith.

"I will pray for you that you may really see Jesus. He is giving you an increasing desire to behold Him, and as it comes from Him He surely will give fulfilment of it. I send you Isa. xii. 2. May God bless it to you by His spirit."

To MR. ROWLAND SMITH.

"TREASURY, 9th Nov. 1858.

"It goes well with me, thank God, in all ways, especially spiritually, and He is mercifully making Himself still the first, and seems to be binding me closer to Himself by ever fresh tokens of His goodwill.

"He has been working *with me* lately much, and I have hope of many.

"Of other things I can only say, 'The lines have fallen to me in **very** pleasant places.'

To MISS MARSH.

"TREASURY, Dec. 11, [1858].

"... I shall count your Bible one of my greatest treasures, as coming from one to whom I owe more of spiritual good than to any one in the world besides.

"I am so overjoyed to think that there is a chance, even a remote one, of seeing you either Monday or Tuesday.

"We shall be just ten of us at the Lord's Supper, but I suppose there is *no* hope of you for that.

"It *would* so start us in our married life to hear *you* say 'God bless you.'

The wedding was to take place from the Duchess of Gordon's, who by this time had come to town, and was staying at Grillon's Hotel, Albemarle Street. On 16th December, the marriage was solemnized at St. George's, Hanover Square, by the Rev. Frederick Chalmers, Rector of Beckenham; and the newly-married couple left for Dyrham Park, Herts, the house of their friend Captain Trotter.

To MISS MARSH.

"FRESHWATER BAY, Dec. 31 [1858].

" . . . We left Dyrham on Monday. . . . On the steamboat I had some very nice work. I was dreadfully afraid at first, there were so many well-dressed people; but we prayed about it, and then I set to work.

"The books were eagerly received by all, even the Captain of the ship, who asked for one, and afterwards asked G—— if I was a clergyman. I had a chat with a poor soldier of the 50th, who confessed he was a backslider, but that the difficulties of his position as drill-instructor were too much for him. Poor fellow, we have been praying much for him.

"We are now at Freshwater, a charming place, hearing the roar of the waves, and having enjoyed the most glorious weather. We get the servants of the house in to prayers and exposition, and I have formed acquaintance with a Christian Coastguardsman. There are also some Artillerymen here, whom I hope to get at.

"We are having a good deal of reading of the Bible together, and at other times *McCheyne's Life*, which I find most profitable, and *Stanley's Palestine*.

"My darling wife is, thank God, very well, and I can see a decided improvement in her. . . . 'The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her.' . . .

"Oh! if He has been satisfying you, and making you feel that there is none that you desire in comparison of Him, pray that I may do the same, that nothing else may be permitted to satisfy me but Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

To BARON CHARLES VON BIEL.

"I. OF WIGHT, 30th Dec., 1858.

"Ours was a thoroughly Christian wedding. We were married from the Duchess of Gordon's, in London, a sincere servant of God. The night before, ourselves and families, about twelve in all, partook of the LORD's Supper together; and immediately after the wedding we met together with about twenty friends and relations, all devoted servants of the LORD Jesus, to ask a blessing on our union, and to pray that our lives might be spent to His glory."

"While seeking a permanent home," says Mr. Black-

wood in his NOTES, "we first lived for six months in a house on Wimbledon Common."

"Whilst here, and afterwards," writes his Wife, "he went regularly to the Mount Row Meeting, and also to the Bible-Reading in Captain Trotter's room in Soho Square, lent for the purpose. He would always go over all the names of those who were present, members of Civil Service, Officers, etc. He always tried to get men to join, and would chronicle with joy how so-and-so came regularly and was really interested."

At this time he began the practice of inviting several cadets from Addiscombe College to spend the Sunday at his house, the line of blue uniforms sometimes almost filling his pew in Church.

"I have written," he says to Miss Marsh, "to ask E—, M—, P— and H— for next Sunday, and have great pleasure in telling you that if we get this house at Streatham, it will suit in every respect either *you* or we can possibly desire."

"He sought so earnestly," writes his Wife, "to win those cadets to the service of God. Some he knew and loved have passed 'within the veil'; with others he corresponded, and was so happy when he heard of the Christian Life of one and another. For some he had to grieve that the promise of early years was not fulfilled."

And yet of even some such he was allowed to know here on earth that his "labour had not been in vain in the LORD." So long afterwards as 1878—almost twenty years later!—he received a letter from a clergyman to whom he was personally unknown, which says:—

"You may not now remember a brother of mine," [mentioning a name which often appears in Mr. Blackwood's letters of the earlier date] "at Addiscombe many years ago. You were personally helpful to him when he was there. He has for many years been under a cloud, having sadly backslidden, but has lately been brought to decide boldly for Christ. He speaks as if he had never known the truth before, but my own impression is that the work

of grace really began at Addiscombe. Should you remember him, you will be glad to hear of his restoration."

Amongst the letters which Sir Arthur preserved to the day of his death was one from another Addiscombe cadet, written in 1863 from a hill-station in India, and over which doubtless he had rejoiced with great joy.

STREATHAM.

NOTES.

"From Wimbledon, on 29th June, 1859, we moved to Wood Lodge, Streatham, an old square red-brick house, looking over Tooting Common towards the setting sun, and surrounded by about seven or eight acres of old-fashioned garden and paddock."

Close at hand, indeed adjoining, were the Rectory and Parish Church.

The Streatham of those days—now entirely swallowed up into a bustling London suburb—was still really a village. It stood on the high-road from London to Brighton. The short irregularly-built street, lined here and there with trees, crept down a hill, and on one side was broken by the village-green, which was bounded by some of the beautiful elms for which the neighbourhood was then remarkable.

Many historic recollections hung about the spot. The Parish Church, at the top of the hill, stands on a site which is believed to have been originally that of an old Roman station, though for many centuries a place of Christian worship. It was the door-post of its porch which old Dr. Johnson kissed, as he left for the last time the building where he had so often worshipped with his friends the Thrales, whose house stood within a few hundred yards of Wood Lodge. It was in Streatham Rectory, parts of which are said to be of very great antiquity, that much of the Reform Bill of 1832 was drafted. The living was then held by Lord Wriothesley

Russell; and at an important crisis in the evolution of the Bill, Lord John Russell retired to his brother's Rectory, where he lay *perdu* for about three weeks, engaged upon his work, the study and a bedroom above it being given up to his use.

In the southern part of the parish, around Streatham Common, was the separate district of Immanuel Church, where Mr. Blackwood attended.

Until February, 1868, Wood Lodge continued to be his home ; and perhaps in the whole of his life, there were no happier years than these. "Ah, there can never be another Streatham," he would sometimes say. He was then in all the freshness and spring-time of his spiritual experience; temporally his cup was indeed full of happiness ; and it seems to have pleased GOD to give an unusually abundant and speedy harvest to his labours for Him. It was also the sowing-time of much seed which reproduced itself in later times, and whose accumulated harvests are for eternity.

"Never perhaps," he says himself in almost the last words which he was able to dictate in his Autobiographical Notes, "was I permitted to engage in work more fruitful in definite blessing, resulting through GOD's grace in the changed lives of numbers whom I have ever since counted amongst my truest Christian friends."

Moreover, as is evident from the Word of GOD, there are in the spiritual history of the Church, as of the individual, seasons which are "times of refreshing from the presence of the LORD," in which the Spirit is poured out from on high. The most simple and ordinary means of grace are then invested with a new power, and extraordinary means seem to be merely natural and appropriate.

Such a period in the general life of the Evangelical Churches coincided with this portion of Mr. Blackwood's

life. What wonder then that, in common with scores of earnest workers to the present day, he ever looked back with holy recollections to that time of wonderful blessing?

He had already been much interested in soldiers and policemen, and within a few weeks of reaching Streatham the record stands in his *DIARY OF DATES*:

"August 2nd. Soldiers and Policemen's party on the lawn."

But something more permanent than this was desired and effected, though little indeed could he have imagined at the time "whereunto this thing would grow." "It commenced," he says, "with an attempt to get hold of the Police Force of the village on their pay day. We met first at the rude little station which was all that the quiet village of Streatham then boasted." This was merely a room or two adjoining the spot where

*"Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stood."*

NOTES.

"This proving too small, we first adjourned to my coach-house, and then to one of the downstairs rooms in my house, to which the men's wives could also come. Presently others from the village dropped in, and soon not a few of the better class. After a time it became necessary to make a weekly clearance on Monday evenings of our dining room, library, and hall, which, together with the staircase, made room for between 200 and 250 people."

"Usually," says the Duchess, "the space was all too small. How the earnest attentive faces rise to remembrance! As the meeting closed, he would seek one and another to press home the truths on which he had been speaking, his whole soul absorbed in the one desire that each should know the Saviour so dear to himself. It was here that many found life eternal, poor and rich, high and low. One remembers so well some of the regular attendants—the poor woman who came in all weathers with her baby across Tooting Common; the well-to-do farmer who never missed; the young men so attentive, so interested; this one and that—many now gone home to glory, whose first start heavenward was made

there, and the many also of all classes who are still faithfully serving and working for the Saviour Whom there they learned to know and to love; but some too over whom he mourned, who seemed to begin well, but turned back to sin and the world's service. How quiet all were, and how they listened and noted! In the summer the garden door was open, and many sat out in the twilight; but though thus scattered, all were so reverent, and seemed to catch the spirit of the earnest pleadings to which they listened.

"A poor woman who had been in such trouble as to attempt to drown herself from London Bridge, came to live at Streatham. One day she overheard a woman say, '*That's* the place to find peace.' She went up and said, 'Oh, where? Tell me where I may find peace. I am so miserable.' The woman told her of the meetings, and offered to call for her the next Monday. She came; and the text seemed as if spoken to her by God. '*Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*' '*Rest*'—that was what she needed. Her attention was riveted, and she left that house a changed woman.

"Mr. Blackwood sought to follow up all whom he could reach. In his morning walks—on Sundays and holidays—after his work in London, his delight was to visit this one and that one, and help them on in the heavenly way.

"His preparation was always most careful, whether for the few or for the many. He had not much time, but from the first felt that he could not speak to others unless he had some hours on Sunday evenings quite undisturbed,—all through his life he kept to this rule.

"Sometimes with all his preparation, he felt as if he could not speak, and would go to the meeting much depressed; but whether 'prepared' or feeling quite 'unprepared,' his dependence was ever upon God, and he would say how he had been helped, although not always to his own comfort. Stammering was a great trial to him, but gradually, unless he was very nervous, this was overcome."

Before the close of this year 1859, the first references to the Great Revival appear in the correspondence.

To MISS MARSH.

"TREASURY, 24th Oct. [1859].

"No! dearest 'Auntie,' I've not forgotten you, but I'm overwhelmed with work; and I too want to see you, and tell you about

our God's gracious dealings here, there, and everywhere. It seems *too* glorious. I believe we shall see 'great and marvellous things.' I am looking for them in my house and family and neighbourhood and city.

"I send you a letter from the dear old Duchess." [of Gordon] "I ought to have sent it before, but have been rushing up and down to Liverpool and Southampton," [with specie] "and have been reading it out everywhere. People weep as they hear it. Forty-six at my Streatham meeting, mostly police, and 150 in London."

To BARON CHARLES VON BIEL.

"TREASURY, Nov. 7, 1859.

"You have I suppose heard something of the wonderful revival of religion in the North of Ireland, Scotland and Wales, where God seems to be awakening hundreds and thousands to a sense of their lost state without Jesus, and causing them to flee from the wrath to come. My Wife's relations, who live in the midst of it, have sent us some account of the marvellous change of heart and life that has taken place in many amongst their own servants, tenants and others. We have not seen much of it in England, though there does seem to be a great and increasing anxiety in the hearts of multitudes to learn about Christ and His Salvation. There are numerous daily prayer-meetings. The other day I went to one at some iron-works and mines in Derbyshire, belonging to Wright's father, where I met eighty of the men in one of the gas-houses for prayer at 1.15.

"These men have an hour for dinner, and out of that they spend three-quarters in social prayer. I addressed a few words to them, we sang a hymn, and several of them prayed most fervently. It was wonderful to see them, black from the smelting furnaces, all meeting together to call upon their GOD.

"Even in London, and where I labour, I think I see God working. My Thursday Evening Meeting now numbers nearly two hundred, and is often quite crammed; and my Police meeting, which began with twelve, now has increased to forty-six or fifty. Several of them are, I trust, seeking Jesus, and some have found Him."

To MR. ROWLAND SMITH.

"TREASURY, Nov. 8, 1859.

"I find, which I suppose you have found too, that the fight, which at the first was mostly external, has now become very nearly

altogether internal. ‘He that subdueth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city,’ seems to me just now to be a very powerful word, and the necessity of having all the imaginations of one’s heart subjected to the law and love of Christ appears of paramount importance, if we would walk worthy of our high calling as children of God, and joint-heirs with Christ. “Oh! that the Word had more power over one, and that the love of Christ more constrained one to bring *every* thought into subjection. But it is a life-long process.”

To HIS SISTER.

“TREASURY, Nov. 22, [1859].

“I must write you one line, though my hand aches with continuous writing for almost four hours.

“We had *such* an evening last night. General Alexander gave us an account in Mr. Eardley’s Schoolroom of the Revival. Oh, it was so solemn, so crowded. That fine old Christian soldier made one feel one *saw* it all. Truly it is a wondrous and awfully solemn work, and not to be spoken of lightly. Whither are all these things leading?

“... A feeling of awe comes over one as one looks forward, and as one looks around and sees the giddy careless crowd, eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage with no reference to Eternity.

“May He give us waiting hearts, and all needful knowledge.

“Pray for a little Jew cadet I have asked for Sunday. He is feeling something, and says he thinks the passages in the N. T. about the ‘love of Christ’ *very beautiful*.

“Colonel Stepney was with us last night, and was much impressed. . . .

“Do you take and think on, in connection with present events, Ps. cii. 14, 16.

“TREASURY, 12th Dec., [1859].

“As usual I have *no* time to spare. There are many I have spoken to, whom I want to write to. I want time for reading and prayer and meditation, both for my own soul, and others, and I mustn’t neglect my duty here.

“Such a glorious Sabbath yesterday. Old Colonel Stepney spent it with us, and brought his son. . . . Colonel Stepney, for whom I have been so feebly interceding for two years and a half, seems in great anxiety. Continually, as we were reading all together in the afternoon, and in the evening whilst talking

together, we heard a suppressed, 'LORD JESUS, help me' coming from the old man's lips. I trust he was much impressed."

A few years later, Colonel Stepney was called away, with only a few days' illness, as the result of an apparently trifling accident—merely a fall on an icy road. His widow poured out her heart to her husband's friend; and some extracts from her letter will tell how real had been the change wrought in that night by the Holy Spirit's power.

"IMPERIAL HOTEL, JERSEY, Monday, 28th July.

"My heart has burned within me to write to you to tell you, as he told me to do, that he died saved in Christ. He desired me to tell you that he went forth with glorious certainty and hope to his Saviour's arms. He longed that you should know his fearless happiness in death, through your teaching. And he even told the doctor, lest grief might prevent me, to be sure and tell you, his dearest Guide and Friend, that you will see him yet with Jesus.

"All that night before he died he was rapt in glory—holding out his arms to his loving Saviour, and telling me to follow. His mind and brain clear and strong to the last. No shadow of doubt lay over him.

"Tuesday night they sent me to lie down. At about 4.30 my maid called me. He seemed departing fast, with full consciousness. He was gazing upwards when I came to him, and describing all to me. He said, 'I have seen it all, and the hour of Christ's coming (for me) is at hand. It may be this night. I saw the throne, and the bands of glorious angels preparing, and the music I have also heard. . . .' He was, oh, so gloriously happy. As day broke, he said he saw the end was not yet. He gave me so many messages. In the forenoon he desired me to send for the General, who at once came, and he told him all he wished . . . but whenever he had said all these necessary earthly things, he *absorbed his soul* in quiet rapid prayer, too ill to heed the movements around, but his lips continually speaking low to Jesus,—'Jesus Christ,' and 'dear LORD Saviour.' On Wednesday night, almost in a moment he was gone. Will you send me the text that will go later on his monument? He would have liked you to choose it, I think."

The long friendship which Mr. Blackwood had felt for this old officer had been shared by his brother, who, as he said himself, "had been a clergyman for thirty years, without peace." In those days of spiritual awakening his anxiety about his own condition became very great. He attended meetings in Ireland ; came over to London, and sought, but in vain, for the sense of pardon and reconciliation with GOD. Mr. Blackwood had much personal conversation with him. After a short time, he left for Scotland ; and in a few days the following letter was received.

"*21st Jan., 1861.*

"In the train the other night, I was repeating the 53rd of Isaiah, to while away the time, and when I came to the words, 'The LORD hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all,' I felt with indescribable force that *I* must be included in the word *all*, and that as my sins had once been laid upon the great Sin-bearer, that even had they been ten thousand times more heinous than they are, He has made full satisfaction for them, and thus they can never again be brought up against me.

"I trust this is the Holy Spirit showing me the truth ; and what you said so positively about Christ dying for *all*, and having paid the whole debt of *all* mankind, has greatly fortified me. You were so very kind, I can't help opening my mind to you."

TO HIS SISTER.

"*12th Dec., [1859].*

[*Letter resumed.*]

"I've begun a little meeting for prayer on Saturday evenings at eight o'clock for half an hour, for real Christians. About a dozen from the village come, and several of our servants. A policeman, whom W—— calls my 'firstfruits' amongst them, prays most beautifully. Prayers limited to five minutes, two hymns, and a few verses. They've one at Beckenham at the same hour.

"Oh! what great things God is doing. But I want more power in my own heart and life. I seem often quite dead—no sins subdued. . . . Grace seems often powerless."

FROM HIS SISTER.

"21st Dec., 1859.

"You spoke in your last letter, darling, as in most others, of having 'as usual no time'; and it made me wonder whether perhaps you did not sometimes try and undertake more than you could thoroughly do. I feel I am the *last* person to suggest less work to you, when I do so little for Jesus myself, but still I have heard and *seen* that Satan has two ways of tempting God's children, one being to do too little, and the other to do too much. And I have generally observed that the more experienced Christians become, the more time they seem to have, and the less hurried they are; because I think they do not try to grasp too much, and so get hearts 'at leisure.'

"And I am sure when others feel that Christians are so busy, they can only spare five or ten minutes to listen to them, it makes them feel that there must be a kind of *superficiality* in their attention and sympathy; and that perhaps all the time, though *really* trying to help them, and throw themselves into their interests, they are inwardly thinking that their time with them is nearly up, and that they must go on to the next person or thing of interest.

"I only speak now generally, because I like to tell you what I feel; and also because I think we all need to remember sometimes that although God graciously *makes use* of us as His instruments in His great work, yet that He is by no means *dependent* upon us or our labours; and that we may sometimes, by *impressing others* with the quantity of things we want to do, and the little time we have for each, prove a check and a hindrance to them, rather than the help we desire to be, and *should* be, if our hearts were more restful and less anxious and occupied about '*many* things,' though each good in themselves. And so we need as much of that wisdom which cometh from above to show us where to *stop*, as how to *go on*."

THE ANSWER.

"STREATHAM, Saturday, [24th Dec., 1859].

"Your letter just received was like oil upon troubled water. Ten minutes ago I was so burdened with a heap of things: letters to be answered; children's tree to be got ready; tricks to be prepared; servants to be seen after; a ride, if possible, for half an hour; tracts; accounts; prayer-meeting, etc., etc., etc., till I felt overwhelmed, and your letter has just put it all straight.

"I believe I do try to do too much; and yet when I see what

others do, and remember the many who want writing to and praying for, I feel that I do nothing; and then I am never able to follow any cases here to their homes, and feel half the work is undone (faithlessly). But I don't get time enough for prayer, though perhaps more than many do. What I want to realize and attain is the power of a *present praying mind*, as you say, 'at leisure from itself'.

" . . . Oh, I can't tell you half the things I want. God is working with Mr. Radcliffe and Brownlow North. I heard them at Exeter Hall. I don't know when he comes to us."

How conspicuously, in after life, Mr. Blackwood was enabled by the grace of God to attain the tranquillity of spirit about which his sister wrote, is shown by the testimony of the wife of his clergyman at Crayford, who had for several years constant opportunity of intercourse. She says :—

" The repose of his life was something very beautiful. He was never in a hurry. His early rising, and his splendid arrangement of his time, contributed to this. So it came to pass that when in conversation with you, he knew just *how long* he could spare; and for that space he was *wholly* at your disposal. But as the limit arrived, he would calmly rise and go to his next engagement."

To HIS SISTER.

" TREASURY, 30th Dec., [1859].

"One word of hearty wishes for the New Year, in Dr. Marsh's words :

" 'A lively faith in the 1st Advent.'

" 'A joyful hope in the 2nd Advent.'

" 'A holy, happy, and useful New Year.'

" There is on every hand great cause for thanksgiving and encouragement. . . .

" Kempster, as you may imagine, is almost out of her skin for joy. She sings and prays all night long. . . . She's been here a fortnight, and I shall be so sorry to lose her. I always speak into her trumpet at prayers, which she enjoys immensely.

" We hope Mr. Radcliffe will come to us about 8th, and believe that God is with him.

" This has been a very, very blessed year. I expect one of greater blessing, though strange things loom in future."

The Duchess' "*Recollections*" take up the story again at this point.

"When the news of God's dealings in Scotland, in 1859-60, reached us, and letters from the Duchess of Gordon and Miss Calcraft,* telling of the blessing upon Mr. Reginald Radcliffe's preaching round about Huntly, etc., Mr. Blackwood could not be satisfied till he had arranged that Mr. Radcliffe should come to Streatham, so that those around, for whose souls he longed, should have the opportunity of hearing him. The Drawing-room was prepared,—and numbers came; and as Mr. Radcliffe spoke on The Brazen Serpent—telling how 'EVEN so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him' might THEN receive healing for the soul by 'looking'—the Word went home to many hearts.

"A gentleman who came to the meeting, and sat near Mr. Radcliffe, shook his head disapprovingly, and continued to do so during the address. Many years afterwards a letter was received from him, written in his last illness, and telling of comfort and profit received from reading in '*Forgiveness, Life, and Glory*', the very same truths which had then called forth his strong disapproval."

To MISS MARSH.

"TREASURY, Monday [Jan. 1860].

"A glorious, glorious evening on Friday, with Mr. Radcliffe at Westbourne Riding School. About 150 remained. Such a wondrous scene of the Spirit's power. Hearts opened and Jesus revealed to them. The same last night at Craven Chapel, Regent Street: about eighty. Prayer answered about Police. There's a stir among them.

"Many, many thanks, but can't neglect my Thursday in London, and have a meeting every other night this week in my own house, or we should both be delighted to come.

"TREASURY, 12th Jan. [1860].

"Please, much prayer about the police. God has, I believe, the last two Mondays given me grace to tell the plain truth, (last Monday we had over seventy,) and it is rousing enmity. —, a professing Christian, but a worldly man, is furious, I hear, and

* Afterwards the wife of the Rev. C. D. Marston, of St. Paul's, Onslow Square.

several of the others said that if the preaching was not changed last Monday, they would not come again. It was *not* changed—and it now rests with the *LORD*. . . . Altogether there is much opposition. I am beseeching the *LORD* to change his heart; and to pluck brands from the fire amongst them.

“Pray that I may have wisdom to tell them of Jesus’ love . . .”

To HIS SISTER.

“TREASURY, 13th Jan. [1860].

“Thanks for your letter of caution. There is indeed a necessity for guarding against excitement, and I feel one should be slow to point out people as converted people to others till one is very sure. At the same time that one should not throw cold water on the people themselves, or be ‘slow of heart to believe’ that God can and does work instantaneously.

“If the work were man’s, we might say time was required; but as it is God’s, Who is Omnipotent, I see no reason for doubting that He is able and willing to work in the same way now as He did formerly, when 3000 believed and rejoiced in one day.

“We must pray that Jesus may be realized by us and all engaging in the work as our ‘Wisdom,’ which He *is* made unto us. . . .”

To BARON CHARLES VON BIEL.

“TREASURY, May 25, [1860].

“MY DEAR CHARLIE,—I’m as usual, or rather, *more* than usual, overwhelmed with work, and can only begin a letter, in the unsatisfactory hope that, by fits and starts, I may be able to finish it in a few days’ time.

“26th.—I must try and get this off to-day, for Monday and Tuesday I have to go to Liverpool. Remember this, dear Friend, wherever you are *Jesus is your Friend*. What a beautiful Name it was the envious Pharisees gave Him. How little they thought how that name would be valued in after years. Luke vii. 34. ‘*Friend of Sinners*.’

“What a Friend! *Almighty—Unchangeable—Everlasting—the Living GOD*.

“What a contrast to human friends,—*weak, fickle, temporary, sinners*. And *He loves me!* This should make our hearts glad. Do we treat Him as a Friend? Confide everything to Him? our joys as well as our sorrows? trust Him at all times? Oh, why do we not love Him more? Even because we believe His love to us so little.”

In fitting together the fragments of a "life-mosaic," how curiously fine are the coincidences which even here and now are revealed! The thoughts thus suggested by the Spirit and the Word to Mr. Blackwood's mind for the comfort of his German friend had yet another purpose to which God had "sent them." They evidently abode in his own heart; for although the Treasury duty which took him on the following Monday to Liverpool, must have prevented his speaking at his own meeting that evening, the subject which he took on the succeeding Monday, 4th June, was Luke vii. 34, "*A Friend of Sinners.*"

"It is thirty-four years to-day," wrote in 1894 one who owed to him "her own self," "since on the 9th June, 1860, Sir Arthur's words led me to God, before I had ever even heard him speak. From the time I was a mere child I had been in the greatest anxiety about my soul. I can perfectly recollect my first conscious conviction of sin when less than nine years old. From that time I had lived through years of spiritual misery. I often prayed, even with agony, that some of the Christians about me might speak to me; but they never did, and I was afraid to speak myself. At the time of my Confirmation I had set myself with my whole heart to seek the Lord. It was a time of decision, but as yet there was no rest in the Blood that speaketh peace. Five days later the MS. notes of an address given by Mr. Blackwood at Wood Lodge on the 4th, were sent to me. They were on the words, '*A Friend of Sinners.*' It was just the simplest truth, very winning to a wearied heart. He set forth Jesus as the Friend of sinners, Almighty, Everlasting, Unchangeable, giving Himself to death for sinners. Then he contrasted His love with changing human friendships, and spoke of the correlative truth, 'I have called *you* friends,' and the responsibilities of this heavenly fellowship. It drew my heart to Christ 'by the cords of love.' But there was nothing to bring peace to a guilty conscience, till I turned over the last page of the three closely-written sheets with which I shall never part on earth. There I read these words:

"Many people say to me, O Sir, if I could only *feel!* Well, it doesn't say '*Feel* and be saved,' but '*Believe* and be saved.' *Feeling* won't save you; being impressed and weeping won't save

you—nothing but believing—taking Christ just at His word that He did die for you. “*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.*”

“Upon these words the light of the Holy Spirit came, and I saw it all. ‘Well, but I do believe,’ I said. ‘Then it’s all done.’ I knelt down, and thanked God for Jesus my Salvation, without any particular feeling. But next morning in church, as we sang the old-fashioned Jackson’s *Te Deum*, and came to the verse, ‘When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers’—then for the first time I knew what it meant to ‘rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.’

“Strangely enough, I believe the last address I ever heard Sir Arthur give was from that verse in the *Te Deum*.

“That was the beginning of the thirty-three years which made him, as he wrote, ‘an old and true friend.’ I don’t think he ever forgot that sacred tie. The date ‘May 14, 1864’ stands in my Bible beside the text with which he burst out as we knelt down to thank God, when I took courage to tell him: ‘It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto Thy Name, O Thou Most High.’

“From that time until his death, he gave me a text each year, and I believe that they were chosen with great care and prayer.”

To BARON CHARLES VON BIEL.

LONDON. [Begun: 22nd Sept.,] 3rd Oct., 1860.

“The events that are happening in this part of the world are truly marvellous. In Scotland especially large meetings have been held for two days together for preaching the glorious Gospel in the open air, and 20,000 have on several occasions been gathered together at Huntly, Aberdeen, Glasgow, Perth, Greenock, Paisley and other places. God seems to bless the very feeblest effort in His service.

“I began this letter a week ago on 22nd [Sept.] It is now the 29th. I little thought that while I was even writing the above lines, the Lord was working so wonderfully in the very house where I was staying. . . . On the morning of the 22nd I went up to London with a young Russian gentleman who had been in England two years, and was the tutor in the house. He was a clever man, . . . intellectual. He was by religion a Protestant, but though having had every advantage during the time

he had been in England, had never received the truth into his heart.

"There is no house I know where a man would have greater opportunities of giving himself to God than the one he had been in; but though he had at times had serious impressions, they had faded away, and he was to leave England for Paris in October, a still unchanged man. On Saturday morning, as I say, he and I were going up to London together, and were to return together in the evening. As we were in the train, I felt I ought to speak to him; but knowing how often he had heard the truth, felt that I could say nothing new to him, and was very much inclined to say nothing. At last, after prayer in a tunnel, I turned round to him, and said, 'And have you found Jesus?' or some words to that effect.

"A conversation ensued, in which he gave vent to a good many doubts upon various points of divine truth, and went on reasoning for a good while in a very argumentative spirit. At last I gave him a little tract called, 'I have my ticket.' He held it in his hands for some time, and then suddenly turning round to me said, 'Mr. Blackwood, I will be frank with you, I will not read this. I had much rather not.' I was surprised, but only said that he must do as he liked, and we parted.

"In the evening he did not come down with me, or arrive in time for dinner; but after dinner I was reading in the Drawing-room, when suddenly I felt a hand laid on my shoulder. I looked up, and saw the Russian's face.

"'Come with me, Mr. Blackwood,' he said, 'I want to speak with you.' We went into the next room. He exclaimed, 'My friend, I have found Christ—I AM SAVED. Let us praise GOD.'

"I could hardly believe it. It seemed so wonderful that the intellectual doubter of the morning, the refuser of the tract, should so suddenly have been changed into a humble believing child of God. But so it was; and then and there we knelt down, and with both our hearts beating with joy we praised our Father.

"But the way in which it happened was if possible still more remarkable. It was thus. His refusal to read the tract weighed on his mind all day; but in the evening so determined was he not to do so, that he bought the *Saturday Review* . . . and read that instead. On reaching his station, he got out and went to the omnibus; but *found it full*. It was pouring, and he then thought he would get into the train again, and go on to the next station, whence he would only have a mile and a half to walk. Having

only five minutes to spend in the train, he thought he would not begin another article in the *Review*, but that instead he would just look at the tract, and so be able to tell *me* he had read it. He did so, and by God's grace, when his eyes reached the words, 'Believe on the LORD Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,' the veil fell from them, and he *believed* in Jesus. Being alone in the carriage, he fell down and poured out his heart in prayer to his new-found Father in heaven.

"Thus it was God's Word, the two-edged sword of the Spirit, which effected the wondrous change.

"Dec., [1860].

"Truly one knows not what to say. 'It is the LORD's doing, and is marvellous in our eyes.' Moral upright professors and blackguards of the very lowest kind are alike casting themselves on the mercy of God through Christ.

"A man of fearful character who had lost an eye and an arm through drunkenness, began to pray in a meeting thus:—

"'O God, I have cursed my eyes, and You took one of them and spared my life. I cursed my limbs, and You took one of them, but spared my life. I cursed Jesus, and He saved me by His precious Blood. I cursed the Holy Ghost, and He has come down to dwell in my heart.'"

The Duchess says:

"Mr. Radcliffe was the first to urge him to speak more publicly than had hitherto been the case. Returning home from a meeting in London one night, later than we had intended, we could not make any one hear. Mr. Blackwood raised his voice, and shouted; and soon we heard some one coming. Mr. Radcliffe turned to him and said, 'That voice was given to you to preach the Gospel to thousands.' 'All very well for you,' he replied, 'but I am better fitted for my small gatherings here.'

"However from that time he began to speak as opportunity offered in Halls and Chapels, etc.

"The meetings at Willis's Rooms he undertook feeling deeply his own inability, yet realizing with thankfulness the opportunity thus given for speaking to many of the friends and acquaintances of his careless days, whom otherwise he could never have reached. He sought so earnestly for the right words to be given—praying in the carriage as we drove up to Town. He did rejoice to hear from many of blessing received."

It was on 11th May, 1861, that Mr. Blackwood first spoke at these Meetings for the Upper Classes in Willis's Rooms. In those days the public preaching of the Gospel by laymen was a very different matter to what it is now. Many religious persons, not distinguishing between the work of the Pastor and that of the Evangelist, looked on doubtfully whilst the LORD, in the distribution of the gifts which He has received for men, gave not only some as "pastors and teachers," but some also as "evangelists." No slight cross was taken up by those who led the vanguard of the great company of laymen who now publish the Word. Sir Arthur's own record is as follows :

" Some meetings addressed by the famous lay-preachers, Brownlow North and Reginald Radcliffe, had been held in various parts of London ; and it was felt that special efforts should be made to reach, if possible, the Upper Classes of Society. It was thought that if speakers could be found, who were themselves known in those circles, not a few might be induced to attend. Willis's Rooms, St. James, so familiar to the class whom it was desired to reach, were secured ; and cards announcing that addresses would be given there on Saturday afternoons, were scattered broadcast throughout the West End.

" Captain Trotter, who had formerly been in the 2nd Life Guards, and myself were chosen as speakers ; and thus it was that in the marvellous grace and providence of GOD, I was permitted to re-enter as the servant of Christ, the very Rooms which I had quitted only six years before as a thorough-going votary of the world."

These words are the last dictated by Sir Arthur in his autobiographical NOTES.

In view of his first address in this series the following letter was written to Miss Marsh.

" 23rd April, [1861].

" Now, now, beloved Friend, besiege the Throne of Grace, if you ever did, that souls may be saved from amongst the rich.

"The large room (holding a thousand) at Willis's Rooms, has been taken, in faith that it will be filled. . . . Captain Trotter takes the first two Saturdays, and I the following."

"How much grace do we both need, but myself especially. Oh, pray that I may be faithful to my Saviour, wise to win souls, loving, but uncompromising."

"Oh, to be emptied of self in the matter, and *filled* with the Holy Ghost. The flesh fears it . . . but 'Unto Thy Name, O God, give the glory.'"

The Room *was* filled. "I remember hearing at the time," writes a friend, "how the line of carriages stretched all down St. James' Street, and I recollect well the awe and almost trepidation with which those meetings were begun.

"In connection with that first meeting, I remember Mr. Blackwood telling us that on the following morning a gentleman called on him at the Treasury. He was so busy that when the card was brought up, he sent down word that it was impossible for him to see any one. It was returned with an entreaty for even five minutes' conversation; and he told how a fine soldierly-looking man came into the room, saying, 'Sir, I was at Willis's Rooms yesterday'—and then burst into tears. Several months before, through the consistent faithfulness of another, he had been awakened to realize, though only with resentment, something of the claims of God upon the soul. He had now just returned from India. Some one at his club had given him a card for the Address, and he had come, mostly out of curiosity. He was now in great distress of soul; but before leaving Mr. Blackwood's room he was enabled to see Christ as his Saviour, and ever since has maintained a consistent Christian life."

The impression received by the London Correspondent of the "*Scottish Guardian*" was thus given:

"Now, in the very height of the London 'season,' and at the hour of half-past three,—the time for the West-end 'morning' performances of concerts, etc.—an assembly is held in these Rooms, which is nothing less than a Revival meeting, and which last Saturday filled the great hall to the doors. Outside, the empty carriages were drawn up in double rows. As I entered, and

with difficulty secured a seat, a gentleman—unmistakeably so in his appearance; tall, with dark moustache—stood up on the platform.

“ . . . Never have I heard such a ‘lay sermon’ in all my life. Many clergymen were there, and there was not one of them that might not take a lesson in preaching from this young gentleman. With a remarkable union of gentleness and modesty, self-possession, courage and fidelity, he spoke out in their fulness the ‘glad tidings’; was not ashamed to ‘mention hell to ears polite,’ sought to ‘shut up all under sin,’ and then to set forth the way of deliverance from the prison-house. He referred to the change wrought in himself; and this for the purpose of convincing his auditory that there was ‘no peace’ while ‘under sentence’ and under sin, but that ‘joy and peace’ were *realities* to each one who ‘believed.’ The impression was profound; the silence most impressive; the prayer short, earnest, and beseeching, with which the speaker began and closed, seeming to bring all into the immediate presence of the Eternal. ‘I think,’ said a lady to me on the staircase as the company retired, ‘it is what these men *have been* in their past lives that makes them so powerful as preachers.’ And what other answer could one give—after such a sermon, and in remembrance of the past character of the many lay evangelists at this day—than this, ‘Great sinners saved are the best heralds of a Great Salvation’? ”

In a letter to the *Christian* in October, 1893, Pastor Frank White says :

“ My earliest recollections of Sir Arthur Blackwood are associated with the old Willis’s Rooms, more than thirty years ago. I well recollect one occasion when, putting his arm round me in his old familiar way, he remarked that he and I were of the same spiritual age. He pointed to the little inner room and said, ‘There, underneath that chandelier, at a ball, I surrendered my heart to Christ! ’

“ It was an old saying of his, ‘Wherever and whenever I find one who is a sinner, I have all the warrant I need for speaking of Christ as a Saviour.’ ”

From these meetings arose many other smaller gatherings, which were held in various Drawing Rooms during the London season,

"For many years," writes the Duchess, "Sir Arthur gave weekly addresses, from 5.30 to 6.30, to members of the Upper Classes invited by Frances, Lady Gainsborough, to her house. Similar addresses had been given by Captain Trotter, and continued till illness obliged him to give up. From one and another of those who thus met, Mr. Blackwood would hear from time to time telling of difficulties overcome, of a Saviour found.

"One lady, who had been for long in deep trouble and distress of soul, vainly seeking in forms and religious observances to 'make her peace with God,' had been persuaded to seek in the Church of Rome that rest which she had failed to find. An interview had been arranged for her with Cardinal Manning; and she came to London with the intention of seeing him, and asking for instruction and admission. On arriving at home, she found a note from Lady Gainsborough, enclosing a card, and asking her to come to the address next day. She also found that for some reason the interview arranged for had to be postponed; and she decided to go to the address in response to Lady Gainsborough's invitation.

"The subject was the High Priesthood of Christ—the 'One Mediator between God and men'—Who, having 'offered Himself without spot to God,' had 'entered in once into the Holy Place'—Who bore the names of His people on His heart before God, and 'Who ever liveth to intercede.' 'Seeing then, that we *have* such an High Priest, let us draw near—come boldly to the throne of Grace, to obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.' As she listened, her eyes were opened. She saw that there was no need for human intervention. No one could come between her soul and Him Who, 'by His One oblation of Himself once offered,' had atoned for her guilt, and Who was both able and willing to undertake all for her. She went home rejoicing, and wrote in the fullness of her heart to tell of the load removed and the rest,—so long sought—now found.

"With those to whom in various meetings he had spoken individually, or who wrote to him for spiritual counsel, he tried to keep in touch—visiting where possible, corresponding where time permitted, and praying regularly for them. He kept a list of names to be remembered on certain days in prayer."

"In connection with the work begun at Willis's Rooms," writes another, "I remember well the stir made in our own neighbourhood by the Tent meetings, which were mostly addressed by Mr. Blackwood and Captain Trotter. They were held in various grounds within five or six miles of Streatham. There was also a

series of Drawing Room evening meetings, when Mr. Blackwood himself spoke ; I am sure that through these various means many were reached who had never heard anything of the sort before, and possibly never did again.

"Another thing at Wood Lodge which was of great service to myself as a beginner was the fortnightly Bible-Readings. They were certainly the most profitable meetings of the kind which I ever attended. They were thoroughly well arranged ; the time was never long enough to hang heavily ; and there was always some one present of interest and power who would open the subject in an address of ten or fifteen minutes, after which conversation became general and very instructive—at least I know it was so to me.

"Another day which stands out clearly in my memory is that of the Advent Conference which Dr. Marsh called in November 1864, and which was held in the old Beddington Hall. At the afternoon meeting the addresses and prayers were prolonged until it was quite dark, and Mr. Blackwood spoke with no other light in the beautiful old hall but that of the great flickering logs on the hearth. It was a most solemn time. I think such preparation of heart was given that no one would have been much surprised if even then we had heard the voice of the Archangel and the trump of God.

"Then there was work amongst the navvies employed on the new line which ran across Tooting Common and below our fields, in whom Mr. Blackwood was greatly interested. Amongst others, we went every day to read to the men at the dinner-hour, and God graciously blessed it. The first soul for whose conversion I was ever used, so far as I know, was one of these men, who had been in the 17th Lancers, and had ridden in the Death-Charge at Balaclava, coming out without a scratch, though with several bullets in his clothes. I am sure that but for Mr. Blackwood whatever was done would never have been attempted or carried through. He cared for them in every way. I remember well his unfailing kindness towards a perfect giant in whom my sister was interested, and his delighted amusement at the comical side of the thing, when the man wrote from hospital, asking her to say whether he should have his leg cut off or not.

"Then there were tea-parties for the Haymakers. I particularly recollect one in your field, under the large chestnut tree, when there seemed to be a great movement amongst them. One of these men we followed for years, Mr. Blackwood's help and

sympathy never failing through the many vicissitudes of the poor fellow's wandering life.

"Again, when in 1861-2 our Mother became interested about the Letter Carriers, Mr. Blackwood was one of the first whose advice she sought. I need not go into the history of the mission which had so humble a beginning, but just recall the value of his counsel and prayers, and of the beautifully suitable addresses which he gave year by year, when a number of the men, with their missionaries, came down to spend the afternoon and have tea on our lawn.

"One other matter connected with those days I may mention. Our Mother, feeling the great value of Mr. Blackwood's addresses, often asked him to publish them. This he entirely refused at first; but after some time, he agreed to allow her to have down a shorthand writer from London, only stipulating that he himself should not know when the man was present. The result was the issue of '*Forgiveness, Life, and Glory.*' '*The Shadow and the Substance*' was also a series of the addresses given at Streatham.

"You asked me for my recollections of him; but what I have written seems to be of his service rather than of himself, and of that I hardly know how to speak. I think if I might venture to put into one word the impression which he ever left upon me, it would be that of *Sunshine*. I never met him without getting a smile of welcome, and I think I may truly say never without also receiving some word of God. There are verses which will ever be connected with him.

"I remember meeting him one day, when C. T., who was with me and was then a young Christian, was in low spirits, from which I could not raise her. As we went round the railings of the Parish Church, we suddenly came face to face; and seeing our downcast faces, he said to us, 'Who is among you that feareth the LORD, that obeyeth the voice of His Servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the LORD, and stay upon his GOD.'

"Another day my sister and I met him in the village, driving, at a time when there was very considerable opposition. He pulled up, and told us sundry little particulars of interest; and then I remember well, as he took up the reins again, the beaming upward look with which he said, 'But the wrath of man SHALL praise Thee.'

"I recollect his saying another day how he 'had been living for a week on those two words, JUSTIFIED FREELY.'

"He stands out before me very vividly at a Meeting in Free-masons' Hall in the week of prayer in 1870 when, after a good many addresses, his turn came. He stepped quite to the front of the platform, and lifted up his voice till it rang through the room, with the question from the Prayer-book version of Psalm lviii. 1.

"*Are your minds SET upon righteousness, O ye congregation?*" and then spoke upon the need of a determined purpose, if any advance was to be made in spiritual life.

"Another recollection of him is during a meeting when many were giving their present experience in a single verse of Scripture. He was on the platform, and it was a long time before he rose. When he did so, it was with more emotion than I ever saw him manifest elsewhere, and with a flush on his face which was so unusual that I fancied at the time that he was speaking out of a really powerful experience. And his text, with a strong emphasis upon the second clause, was this :

"*O LORD, I will praise Thee ; though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortedst me.*'

"These are such little things ; but they are what bring him so vividly to my mind, and may have been indications, I think, of much which it was not his habit to express.

"Another day, he quoted to me the line,

'My living EVERLASTING Treasure'

from one of Miss Waring's hymns, of which he was so fond, saying it had been food to his soul. Again, I remember his repeating to us the whole of her hymn, 'Though some good things of lower worth,' and those verses of Miss Hull's beginning, 'Oh, the glory !'

"Once, meeting my sister for only a minute at a railway-station, he said to her,

"*I've just been reading this verse, "Give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness."*" What a subject of rejoicing for the saints !'

"Thus you see most of my associations with him are connected with some Word of God, and I am glad that it should be so. It is those, I suppose, which abide when other memories pass away. His keen sense of humour was a thing which I did not discover at first ; but I remember its dawning upon me that he was very full of fun, and of course after that I had plenty of evidence of the fact."

"What thousands have lost a friend," writes an earnest worker, "but it is not all that can go back thirty-three years as we can. I am sure the Streatham teaching has coloured our whole lives."

It is to the month of April 1861, that a letter which appeared in *The Christian* of 19th October, 1893, refers, and no more touching testimony has been given to the work at Wood Lodge.

"Though at a distance, I desire to place my little wreath upon the sacred memory of Sir Arthur Blackwood. In all the world there is no man who has deeper and sweeter reason for doing so than myself. All I am and all God has been pleased to do through me are to be traced back to that dear man of God. He was God's instrument of my salvation. Thirty-two years ago, just to keep a promise, I went to the Monday meeting at Wood Lodge, Streatham. I was a careless young fellow, and had little faith in the reality of Christians. Before Mr. Blackwood had been speaking ten minutes I felt that I was listening to one who believed every word he spoke.

"Great was my surprise when, at the close of the meeting, he came straight up to me, put his hands on my shoulders, and looking me in the face with those loving eyes of his said, 'Young man, you are a stranger here. Are you a Christian?' I confessed at once that I was not, and had no great desire to be. I think I can now hear him answering, 'How sad!' That question hooked itself into my heart. For two days I had no rest. Then I found peace in Jesus. I went at once to Wood Lodge, and told Mr. Blackwood I could now say 'Yes' to the question, 'Are you a Christian?' He took me into his private room, kneeled down with me, and poured out his soul in thanksgiving. The next week he asked me to breakfast, and took me down to Tooting Common, where a railway was being made. He introduced me to the navvies, and told them I would come every morning during their breakfast time and read the Word of God to them, which I did. He thus not only won my heart to Christ, but gently led me into His service. Living as I did then in Clapham Park, I used to see him almost every day as he rode on horseback to the Treasury. He always pulled up to allow me a few minutes' walk by his side, and his loving words helped me all day.

"A few months later dear Mr. Spurgeon took me by the hand, and brought me into his College. The rest is generally known. I went to East London, and preached the Gospel as I had learned it from Sir Arthur's lips. God mightily blessed the same; and it has been my gracious privilege to baptize over 5000 who have

been converted by the same Gospel that won me. Pardon any seeming egotism. I only mention the fact as a tribute to the memory of that faithful servant of God, who thirty-two years ago grasped me by the hand and won me to the Saviour. Whenever I met him he used always to ask with loving smile, 'How are all my spiritual grand-children in East London?' Thousands to-day have reason to join me in praising God for that Monday evening thirty-two years ago. He has entered into glory, and his works do follow him. As one of his early converts, allow me to bear this grateful witness to his precious memory.

"Yours very faithfully,
"ARCHIBALD G. BROWN.
"MENTONE, 13th October."

A few weeks later Mr. Brown wrote:—

"MENTONE, 2nd Nov., 1893.

"Please accept my heart's sincerest thanks for the Memorial card just received, and the kind letter in which it came. I do indeed feel the kindness which remembers me in such a time of grief. No words can ever tell what dear Sir Arthur was to me. I loved him with a holy reverence. From my first visit to Wood Lodge I was under his gracious spell. To see him was an inspiration. As a young man I used to wait about the lane from Tooting Common, just to have the pleasure of a few minutes' walk beside his horse as he rode up to the Treasury. All through the many changes of my life the blessed fascination has continued the same. I can never hear his name mentioned without thanking God for him. Instrumentally I owe all that lies in 'God's Salvation' to him. What a welcome he has received in glory! What your loss must be I dare not think. I can only pray the God of all comfort to sustain and solace you. Painful experience has taught me that in the hour of great bereavement, they act most kindly who say little, but pray much.

"This place has a sacred charm through its association with another of God's aristocracy. I look out now on the Hotel where dear Spurgeon breathed his last. How much he loved your dear husband I have good reason to know. Two faithful witnesses—two noble spirits—two Christ-filled men—two splendid warriors of the cross, they worship together in the presence of Him they loved and served.

"With a happy memory of that morning when you entertained

me at breakfast, on my first visit with Sir Arthur to the railway men upon the Common—my first introduction to Christian work—and with profoundest sympathy for you in your great sorrow, in which my dear wife joins,

“Believe me, yours most faithfully,
“ARCHIBALD S. BROWN.”

Mr. Blackwood's own correspondence is now resumed in a letter to Miss Marsh.

“TREASURY, 17th June, [1862].

“I can't say the comfort your words and prayers are to me, and thank God and you for them. I was wretched yesterday, having to preach at night, and though much in prayer and study, perfectly empty and dead, if you know what that is. A dear friend offered to come and preach for me, which I at first accepted; but after prayer and thought we decided it was faithless to do so, seeking help from man instead of God, and that I ought to ‘go forward.’

“So I went forward. On reaching home I found your deeply comforting note, with its enclosure, teaching me to trust in Him Who was so gracious on Saturday, though I was miserable, and felt the whole time that I was saying just the wrong thing, and calumniating God and His Christ.

“I thanked God and took courage: and though barren till the very moment when I had to begin, He gave me texts and words (though only as I went on, just supplying the present need). And helped me through all, to the comfort and refreshing of others.

“Oh, that I could trust Him more simply, and endure as seeing Him Who is invisible.

“You will praise Him, won't you? Ps. cxvi. 1.

“I think He has taught me something by it.

“I will take care, dearest Friend, and be very cautious, both as to food, work, and everything, and have your letter framed and glazed, I think. It will delight S.

“Pray for me to-morrow evening. An address in a drawing-room in Hyde Park Gardens.

“Babe well. I'm very foolish about it, of course. . . .”

“TREASURY, 4th Jan. [1864].

“I think my faith is getting stronger about answers to prayer for conversions, and I am quite sure that one of the things which

will astonish and rebuke us most when we see Him face to face, with all the 'general assembly' made up, will be the number of those for whom prayer was offered in so much doubt and unbelief.

"I do want, i.e., I do need, a re-baptism of the Holy Ghost, for I cannot tell what coldness, deadness, prayerlessness, stupor, etc. creeps over me.

"Were it not for the active work which the LORD has given me to do, I should (*humanly speaking*) have been quite dead ere now.

"Still He does keep alive the life He has implanted, for His Name's sake. But I groan after more communion with Him, more power, more likeness to Him, more presentation of myself to Him Who has bought me."

To A FRIEND.

" 24. II. [1864].

"I will try and help you by prayer.

"Only trust Him Who did not lie when He said, 'My grace is SUFFICIENT for thee.' Not 'nearly sufficient,' or 'sometimes sufficient,' but 'SUFFICIENT.'

A letter from a neighbouring Clergyman tells of blessing amongst the class for whom the meetings were originally begun.

" LOWER TOOTING, Jan. 1, 1863.

"I have lately attended the deathbed of a man who owed his conversion to your means, a policeman, who attended several of your addresses on Monday evenings.

"Hearing several months back that he was ill I went, as the curate of the parish, to visit him. . . . I soon to my delight found that he was far other than what I had imagined he would be. Though he said little, (being naturally reserved) yet what he did say, and the deep earnestness of his manner fully convinced me that he was a sincere believer. I asked him how it happened. The substance of his own words was:

"It was from my going to hear Mr. Blackwood one Monday evening. As I was going away he came to me, and began talking to me. He asked me whether I had peace with God—I was quite taken aback, and hardly knew what to say, and could only say that I did not know. He then said to me he would advise me to get it at once.

"I came home, but I could not get the question out of my

mind, whether I had peace with God. I was wretched. I did not know what to do.'

"His wife tells me that for a fortnight after, his state was most miserable; however he continued attending your addresses whenever his duties permitted, and I understood from him that you spoke to him on one or two occasions. God through you spoke peace and pardon through the Blood of Christ to his soul. I saw him often during his long and suffering illness. His death was comparatively sudden. Then the power of Christ's Cross was displayed. All his reserve was taken away, and he spoke boldly, and oh! most rejoicingly of his hope in Christ, and of what Christ was to his soul. I shall not readily forget the beaming expression of his face, and the solemn manner in which he lifted up his wasted hand and arm, when I asked him whether he did not feel Christ to be a firm and precious foundation to his soul. He was continually uttering the promises of God, and exhorting those whom he saw to lay hold of Christ Jesus. . . . He was a most affectionate husband and father, and one of his last utterances was, 'I am going from a happy home to a happier.'

"I rejoice with all my heart in the work you are permitted to carry on."

The following is from a lady at Streatham.

"12th Jan. 1864.

"Are you at all acquainted with a person of the name of . . . a Riding Master, who is frequently at your meetings? Last night I said to him how glad I was to see him there.

"He replied, 'I always come when it is possible. Some time since I was persuaded to hear Mr. Blackwood at the Union Chapel. I went from curiosity, but the LORD met me there. I became miserable, and my friends could not think what was the matter with me. I went again to hear Mr. Blackwood, and peace was brought to my soul in believing; and since then my wife has also become a believer.'

"I asked if he had ever spoken to you. He said he had not."

Seven years later a daughter-in-law of the Riding Master wrote to Mr. Blackwood, telling of blessing to her own and her husband's soul, and adding, "He wishes me to mention that his father died last month, perfectly

happy and rejoicing, which he has reason to believe was by hearing you at the Chapel about eight years ago."

This is only one out of a large number of letters telling of similar cases of conversion through addresses at this chapel at Brixton. The letter which follows gives token of the impression of Mr. Blackwood's singleness of heart and aim which was conveyed to one who was a keen and discriminating judge of men.

"THE PARSONAGE, STREATHAM COMMON, Dec. 14, 1864.

"MY DEAR FRIEND, I give thanks to God for what He has done in this matter.

"I am sure you have done right, and whatever be the issue, you are in the *right position*. . . .

"I love you for your simplicity in this thing; and I do hope and pray that God may 'sanctify you—apt to teach and prepared for this good work.' See 2 Tim. ii. the last ten verses. I feel that you have illustrated part of it in this . . . and I have strong hope that blessing will come of it.

"Yours affectionately
"STENTON EARDLEY."

During his sojourn at Streatham, Mr. Blackwood attended Mr. Eardley's ministry.

"He was, I am sure," says friend, "a very attentive listener and learner. When our pew was full, I often sat in one just behind yours, and remember often seeing him take out his pencil and note anything which struck him."

A few from amongst many other instructive and interesting recollections of these happy days are now added.

Mrs. Spencer Thornton writes :

"In the year 1861 I went with my family to live at Streatham. I was much pleased to find that Mr. Blackwood opened his house every Monday evening to his friends and neighbours in order to speak to them the words of Life.

"My children and I gladly availed ourselves of the oppor-

tunity, and scarcely a Monday evening passed but some of us were there.

"I have often thanked God for what we learnt. My children, who were just then at a very important age, gained such a happy bright view of the service of God. Whenever he met any of them, there was always some cheery word or question about their walk with God, and for what object they were living. Mr. Blackwood's whole-hearted surrender of everything to Christ was such an example.

"At Wood Lodge also we were privileged to attend some evening Readings where many from the neighbourhood met to study the Bible, and I always found Mr. Blackwood's words most helpful."

FROM MME. LEITE ROZAS.

"9th February, 1895.

"Eternity alone will reveal what your beloved husband's faithful testimony concerning Christ and His full free salvation was to those who attended the meetings at that time. It was his *intense* earnestness and impressiveness of manner, and his *winning kindly* words, in dealing with each individually, after he had preached the Gospel message, which *convinced* so many of the *reality* of the truth. I shall never forget my dear husband at that time, how deeply he was stirred, and how soon he, who before had never handled a Bible, was brought into light and liberty. It was then also that my mother, a sister and brother, and some other relatives were brought to a saving knowledge of Christ; and I myself and others were quickened and encouraged, and possessed an *assurance* of salvation which we had never known before. How many shall rise up and call him blessed in the coming day when 'the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed'!"

FROM MR. LEITE ROZAS.

"42 KENSINGTON PARK GARDENS, 24th March, 1895.

"It was in 1864 or 1865 that I first knew Sir Arthur Blackwood.

"Although nominally a Roman Catholic and at heart an atheist, at the solicitation of friends I began to attend some of the meetings. I speedily became interested for my own sake. I shall never forget the fascination of his remarkably impressive delivery, the loving bright, yet solemn manner in which he gave his Master's message. Always the Master. He never preached

himself. His whole heart seemed bent on winning souls to Christ. As one of the multitude who knew him as the one who first gave them their deep religious impressions, I am glad to add my note of gratitude and loving reverence for the memory of Sir Arthur Blackwood, one of the best men I have ever known."

It was during these years that Mr. Blackwood made his journeys to the various ports, with specie. He often travelled at night, in order to secure at home the day allowed for the return journey, and many were the interesting conversations which he had with fellow-travellers, with some of whom he afterwards corresponded.

In December, 1860, he was on a return journey from Liverpool, when the only other passenger in the carriage used an expression which made Mr. Blackwood feel it was impossible to hold his peace. A long conversation followed; and his fellow-traveller became deeply anxious about his state. When within ten minutes of Euston, Mr. Blackwood proposed that they should pray together, which they did; and on parting exchanged cards. As they wished each other good-bye, Mr. Blackwood said, "Give God no rest, till you *know* you're a saved man."

In a few days he received a long and interesting letter:

“ QUEEN'S HOTEL, ST. MARTIN'S LE GRAND.

“ MY DEAR SIR.—I feel assured from the kind interest you took in my spiritual welfare when in the train from Liverpool on Friday night, that you will pardon me in writing you.

“ God in His goodness has dealt very graciously with me, and in your kind and memorable words has withdrawn the veil from my heart, and is I trust leading me in the way of everlasting life.

“ I spent a very anxious night after I left you, a night of prayer and tears; and although somewhat distracted with hopes and fears, I hope and pray that God will not again leave me to myself. . . .

“ 18th Dec., 1860.

“ Go where I will, do what I will, think what I will, the grand and sublime truth is ever before my eyes, ‘ Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.’ I am not naturally either

a weak-minded or superstitious man . . . and I cannot arrive at any other conclusion than that it is the work of God's Holy Spirit.

"I was neither ill in body or mind when I met you, had no predisposition in any way towards Revivals, in fact did not believe in them, although I had gone to their meetings, but felt no interest in them, even though I wished it; and even yet, although I cannot now doubt God's direct interference by His Holy Spirit, I am constantly afraid of falling back, although sensible of a great change even in all my modes of acting and speaking, and which I can only attribute to the effects of Faith."

After one of the second series of meetings in Willis's Rooms in the summer of 1862, Mr. Macduff, the well-known author of "*The Faithful Promiser*," came up to tell Mr. Blackwood that his late fellow-traveller was a member of Mr. Macduff's church in Glasgow, and was leading a holy and consistent life; and added that his sudden conversion had excited great wonder amongst his fellow-merchants, as well as his remarkable change of life.

A year after his own conversion this merchant was resorted to by Mr. Blackwood as a spiritual helper for a young man whom he had met quite accidentally on the Calton Hill in Edinburgh, and to whom he had spoken about Christ, following up his words by a long correspondence. After about a year, the young man wrote that, although with a trembling faith, he had "gone forward and joined the Church."

He was engaged in a Branch of the Royal Bank of Scotland, and adds a postscript to one of his letters: "I never have a bill in my hands drawn on The Honourable The Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, but my heart warms towards it, and I remember you."

Another instance, showing how Mr. Blackwood used every opportunity for speaking of Christ, is given by his sister.

"On one of his journeys with specie to Liverpool, while superintending the storage on board the vessel in the Docks, he was attracted by the cries of a little dog which had slipped over-board. He saw that the poor little creature's strength was failing, and desired a sailor, who was trying to encourage it by words, to go down to the level of the water and lift it out, which he did. Turning to those around him, Mr. Blackwood used the incident to illustrate the truth that Christ came from Heaven to be a *Saviour* to those who were '*without strength*,' not only to help in men's efforts to save themselves."

The accounts here given of blessing received, are few as compared with the number of letters from which they are selected; and they are thus given, not to multiply testimonies to "the exceeding grace of God" in His servant, but to show that the "old old story," told out of a heart that has experienced its power, is still to "all sorts and conditions of men" and women, "the power of GOD unto Salvation to every one that believeth."

"Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the LORD."

During one of these years spent at Streatham the following letter was published.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RECORD.

"SIR,—May I, through your columns, ask some of the older brethren, who are occupied in discussing the important question of the nature of Scriptural Repentance, to tell us what they believe to be the simple and primary meaning of the Greek words *μετανοια* and *μετανοεω*, which are those, with but few exceptions, translated 'repentance' and 'repent'?

"On turning to Parkhurst's Lexicon (Major's Edition, London, 1851), I find that the following meanings are given to *μετανοια*.

"I. A change or alteration of mind, and reference is made to Heb. xii. 17, where Esau is described as finding no room to change his father's mind, though he sought it with tears.

"II. Repentance, change, alteration of mind, and consequently of conduct, or behaviour from evil to good, where numerous references are adduced, as well as a quotation from Athanasius, who says,

'μετανοία is so called, because it transfers the mind from evil to good.' And Aretas says, 'μετανοία is a change from worse to better.'

"μετανοεῖν is thus rendered,—

"I. To understand afterwards. Supported by a quotation from Plato.

"II. To change one's mind or opinion.

"III. To repent,—i.e., either to be wise after a fact or facts committed, to return to one's wits, or to change one's mind or sentiments, to have them really altered so as to influence one's subsequent behaviour for the better.

"It is sometimes rendered, when followed by *ἀπό*, as 'desisting in consequence of repentance,' and the same when followed by *εκ*. Acts. viii. 22; Rev. ii. 21, 22; ix. 20, 21; xvi. 11.

"Followed by *επι*, before the thing repented of, it implies sorrow for it, and a consequent change of heart.

"In the LXX this verb almost continually answers to the Hebrew מְנֻכָּה, which, in like manner, denotes to change the mind. So far Parkhurst.

"Now is not the difference of opinion, evidenced by the correspondence in your columns, attributable to the confounding the effect with the cause?

"No one can deny that 'repentance,' in its fullest sense, denotes a change of mind, followed by a change of conduct, and without the latter, the assertion of the former having taken place would be a fiction. But which comes first? Must not the change of mind? And is not all change of conduct valueless, unless resulting from the change of mind? Just as works must follow faith, for faith without works is dead; but works not resulting from faith are valueless. (Heb. xi. 6)

"The works have no part in justifying a sinner before God, for we are 'justified by faith'; they are not preliminary to justification, but consequent upon it. So, it seems to me, is it with repentance. The feelings of regret for sin and the immediate change of conduct which follow a change of mind towards God should not be confounded with the change of mind itself.

"If they are, the consequence is, that the sinner is led to look into his own heart and life for certain feelings and conduct, instead of unto Him Who is put forward as the sole Object on which his eyes are to rest.

"When the sinner's mind apprehends Jesus Christ as the One

in Whom 'righteousness and peace kiss each other, and mercy and truth meet together,'—when he sees God's justice satisfied, and his own salvation provided, in the cross of Christ,—when he sees that God loves him as a sinner, while He hates and has punished his sin,—then there is 'repentance,' (a change of mind) 'toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ.'

"But to make sorrow for sin, change of life or good works necessary before justification, is surely to teach that a man is justified by the works of the law, and not by the faith of Jesus Christ.

"I shall be so much obliged to any dear brother in the LORD who will correct any error I have made, as for my own sake, and the sake of those to whom God has graciously given me the privilege of now and then declaring the good news, I am most anxious to have clear views on this all-important subject.

"I remain, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"S. A. BLACKWOOD.

"STREATHAM, 10th December."

FROM PLACE TO PLACE.

Perhaps nothing is more characteristic of Sir Arthur's life, than the way in which he was enabled, wherever he went, to leave behind him the print of a Christian's foot-mark.

His public service for Christ, especially in the days of fuller strength, was not confined to his stated engagements in London or around his own home. His visits to various places, either on official business, or for his holidays, were all occasions for preaching the glorious Gospel of GOD. Some few of the many instances of blessing, which came to his own knowledge as the result of his efforts in different spots, are here given.

In the summer of 1861, he and his wife paid what proved to be a last visit to the Duchess of Gordon at Huntly Lodge. She died in January, 1864.

Thence they went to Ireland, to stay with the Duchess' parents at Castle Dobbs. Here Mr. Blackwood held meetings in the open air on Sunday afternoons.

A friend writes :

"I remember on his first visit, his standing out on the steps leading to the vestibule at Castle Dobbs, and addressing the people. There were fully a thousand present. He also gave addresses in Carrickfergus to large congregations. The last time I heard him was in the Kilroot School House. Many were blessed at these meetings. . . . One thing I can say ; he was greatly blessed to my own soul. . . . You will remember how, on that first visit,— gave his heart to the LORD, and for many years preached the Gospel and helped in every good work."

A relative says :

"In recalling the memories of those hallowed visits, the joy of the people when they heard Sir Arthur was coming and the sorrow when he left showed what a blessing he had been to them."

His Wife writes :

"My Father always made him take Family Prayers, and the sight of the long row of servants seems printed on my mind—the wonderful interest, the stillness, the solemnity. I remember particularly the old butler who had been with my Father before his marriage, and was quite a character. I used to observe him listening so eagerly. He was with my Father until his own last illness, and I cannot doubt that master and servant have met in happiness now. Many of the servants, as well as many many others, thanked and blessed Sir Arthur for what they heard."

A relative, who was staying in the house during a visit in 1877, writes of blessing received by her maid, and adds that "she became quite changed, and has held firm ever since under very trying circumstances." In some Notes made at the time, the young woman wrote of the morning and evening prayers. "How I did love to hear him speak ! What a blessing that Christian was to me !" She goes on :

"When I heard Mr. Blackwood speak in Carrickfergus for the first time on Eph. ii. 16. and iii. 15, 21, I will never forget how I felt at the silence of such a lot, some very rough people. One soldier that I saw brush away his tears never left my memory. Mr. Blackwood asked any person that would wish to speak to him to wait, but I had not courage. The head housemaid at Castle Dobbs was with me, and neither of us felt inclined to speak on our walk home. I made up my mind to write a note, and leave it on his looking-glass. On Monday I met Mr. Blackwood. I can never forget his smile as he said, 'I got your note.' I felt shy at first, but he said, 'You have been seeking the Saviour?' and then, when I said Yes, he said, 'Have you never thought of the same Saviour seeking you?' Then he went into his room, and got me a little book, '*Eternal Life*', and he gave it to me. 'Is that yours now?' he said. And I said, Yes. 'So is Eternal

Life yours through Jesus Christ—Do you believe this?' I said Yes. He told me 'not to wait for a change, but to kneel down, and thank God at once.' I did so, and found such peace."

The Duchess continues :

"In the early days of the century, when a bold confession of Christ was not easy, my dear old Father had 'fought the good fight' whilst serving his country on board the *Revolutionaire* and other men-of-war. It was pleasant to see him glad to hear from his young son-in-law the truths long known to himself. As the years went on and infirmities increased, he would sit beside him at prayers with his hand to his ear, so that no word should be lost, listening with evident enjoyment, and then joining heartily in the prayer that followed. He delighted too in taking his arm, that they might walk together, talking of the things of the Kingdom.

"In Sir Arthur's rambles over the country, he was constantly dropping into the cottages here and there.

"We always made it a point to pay a visit together to one old woman who lived in the Kilroot Lodge. She would enquire earnestly, as time went on, how we thought 'the Master' looking. 'He has the better of me by a year,' she would say. 'Perhaps he'll be called Home first.' Then, after many enquiries about the various members of the family, and remarks—not always complimentary—upon the effect of time upon our own appearance, she would tell of her mercies and her rheumatics, and then listen with pleasure while he read a few words from his little Testament, and prayed with her.

"My Father entered into rest on 28th February, 1886. B. McD—— 'had the better of him,' for she passed away in 1880."

In September, 1862, having much run down in health, it was thought well that Mr. Blackwood should take a week's walking tour on the Moselle, leaving his wife and baby at Walmer.

TO HIS WIFE.

"BERNCASTEL ON THE MOSELLE, Monday morning, 8 A.M.
[Sept. 1862, TO WALMER.]

"I think I'm a great fool for leaving home. I've been wretchedly home-sick; and wished myself heartily back again, I don't know how often. Catch me doing this kind of thing again. . . . It's no joke at all. I'm in sober earnest. It was *apparently*

by chance that I came here, for I had half decided to spend Sunday at Treves, but my steps were ordered, and the LORD just caused me to light upon a very small band of hearty believers, amidst a R.C. population, and I have much to tell you. The Pastor at once invited me to dinner. In the afternoon we had a lovely walk to a distant village in the valleys, where we had a Cottage reading, and spoke from John vi. 37. Before the reading we had to take part in a baptismal feast, a christening party, with the peasants, to whom I spoke. Oh! they were such dear hearty people! We seemed mutually to refresh each other, so much.

"Oh, how often have I wanted to see you and Baby, little pet! I wish I could see her smiling and crowing. . . .

"I send you Ps. 37. 23, 24."

After a month at Walmer, he resumed his work at the Treasury, returning for the Saturdays and Sundays, when he gave addresses in the town and neighbourhood, and "heard of so much good from the preaching."

Repeated visits to Brighton, from the year 1863 onwards, were the occasions of meetings in the Pavilion, and in the open air on the beach. Many wrote to tell of the help which they had received.

The summer holiday of 1863 was spent with his wife and baby in Switzerland. When her parents went on to the Engadine and the Italian Lakes, it was thought advisable to leave the baby at Seelisberg in the care of their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Stepney and their daughter.

TO HIS MOTHER.

"SCHWEITZER HOF, LUCERNE, 18th August, 1863.

"Is. xxvi. 3, 4 is a verse that is much on my mind. I feel specially in the hurry of travelling how needful to be leaning much on Jesus. Things that are seen and temporal so easily detach one's mind, if it be not 'stayed' on Him, and 'the things that are above.' Oh, how soon we shall see Him, and wonder that earthly things have had such power. Pray for us.

"HOTEL DU PARC, LUGANO, 2nd Sept.

"At Seelisberg we stayed very pleasantly. . . .

"On Sunday we had services, and there was rather an un-

happy misunderstanding between the clergyman and certain English who wished me to give an address to them. The clergyman very properly stuck to his two services, in which I supported him. The matter was eventually compromised by a third service in the afternoon, which I conducted, and to which he very nicely came with his party. So all went off smoothly, and I hope good was done.

“ENGELBERG, Sunday evening, 13th Sept.

“Since Baby was given to us, I have so much more understood that verse, ‘*Like as a father pitith His children, so the LORD pitith them that fear Him.*’ How it would go to my heart to have to cause Baby severe pain. How one would do everything to avoid it. So does He, and even when He does send pain, feels for us and with us.

“ENGELBERG, 17th Sept.

“I think I said that on arriving at Brunnen on Thursday it was too wet for Baby to meet us, so early on Friday I crossed the Lake and ran up to Seelisberg to breakfast, and to fetch her down. She was standing, just as I hoped, at her window, and at once recognised me, putting up her hands to her face, flattening her wee nose against the window, and making such a noise of delight that Underwood’s attention was at once attracted. The little pet is quite well.

“. . . I was speaking on Sunday of the privilege accorded to Moses and Elias, who ‘appeared *with Him in glory*’; and yet the Holy Ghost has used the very same words in Col. iii. 4 of the destiny of the believer. And as Moses and Elias had for their subject of conversation then ‘*His decease*,’ will not our subject of conversation be the same, when we sing praise ‘unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own Blood’? How can we thank Him sufficiently for the *certainty* He has given us of this glorious future?

“Sept. 22nd, LAUTERBRUNEN.

“It was so curious to be at Interlachen again, and to remember the past—fourteen years ago with you all, and just ten years ago with Hobhouse. . . . What a change in these ten years, particularly in the history of my soul. I so well remember having such serious thoughts at Chamounix, and praying that I might be converted; and then spending the next Sunday at St. Gervais, playing billiards, and coming down to Interlachen to flirt. And yet God bore with me, and at last brought me to Himself. . . .

These and other thoughts, many, it called up, and made me not sorry to be there again."

In February, 1865, his family were again at Brighton for a few weeks, Mr. Blackwood joining them for the Sundays.

TO HIS WIFE.

[1865.]

"TREASURY, 20th February.

"It's very hard to be separated so much . . . but we are better off than many.

"My Father talked nonsense. I'm perfectly well and very jolly. . . . I'd a very nice evening at Epsom. Miss Alexander was to have met me with pony cart, but made a mistake; so I went straight to the Inn, where I had tea, for which the landlady would not let me pay, and a quiet half hour. Took Rev. iii. 20. again, and was helped, I think. About thirty remained afterwards, but they were mostly believers.

"A delicious moonlight walk afterwards. Breakfast at eight, and then had a charming walk with Miss A. and a friend over the lovely downs towards Ashstead, where you remember we dined. Oh! such a country! But Ps. xlvi. 4. must be our motto. Heb. xi. 16. is another motto. . . .

"March.

"At last I've got a moment to write to you in. Just about self, as I dare say that may interest you.

"A very full meeting on Monday. Hedman had tea with me, and is prospering much. Streatham looked very nice, it was quite a Spring evening. Met at Soho Square yesterday, when it was decided to hold some more meetings at Willis's Rooms, and we meet again next Wednesday to settle days and speakers.

"I agreed to take the Circus this Sunday. It will suit me better than any other. Tell Marny" [Miss Marsh] "I am enjoying *Hawker* at my luncheon. I have the little copy she gave me after recovery from illness, all underlined and marked. Ask her if she doesn't think the passage for Feb. 27 beginning, 'When His time is near at hand,' etc. etc. is true of the prayer for His coming which He is putting into so many hearts. I think it must be.

"I can't quite, though I can perhaps a little, understand . . . feelings, and therefore I don't know how to meet them. But I feel sure that it's a tremendous and long onslaught of Satan's,

which God permits—and *will* give deliverance from. And I pray Him to give a *glorious* and out and out deliverance, that joy and peace may be a hundred fold greater in proportion than the depression and misery has been; and I believe He *will* do it, and I look for it. . . .

"I believe the only remedy, so far as we are concerned is, in such trials of soul to be content with a believing *look* unto Jesus—just taking refuge *as we are*, in His work and word and love. As I read the other day, 'If a dog barks at a very little child, it does not try to fight with it, but instantly *runs to its Mother*.' And that's our safest way, instantly to resort unto Him, in spite of unbelief and coldness and morbid feelings and everything, saying, 'Unto the *LORD WILL* I lift up mine eyes. . . . For the *LORD* will not cast off for ever. But though He cause grief, yet will He have compassion according to the *multitude* of His mercies.' Lam. iv. See also verses 54 to 58. Compare Ps. xc. 15. with Isaiah xxx. 18, 21. I believe there are better days in store, when peace shall be as a river."

To MISS MARSH.

"STREATHAM, Saturday Evening, [March, 1865.]

"After speaking in Circus on Sunday evening, I got dreadfully hoarse and *completely* lost my voice. A journey to Southampton on Tuesday, and the bitter N. wind of following days quite finished me. . . .

"I should not mind all that—but I can't get down to Brighton, and see my beloved ones. . . . A time of loneliness is good, very good, and I trust it will leave its mark behind.

"I did write to you about Mr. L——. I felt very powerless with him, never having met such a case before. There was no ground on which we could both stand but that of *Creation by the same GOD*, for everything else he disbelieved. Of course I did not argue with him; but when he said he liked Job, caught at it to read him the end of ch. xxxiii. Everything seemed to fall powerless on him, except that he agreed it was madness, supposing my view of truth to be the right one, to shut his eyes to it, and that he 'would ask the God Who made him to show him light, if further light there were.'

"He seemed very grateful, allowed me to pray, appeared struck by '*The Victory Won*', and said he would be very glad to see me again.

"He spoke of death as a dreadful blank, and said he would gladly have the joy and peace that Christians had. . . .

"Oh! may the Lord convince him of *Sin*, and that speedily. Till then a Saviour can only be an empty name to him—but then how *precious*!"

"Bebay, I hear, is trying to say 'Mr. Blackwood,' for 'Bebay no like Tievie!'" [Stevie.]

TO HIS WIFE.

[1865. To BRIGHTON.] "STREATHAM, March 11, Saturday, 2 P.M.

"I am sorely disappointed at not being able to come. I didn't think when I wrote yesterday that I should actually be unable. . . . I am very much inclined to be angry with the perpetual N. E. wind, did I not remember, 'The Lord *prepared* a vehement east wind'; and that verse, 'Stormy wind fulfilling *His* word.' If He has prepared it, and if it is fulfilling His word, I've no right to be discontented.

"Sunday, 3.30.

"I'll write a few lines, not very favourable, I fear. I don't know when I have felt so seedy. I sent for Dr. . . . Catch me trifling with a throat again, but it was very difficult to help it this time.

"How blessed it is, when feeling so weak and low, to remember that 'It is finished,' and to rest on the great Salvation, though one's feelings are all gone to the winds, and prayer seems an empty name. . . . It reminds me of nine years ago, when I was taken ill all alone in Brook Street, and the cook read to me '*Pilgrim's Progress*'."

"Tuesday, 9 A.M.

"A bad day again. Wind N. E. and snow falling. Oh, when will the winter be past, and the time of the singing of birds come? I could not go to the meeting, but stayed in my room, and heard almost every word, though the door was shut."

Within two or three hours, the Duchess was with him, and Mr. Blackwood gradually regained health and tone. But for the rest of his life, the least chill went to the weak place, sometimes preventing his speaking for months together.

To recruit after this illness Easter was spent at Lewes, whence the following letter was written to his step-son, Lord George Montagu.

[LEWES, 17th Ap. 1865].

“Monday Evening.

“Mother had better read this out loud to you both, if you can’t manage it.

“*My dear Georgie*,—I think you must have a letter from me to-day, as I’ve no doubt you’ve been a good boy and deserve one. I wonder what *you*’ve been doing, but as I can’t guess, I’ll just tell you what *I*’ve been doing.

“On Sunday morning went to church with Cousin Fanny, and heard a sermon from Col. iii. 1-3. Then took a short walk. After dinner went out for a longer one on the beautiful downs. Oh! it was so lovely. I took my Bible and another book, and every now and then I sat down and read. When three o’clock came, I prayed for Sister and her class, and at 4.30 and five thought of you all reading together. I guess you read something about the Resurrection—Am I right? At last I reached the top of a very high hill, where I lay down under a bush which sheltered me from the wind. I listened to the sheep-bells in the distance, the little larks singing, and the gentle soothng of the wind through the furze-bushes, bringing the sweet smell with it; and then almost lost myself in gazing at the beautiful white clouds, which you remember we read of as ‘God’s chariot,’ and the ‘dust of His feet’; and tried to picture the beautiful streets of heaven in the silver mountains which they formed. And then I tried to fancy the bottoms of the clouds were really the top; and that I could walk away on them till I reached the golden sunlight beyond. I often thought of the Sunday evening walk to Emmaus, and how happy we were to be no longer ‘sad,’ like the two disciples who didn’t know that Jesus was risen from the dead.

“But at last it grew dusky, and I wandered home to tea, only wishing that I had been with you all, or you with me.

“Then to-day I’ve had such a happy day, again. The Volunteer Review was near here, and there were to be 25,000 men there. And if you had been with me, we would have gone there together: but being alone, and having seen many such sights, I preferred having a quiet ride in another direction. So at eleven o’clock I rode off through the most beautiful lanes, full of primroses and cowslips, and in about an hour reached the foot of a very high hill, which I had to mount and cross to get to Seaford, about eight miles off, and I didn’t know the way a bit.

“However, up, up, up we went, nag and I, though I daresay, if you asked him, he would say he did all the up, up, up. At last

we reached the top and then—if he didn't enjoy the view, I'm sure I did. It was so lovely. Five or six miles off, Newhaven and Seaford—(get the map and look for them)—with beautiful undulating downs in between, and then the sea so calm and beautiful. To the north lay Lewes and miles of cultivated country all the way to Reigate, so that wasn't far from Streatham. I did so wish for you all to see it.

"Well, I had to get to Seaford, but that was no easy matter. It looked so, to be sure, but I found the downs crossed by so many deep ravines where I had to get off, and lead the horse down, or go round, that I thought I never should get there. The downs were like velvet, studded with violets and the delicious smelling furze, and rabbits popped about everywhere, and it was a most pleasant ride. However at last I got there. . . . Having had my lunch and saddled my horse, I started off again, and by keeping on the top of the hills, though rather roundabout, got back quicker.

"About six miles off I could see the smoke and hear the sullen boom of the cannons, and when I shut my eyes, I could fancy myself ten years back on the downs of the Crimea, hearing the cannonading of Sebastopol. It brought back so many recollections, you can't think.

"I was so sorry to leave the downs, but I did so at last, and came home for a walk with Fanny, and here I am."

TO HIS SISTER.

"CRIEFF, 4th Sept., 1865.

"We really have been most fortunate in our choice of a place—the house so comfortable, the air so fine, the variation of scenery so great that from our windows we can either look on the broad vale of Strathearn, stretching for fifteen miles beneath us, or the rugged dark blue Grampians.

"You may guess that I've taken many a good stretch around the country. My day is generally spent thus.—Rise at six, and before breakfast at 8.45 a walk up a fir-clad hill at the back of the town, which it takes me twenty minutes to reach, and whence I can take a good look to all sides, and form a pretty good idea of the weather. I often think how good it is to get up to '*high places*' *early in the morning*. There are things to be seen and learnt which can only be seen and learnt there, and the rest of one's day very much depends on the view that one gets then of '*earthly things*' from the high ground of God's presence—you understand.

"At 8.45 breakfast: 9.30 prayers. At ten out at once again, generally a very long walk alone, or a ramble with the children and their fishing-rods and sketch-books and baskets, with Bebay on my shoulder, till it's time for her to return with Underwood, and they go on with me till two o'clock dinner; and then out again till seven walking, or driving with Syd and chicks; tea till eight, and prayers at 9.30. So that the last hour and a half is my only time for writing necessary letters, fetching up the news, and reading Scotch history, or studying maps, etc.

"If alone in the morning, I often walk off some twelve miles or so, and S. meets me half way back in the afternoon, which is very pleasant; and there's a shout, as Georgie on the box, or Bebay inside, suddenly spy 'Va' in the distance, a most dishevelled figure, without hat, coat, or neck-cloth.

"Once I went off to Amulree, a Highland Inn in the midst of moors, through most lovely glens, purple with heather, to see whether we could go there after leaving this; but it was too rustic a place for anyone not up to roughing. . . .

"Last Tuesday and Wednesday morning I spent at Macdonald's of St. Martin's, the other side of Perth, where I met a very dear friend, old Hector Macpherson, who was the Duchess of Gordon's missionary at Huntly, and with whom I used to take such long walks and talks there.

"On Saturday a great climb up Ben Howzie, a giant just behind us. Oh! so enjoyable. Up rock and over heather, splashing through burns, putting up grouse by forties and fifties, black-cock and hares every moment, and at last getting the most beautiful view I think I ever saw for combination of scenery; not even in Switzerland do I remember such a scene, for though the great height was wanting, and the snow, yet the blueness of the dark ravines among the Grampians—the sweeping moorlands so brown and purple—the extensive and wooded plain, which, unlike that seen from the Rigi, was backed by the beautiful range of the Ochils, made it to my mind quite unequalled. I could see for miles beyond Perth in one direction; Stirling Rock was visible in another; Crieff and Comrie lay below me, with their white church towers and country seats, and it was with actual pain that I began to descend at last.

"The only drawback is that S. has been so little up to any fatigue or exertion, unusually so, and she has had but little enjoyment, and much suffering. . . .

"Beyond tract-distributing unsparingly, I have done little.

One Sunday evening service, and an open-air in the Town Square last Saturday has been all, and I believe I can trace some fruit from both."

The holidays of 1866 were passed at Malvern, whither Mr. Blackwood's family had preceded him in July. He spent the interval with his parents; and also accepted an invitation from Hannah, Lady Buxton,* to speak to her people and friends and neighbours at North Repps, near Cromer.

TO HIS WIFE.

"53 UP BROOK ST., 26th July, [1866].

"I am getting wretchedly lonely . . . however, we are to be careful for nothing. How little things mar one's peace—the change of weather—loss of a nurse—over-work, and many trifles much smaller, quite take the shine out of one; but if one's mind was stayed upon God, and one was seeking one's happiness *in Him*, it could not be so. He permits all these things, and many other daily worries, in order that we may be shaken out of our false sources of joy and peace, all in the creature, and rest only in Him, and then, 'WITH HIM ALL things.'

"The papers say nothing about Cholera being so bad in E. End. The rows seem over for the present. G. delighted at the mob burning down a tree!

"No end to the work, and never will be. It's far too much for us, and there will be a break-down. . . .

[28th July, 1866.] NORTH REPPS, CROMER, NORFOLK, Sat. 2 P.M.

"Were it not that you are all absent, I should be very happy, but I am counting the days to next Friday, when I hope nothing will prevent my turning up at Malvern.

"I trust the children reached you safely, that G. did not lean against the door and tumble out, and that S. didn't lose the tickets.

"I left Shoreditch at five, and travelled to Norwich, reaching it at nine, when a twenty miles' drive in Lady Buxton's carriage was before me. I had quite forgotten that I should be so late, and had omitted to lay in a supply of food at Cambridge at seven; so that on reaching this at 11.45 P.M., with only a bun at Cam-

* Widow of Sir T. F. Buxton, the philanthropist,

bridge and some slices of bread and butter kindly bestowed on me at an Inn where we changed horses, you may imagine that I was rather hungry. A roast fowl and tea however took any unpleasant feelings away, and Cæsar—or whatever the gentleman's name was who wasn't himself, but somebody else for a short time—is himself again.

"... The D. Wilsons from Mitcham are here. . . . A very pretty house, about two miles from the German Ocean, thickly wooded low hills to the sea shore. We are just going out for a walk after breakfast. D. W. and the ladies and I played at fives, which I haven't played at for twenty years, since I was at Eton. It did me much good—such capital exercise. I think I'll build a wall and have a game every day with G. for health's sake. Then a Bible-Reading with old Lady Buxton, and a walk to an old ruined Church at Overstrand, (seaside) where Sir T. F. Buxton was buried. We are now going out for another lovely walk. Dinner at six; and then a Drawing-room meeting at another Lady Buxton's at Cromer, where clergy, visitors, and residents are all coming. To-morrow I purpose going over to Mr. H——'s Church, and preaching for him in the Churchyard after morning service, and am to hold a meeting here for the poor in the evening. I shall probably drive over to Mr. Buxton's, near Norwich, and go up to London early on Monday morning. This is better than leaving here at 4.30 A.M. After Treasury work this is very pleasant, and if only you were here . . . I should be quite content.

"Tell G. there will be no row on Monday. The Reform League have given in, and will hold their meeting on Primrose Hill, which Government have granted, so he needn't come up to be a Special Constable. I am looking forward to my holidays. . . . Good-bye."

The story which follows is taken partly from memory of the facts as given by Mr. Blackwood himself, and partly from a little book published by Holness. It has been confirmed by reference to R. H. himself.

"The meeting had been held in the coach-house at North Repps. The audience had dispersed, and Mr. Blackwood, who was just starting to drive to a friend's house near Norwich, to be ready for the early train to London next morning, found that he had left something behind, and returned to the coach-house to seek it. The young Coachman and his wife were putting out the

lights. Mr. Blackwood said to him, 'Have *you* decided whose side you mean to be on for Time and Eternity?' R. H. answered he hoped to go to Heaven, but there was time enough yet; and looking at his wife, added that they were young, and need not trouble about such things yet a while.

"Kindly but gravely, Mr. Blackwood said, 'I entreat you, don't trifl[e] thus with eternal things. How do you know that this night your soul may not be required of you? Will you do this for me, before you go to bed to-night? Take a sheet of paper, and write on it these words, "*If I die to-night I shall go to Hell,*" and pin it over your bed.'

"R. H. promised readily to do as he was asked. Mr. Blackwood hurried off, and R. H. and his wife went to their house in the yard.

"After supper they were retiring to rest, when the wife said, 'Oh, Robert, you've forgotten to do what you promised the gentleman.' 'So I have; I'll do it now,' he said; and taking a sheet of paper, and kneeling down by the table, began to write carelessly across the paper in large text hand, '*If I die to-night*'—Then he stopped, and looked at the words; they were solemn and serious: what if he did die? Death seemed nearer, more real—'*If I die to-night!*' As he pondered, the clock in the yard struck ten. It sounded like the knell of his departure. Mechanically he wrote on, '*I shall go to Hell.*' He started and trembled. There, in his own handwriting, was the answer to his thoughts. His sins passed in review before him. Could he pin that paper over his head and sleep? What should he do? His eyes seemed glued to the paper. As he looked a tear fell—and then another, and blurred the last dread word. He looked up hastily, his wife was stooping over him, her eyes were full. Drawing her to kneel down beside him, they wept together over their thoughtlessness, and their danger. The sins of their past lives came to remembrance. They had not been bad people, and had felt that if they had kept out of evil company and did their duty all was well. They had been indifferent as to the service of God, but not opposed. All looked very different now. Together they cried to God for mercy, but no light came; and in this state of mind they continued for about a fortnight.

"At last their unhappiness became so great that they determined to sit up all night and search the Bible, to see if there could be mercy for them. As the clock in the yard struck hour after hour and no light came, they felt as if their day of mercy was

passing fast. They seemed to find nothing in the Bible but what confirmed their worst fears. '*The soul that sinneth it shall die*'—'*The wages of sin is death*,' and similar verses.

"Four o'clock struck; and in despair R. H. pushed the Bible away, and they sat with bowed heads. The candle had burnt out, and the morning light was coming in. At last R. raised his head, saying, 'Ah, Wife, surely I have heard of a Saviour for sinners like us. Surely the Bible tells of how God can pardon sins through the blood of Christ;' and pulling the Bible again towards him, he read, just where, when pushing the Book away, it had fallen open, '*I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for Mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins.*' Yes, there were the words plainly enough—Isa. xliii. 25.—How was it he had not seen them before? Trembling and joyful, he pointed them out to his wife. 'See, that's what we want.' They thought they would look and see if there was more to confirm this. Turning over the leaf, in the next chapter they read, '*I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins. Return unto Me, for I have redeemed thee.*' The light burst upon them both. 'It is enough, O LORD. We do come to Thee now, through Thy Son our Saviour.' In joyous thanksgiving they praised God for His pardoning love to so great sinners; and as the clock struck five, they blessed Him Who had sent them light and joy, and turned the sound which had been so terrible to them into a token of the beginning of a new and better day.

"Some time afterwards Mr. Blackwood heard of the new life thus begun, and visited them frequently, probably when at Cromer in 1869.

"The wife has now gone to her rest, but R. H. still lives to testify to others of the Saviour he has found, and of the happiness which came to them that night."

During this later visit, in 1869, many meetings were again held in the town and neighbourhood, and Mr. Blackwood also conducted a course of the Bible Readings held from year to year at Colne House. It is to this period that the following letter, written about 1881 by Mrs. O'Rorke to Miss Marsh, evidently refers.

"CROMER.

"Will you tell Mr. Blackwood that we met yesterday a Miss —, and that her face told plainly of a heart at peace, and

glad in the LORD ; and I hear that her life is full of blessed work for Him ?

" She told me that it was in Mr. Blackwood's meetings held here and in this neighbourhood about twelve years ago that she found her Saviour, and that she has rejoiced in Him ever since ; and that out of *many* who decided for Christ at the same time, (during Mr. Blackwood's work here) she does not know of *one* who has gone back. I think this will be a 'cordial' for him. The clergyman at whose church Miss ——'s family attend, with his wife, who has lately died full of peace, got a blessing at the same time. They were *good* people, and those meetings were new life to them."

A lady in the neighbourhood, writing in 1894, says :—

" I never forgot a little meeting he took in this house years ago, when I was first beginning to work for Christ. My dear sister and G. U.—who have both since 'entered in'—and myself, after much anxiety and prayer, asked my Mother to invite Sir Arthur to take a Drawing-room meeting here—the first we had ever had. He did it so beautifully, and we were so thankful, and cheered on our way."

The following letter to Mr. Blackwood refers to his stay at Malvern.

" MALVERN, 12th Oct., 1866.

" I cannot deny myself the happiness of telling you how God out of our visit to Malvern has brought spiritual good through your instrumentality to two dear friends of ours.

" I came here with a sad heart. . . . A dear friend from Guernsey came the day before your first address, and was able to attend every time. A niece came to spend the day of your last address with her. Her Aunt rejoiced at the prospect for her, as she was in a greatly depressed state spiritually. It pained me as we went down to the meeting to see her depressed countenance. . . . You may imagine then my joy and thankfulness when two days after, my friend read me from her niece's letter, 'I could not enough thank God for having heard Mr. Blackwood. I hope I shall never forget it: indeed I don't think I ever can as long as I live ;' and in another letter she says, ' Every day I bless God more and more for that day at Malvern. Everything seems *quite changed*. God has given me life and strength for daily use.' My friend also

wrote, ‘Dear Malvern, my thoughts go back there so often. I can indeed say it has been a place of blessing to me. As time goes on, Mr. Blackwood’s words shine more and more brightly upon me. How little F. thought that his going to Malvern’’ [for health] “‘was the carrying out of God’s will in the way of blessing to two souls who needed help; but for his being there we should not have heard Mr. Blackwood.’’

In 1867 the holidays were spent at Ore, near Hastings, where his eldest son was born.

TO HIS FATHER.

“TREASURY, 12. 9, [1867].

“MY VERY DEAR DADDY.—You will be thankful to hear that all is going on well at home. . . . The boy is really a beauty. . . .

“I should like to be with you in the wild country. I don’t see a prospect of holiday now till next Session is over,—rather a bad look-out. I get to Hastings for one day a week, and spend one night there in the middle, but it’s a great rush. . . .

“Dear Mother needn’t be anxious about the Mission Hall money. [at Streatham] It will all come in. I intend opening the place for public worship on Sunday, 6th October, the day when our darling Ceci commenced her public worship in the courts above.”

TO HIS WIFE.

[TO ORE, 1867] “IN THE TRAIN.

“TREASURY, 3. 10.

“Let Patience have her *perfect* work!”

“. . . It is easier to see His hand in other people’s matters than in our own. I am sure Satan thus reaps an advantage, hindering our peace and thereby robbing Him of the glory we might otherwise bring to Him.

“. . . Oh! think of what it will be when ‘the wondrous lessons learnt in the pilgrim days’ are all over, and the eternal result manifested, and we see how every daily circumstance was ‘line upon line.’”

[1867, TO HASTINGS] “IN THE TRAIN.

“4th Nov.

“. . . I am *so grieved*, much more for you, much more! for I am well and strong, and ‘these things move me not much.’ . . . I pray that God may strengthen you to bear them, and that we may glorify Him in them. Let us try to look at them all as special opportunities for glorifying Him, by manifesting patience and submission and love and quietness which shall please Him. Let us be

very careful lest Satan get an advantage over us by leading us to murmur and complain, and thus to turn those events which our Loving Father has sent us as *blessings* into curses. It is very difficult to maintain a Christ-like spirit, but the prayer 'For this cause came I unto this hour, (every hour of our life) *Father, glorify Thy name,*' is a wonderful assistance. Now we have an opportunity of glorifying Him which we never can have in Heaven. I know He will help us."

TO HIS MOTHER.

"TREASURY, 16. 10 [1867].

"It was a treat seeing you all. I can't say how great. How pleasant it is to love each other so much as we all do. It renders one susceptible of greater pain than those are exposed to who don't love so strongly; but I would rather have the deeper joy with pain, than be without the former.

"Off to Hastings now."

In the summer of 1874, a charming house at Saltburn in Yorkshire was kindly lent by Mr. William Morley of Streatham; and here again a series of meetings was held, concerning which a stranger wrote:

"1 Sa. 2. 9.—Col. 3. 24.

"A sinner saved by grace cannot let Mr. Blackwood leave Saltburn without telling him of the deep abiding joy she has experienced through attending his meetings. And never more can I doubt the power of my Saviour.

"I have had the great pleasure of being present at every meeting but the first one. . . . Never have I come away from any place so richly blessed.

"September 25th, 1874."

TO HIS MOTHER.

"31st Dec.

"I just send you a line to wish you and the Daddy a year full of blessing.

"And indeed the child of God can have *nothing but blessing*. 'All things are yours, for ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's.'

"I have been thinking much of Col. 1. 13. '*Translated into the Kingdom of the Son of His Love.*'

"There we are now—in the Kingdom, the Kingdom where

Jesus, Whom the Father loves and delights to honour, reigns. And so all *must be well*, for all *is love*.

"We ought never to doubt this: the moment we think anything that happens to us (except our own sin) is the result of anything but our Father's love, we dishonour Him, we doubt His word, and a cloud comes over our soul at once.

"Oh, it does give such peace to remember the words of Jesus, '*The Father Himself loveth you*'."

"I look for great things in the Church of Christ, and great things in my own soul."

VI.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

SHOOTERS' HILL.
CONSTANTINOPLE.
CRAYFORD.
IRELAND, WIESBADEN
AND RAGATZ.

SHOOTERS' HILL.

Early in 1868 the nine years' lease of the house at Streatham expired, and a move was made to The Wood Lodge, Shooters' Hill.

But Mr. Blackwood soon found that the situation made the return home after his many evening engagements a great difficulty. When therefore in 1871, an offer came of the Manor House, Crayford, with an earnest call to work, and almost simultaneously with this a proposal to take The Wood Lodge for the remainder of his long lease, the decision to move was made.

A curious combination of circumstances obliged him to return to Shooters' Hill in 1892.

To Miss MARSH.

"TREASURY [SHOOTERS' HILL, Jan. 25, 1868]

"Your lines at New Year's time, about not letting anything cast a shadow between Jesus and my soul were, *I can't say how* opportune. I don't think you were right about 'seeing it in my eyes' that day, for I was just then low PHYSICALLY; but at any rate it led you to pray for me, and to write the right thing; for there was a shadow—*A VERY SUBTLE snare of the Tempter's*, which tried me much. But thanks be to my gracious LORD, I am able to say, '*The snare is broken, and we are escaped.*'

"What a blessing is active work for Christ! The very week when the power of the enemy was strongest, I had, against my own wishes and plans (for I wanted rest) to preach five times, instead of three, my regular number, and was thus compelled to cleave unto the LORD. Had I been idle, a deep sleep might have come over my soul. But '*His mercy endureth for ever.*'

"Just interrupted by a young clerk in a neighbouring office who came in to say that words spoken to him last Thursday, and a tract then given to him, have let in such light as he never had before, and we have together knelt down and praised God. You will join, will you not, and send up a word of prayer for him too?"

To HIS MOTHER.

"TREASURY, Jan. 29.

"I have been much struck lately with the Word in Rev. ii. 'To him that overcometh I will give to eat of the hidden manna,' showing the secret sustenance of the believer's soul, as with Christ Himself in John iv. 32, and specially as that which Christ offers at the time when the soul is tempted to feed on something else, the things of the world, 'things sacrificed to idols,' ver. 14.

"Thus Jesus ever offers us a better, far better thing than that which world or flesh holds out; but we cannot feast on *both at once*.

"Oh, for grace to labour more for 'the meat that endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of Man shall give unto us,' Jno. vi. 27.

"Then our souls will be strong, and we *shall live*, John vi. 57, and that life a more abundant one, John x. 10. For the Word of Christ fed on and digested is life and strength, John vi. 63.—1. John ii. 14, last part. Is. lv. 1, 2, 3."

To HIS FATHER.

[1868.]

"I am longing more than I can say to come to you, for I want to see you both very badly, and I want rest very much. I have fifteen days, and should like to get them all clear, but have no chance of that, unless there's a Dissolution. . . . I have been having a hard time of it, sometimes at the House till past twelve."

To A FRIEND.

"THE WOOD LODGE, SHOOTERS' HILL, 1. 1. 69.

"I am glad to see Christian men in Parliament, for though we have no longer a Christian parliament, it's well to have Christians in it.

"Most men have their Christianity swamped by it. I have often to be there, and it's the most godless atmosphere I know.

"You will be in slippery places, but Jesus can and will I trust uphold you and your brother.

"May He make you both very true to *Him*. The difficulties are tremendous. But He is able."

To MISS MARSH.

"THE WOOD LODGE, SHOOTERS' HILL, 19. 3 [1869].

"I am so 'pressed out of measure' at the Treasury that I don't know what I should do if I had the anxiety I have sometimes had. . . .

"I can't say how I should like to come to you; but if you only knew how I am at it early and late, hardly seeing wife and children, and how all the work of the year has its climax and final rush in the last two and the next month, you would see how next to impossible it is. I am often at office at 9.30, don't leave till nearly six; and beyond Streatham, which I can *easily* reach after office, and get home by 10.30, am *not* going elsewhere. I have not had more than one day's holiday for five months, and don't expect one."

To HIS FATHER.

"[1869] 3rd April.

". . . . Since I last wrote I have had much anxiety. . . . So I have had a hard time, and the high pressure work at the office has made me quite in a feverish state till it is done. By Thursday however I hope to get the Estimates printed and laid on the table, and I shall then breathe. Every one knows that we are over-worked. . . .

"It's a wonderful comfort when mind and body are so taxed, to feel a perfect peace, with unshaken confidence in the tender love and wisdom of a heavenly Father; and things are brighter now."

To MISS MARSH.

"THE WOOD LODGE, 5. 8. 69.

"Oh, that you had been with us yesterday. Such a day of joy and blessing! Such weather too. God *was* good. Though a heavy storm in London, none with us. If you could have seen the widows and little ones!* One blue-eyed laughing little thing of five years old, now so happy, had been KICKED out of doors by her own father, and had slept a fortnight in the streets.

"A swell-mobsman from Epsom 'in his right mind'; a boy-burglar of ten, who could effect his entrance into most houses in

* From Miss Macpherson's "Home of Industry."

London ; and then some aged penniless, but rejoicing Christians, some blind.

"It was a marvellous day. S—— was, I am sure, strengthened for it, and with B. and C. gave each a nosegay and shook hands with every one of over 200 !"

The reminiscences contributed by Miss Macpherson to *The Christian* of Nov. 2, 1893, may find a fitting place at this point.

"We first met in a tiny garret in a dim old alley near the Home of Industry, twenty-seven years ago.

"The occupants were a couple of saintly, but very poor widows. He was in the act of commanding their suffering bodies to the loving Father ; this was done with both tears and tenderness ; no haste ; he seemed full of leisure, revelling in 'the joy of doing kindnesses,' carrying sympathy and compassion down to his LORD's much-tried children. The elder was bed-ridden, and the younger a widow with twisted fingers, trying to wind silk for the neighbouring weavers.

"Our next meeting was quite a different scene. Some 300 poor little matchbox makers were to have a Christmas treat. How we toiled all that night, fitting those half-naked children with garments. What a help to a beginner in East-end work to have one who could not only give an address, but keep order whilst the robing each wee mite went on. It would be difficult to say who showed most delight, the giver or the receiver. This we know, that the deep interest shown by this noble man and his dear lady to the suffering poor after the scourge of cholera in East London cheered many a labourer. Then with his large heart he devised the thought of taking the poor into the country from our closely-packed dens. After we arrived at his mansion in waggons, how his delight was to marshal them amongst the flower-beds, and regale them most sumptuously. Songs of Zion were sung, words of loving cheer were spoken, and we returned to our city life under the influence of his prayers and blessings. . . ."

TO HIS SISTER.

"5th Oct., 1869, TREASURY.

"One line to greet you to-morrow, just to remind you that you have still an affectionate brother in the Church Militant as well as a loved, and I believe loving sister in the Church Triumphant.

"The time is drawing near when we shall 'all meet again.'

"Does *she* enter into your thoughts of Heaven much ?

"Oh ! how glorious it will be. How kind of Jesus to say that He will certainly bring her to meet us when He comes to fetch us home for the eternal holydays. Just like Him, isn't it ?

"I am staying at Wilton Crescent till to-morrow, and then go knocking about preaching. To-morrow I preach at Croydon. Pray that as, two years ago, a soul was born to Eternal life on 6th October, so it may be again."

In connection with the meetings at Croydon, where from time to time he gave courses of addresses, he had the joy of seeing much fruit as the years went on. One who entered into a long-sought peace, whilst Mr. Blackwood was dwelling on the words, "He that believeth on Me *hath* Everlasting life," wrote to tell how the arguments he had then learned had been the means of the salvation of a young Sunday School teacher, and of a man of business, a Roman Catholic by birth. "He is hardly like the same man. He now seldom misses an opportunity; on 'change, market, or ship—as a shipbroker—he presses home the vital question of salvation on all he meets. Such transforming power has redeeming love !"

After a pleasant holiday at Cromer Mr. Blackwood returned to his work, on 11th October, leaving his family to follow. But on the 14th his daughter was attacked with scarlet fever, and a week later the Duchess, her eldest daughter, and several of the servants were added to the list of sufferers.

TO HIS WIFE.

"TREASURY, 15th Oct. [1869].

"All is well, and *must* be well. The time and place of every pain is ordered, and though this must cause increased anxiety, expense, and trouble, we know it's all right. I am praying often through the day for you and darling C. and the others, and our loving Father will watch over us all, and bring us triumphantly through *whatever* He may have in store for us.

"I preached last night" [at Croydon] "about passing through tribulation, and its three purposes,—God glorified, the believer perfected, and unbelievers led to trust. May that end be accomplished in us. I telegraphed to say that I could come to-night or tomorrow. . . .

"I RELY on your letting me know by telegram that you want me, not only if illness dangerous, but to be a comfort and help to you. Have no scruples about Streatham [meeting] or anything else.

"19. 10.

"I am very wretched at not being with you, not so much in the daytime while the sun shines, but towards night when I get into the train, and find myself going the wrong way, and it gets dark, and I think of you all, and I feel as if I were deserting you, and leaving you to fight it out all alone.

"... Oh! dear, oh! dear—I am learning what 'the anxious dread to-morrow' means, and yet I am not anxious, for I can trust. . . .

"The sudden cold went to my throat as usual, but I was able to speak to 600 or 700 last night" [at Croydon] "without much injury, though to-day I have a little roughness and cold. They are most kind at Haling, every comfort, convenience and kindness that can be shown.

"A great meeting last night. It was really humbling to find so many coming to speak of blessing received."

The next day, Mr. Blackwood went down to Cromer, and took the younger children home.

"SHOOTERS' HILL, [27th Oct.]

"I feel terribly at a loss without you. . . . I feel a degree of responsibility for the children, with an amount of ignorance in myself about them, which makes me not like to leave home for a moment.

[29th Oct.]

"TREASURY, Friday.

"My heart is full of thankfulness to-day. . . . The chicks—little darlings—are all well, and so sweet and good. Throat's passing off, Doctor not coming again unless sent for. . . . 'Surely goodness and mercy do follow us, all the days of our life.' We can see it when matters mend—I wish I could believe it when they seem to grow worse.

" SHOOTERS' HILL, Sunday, 5. P.M.

" I am going to write . . . a Sunday letter. . . . I was feeling my loneliness this morning, for though it's very sweet to have my three crowing chattering pets round me, at times I begin to long for some other beloved ones at Cromer and wish you were here. I accordingly turned to Keble while at breakfast, and lo! to-day's verses began,

" ' Why should we faint and fear to *live alone*,
 Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die,
 Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
 Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh ? '

" So it was very appropriate.

" . . . But you must be more lonely, and as the days grow shorter, your evenings must be rather mournful, when you lie and think of the trio, or perhaps the quartette here. . . . I've been noticing passages in Ruth Bryan's letters . . . and feel that it is lamentable that there should be a degree of blessing, peace, joy, power, life and holiness which has been and is attained and realized by many,— that it should be all 'of grace,' so that all may attain it alike, and yet that I should come short of it, and live a life . . . infinitely below that which I might live. I feel that the recent wonderful mercies we have had ought to cause me to present myself afresh, a living sacrifice. . . .

" And yet God has blessed me in a way and to an extent few have been blest. What a number of souls He has permitted me to convey the message of life to; but I begin to think that one may be a pipe to convey water without absorbing any oneself.

" You will think I am in a lonely morbid fit . . . but it's not so. I am very well, and in good spirits, and only express what I continually feel.

" I see all the promises in the Bible about holiness, and expound them to others, and yet don't lay hold of them for myself, though others think I do. . . . I think neglect of prayer is a great cause. I mean real *downright prayer*, secret, ejaculatory, intercessory, instant. . . .

" Chicks have just finished tea and are coming to me for pictures."

TO HIS MOTHER.

" THE WOOD LODGE, SHOOTERS' HILL, [Dec., 1869].

" It isn't a bad thing for one to be occasionally pinched— makes one feel for others, etc., and deny one's self a little. . . .

"A most happy New Year to you when it comes. We can't tell what it may bring, but we can say, 'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the House of the LORD for ever.' Your most affectionate and grateful Son."

The next year did indeed bring a great family sorrow in the very sudden death of the Duchess' mother on 22nd June.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

In 1870 Mr. Blackwood was sent by the Treasury to Constantinople on a Committee of Enquiry into Consular Fees, and thus revisited old scenes filled with recollections of the Crimean war.

He started on 7th September, having taken the Duchess and their children to Broadstairs, where they remained during his absence.

To MISS MARSH.

"BROADSTAIRS, 5th Sept., [1870].

"I start, God willing, on Wednesday evening.

"The Foreign Office wish me to abstain from tract distribution to Foreigners, whilst acting as a British Commissioner, but my tongue is free, and I can work amongst English and Hospital at Constantinople. So I thought it right to accede, as one has no right to compromise the Government."

To HIS WIFE.

"HOTEL DU NORD, COLOGNE, Thursday evening, 8th Sept., 1870.

"As it will save you some trouble, I shall make my letters to you, commencing with this one, a kind of journal, which you can send on to Parents and Lucy, and reserve any private communications for separate sheets.

"Hitherto I have got on capitally. I tried to descry the beloved Broadstairs, but being t'other side of Goodwin Sands, failed to do so. . . . Near Aix la Chapelle, we stopped alongside a train of wounded Germans, principally Bavarians. With the exception of a few carriages in which they were lying on straw, they were all slightly wounded in hand, face or leg, and were very cheery. . . .

"Cologne we reached at five, and dined at the station in the Ladies' Waiting Room, which was temporarily appropriated to a

party of about twenty French officers, who were busily employed in writing letters, drinking *absinthe*, and reading the *Figaro*. I had a chat with one of them, with whom I fraternized on account of his having the English Crimean medal. . . . I wished I could have offered them and the quantities of Prussian soldiers of whom the town is full, something better than the newspapers.

"My passport with Red Arms thereon commands respect, and the little white despatch bag, which I hug like a baby, invariably secures one attention, and a good place. I have another big white despatch bag, but that goes with the luggage.

[MUNICH, 11th Sept.]

"The preacher said to-day on 2 Cor. i. 4, that God comforted us in our tribulations in several ways. 1st, by in His own good time taking us out of it, (that was the way we liked best.) 2nd, by giving us compensating and counterbalancing mercies, instancing Hannah who had no children, but her husband's love. Mephibosheth who was lame; but his lameness saved his life. 3rd, by manifesting Himself to us in them. We shall see the light that is in the clouds one day.

"I'm not going to complain of loneliness this time, unless it gets very bad."

[GRAND HOTEL, VIENNA, 13th Sept., [1870]

"I can hardly believe I am again in Vienna, and it seems almost a dream to be as it were suddenly transported from the sands at Broadstairs to this gay fashionable pleasure-seeking city. I wish I had you with me. . . . I was shocked to read about the *Captain*. What a fearful catastrophe! Poor Mr. Childers! He little knew when I saw him last Friday of what had already happened. We rely much on our naval power as protecting us from events and scenes like those now happening on the Continent. This only shows how worthless such a reliance may be. God allowed the sea to defend us in the days of the Spanish Armada, for then we were nationally standing up for His Truth, and the Martyrs were dying for it. Now, we are nationally denying it, and it may be that our seas and ships will avail nothing. I cannot help thinking that we are on the eve of much greater events than the world supposes.

" . . . Looking at the convulsed unruly embittered state of nations and classes, those words, '*and the nations were angry*', which describe the state of the world of Christendom at the sounding of the last trump (Rev. xi. 18) will not leave my mind.

"I must send you a translation of what I have copied out of a Vienna (and therefore not a Protestant, though very liberal) paper of to-day. It is remarkable language for a newspaper in the capital of a hitherto intensely Roman Catholic Country. It is an article on the Entry of Italian troops into Rome, headed 'Rome's Fall'!"

"The last hour of the Papacy has struck. No one can be found courageous enough to support her when sinking. The temporal kingdom of the Pope cannot be saved. With the end of the temporal kingdom the spiritual power sustains a tremendous blow. The times are passed in which the folly of superstitious men supported the mad will of the Papacy, and millions lay in the dust before an imaginary phantom. *Even the assumption of Divinity, (for to be infallible is to be nothing less than GOD)* has proved unavailing. The last remnant of the Middle Ages has fallen, and the Priests' Kingdom, rich in sins and crimes, is now a subject for the impartial examination of history."

"Is this not remarkable?

"Well, if troublous times are at hand, the morning is also near, and may we be found watching and waiting.

"I think it has done me good to have a look at the world and its worldliness from the outside. I live so much in the same groove that one forgets what things outside that groove look like; and being out of London, except for office, I see nothing of it there. I certainly see what I have not seen for fifteen years of what 'the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life' means. I don't mean that there is not that anywhere, even in one's own heart and narrow circle, but here one sees it in its full-blown growth.

"To-morrow I start at seven to the Imperial Castle where Minnie T—— lives, and take a parcel to her, from the Embassy. Oh, how I wish you were able to see all I am seeing, and have the thorough change it is. I wonder how you and my sweet pets are getting on.

"No. 5.

"VIENNA, 18th Sept. Thursday.

"At seven yesterday morning I started by express to Mürzuschlag, which I reached at 10.15 by the most wonderful and beautiful railway over the Semmering Pass on the road to Trieste. The mountains in the Styrian Alps are not nearly so lofty as towards the Tyrol and Switzerland, but they are high enough to make it very grand as the train winds along, and round and round,

and up and up. Finding that Neuberg, where the Emperor was staying, was five miles off, and as I wanted to avoid getting wet, which was probable, I hired a two-horse trap to take me over, along a very lovely valley, but over roads that would have smashed most springs all to bits in half an hour.

" . . . At last we arrived at Neuberg—an old Monastery in a valley like—well, like Engelberg, only much smaller and narrower. In the Monastery, a large straggling building in wretched repair (dissolved some thirty years ago), the Empress was staying. There were no sentries, servants, or such like about; so I roamed in, and about its dark cloisters, a few workmen in one place, and heaps of portmanteaux in another, the whole place about as well fitted up as our coach-house and brew-house. I was rather afraid of straying into the Emperor's rooms, for there was no one to prevent me, but came at last across a gentleman in evening dress who was, I fancy, a groom of the chambers; but hearing me ask for Miss —, at once answered in English, and showed me to her room. . . . She seemed delighted to see me, and immensely surprised. We had a long talk over old days, and our different family matters, and so on. She seems to like the position very much. She is nominally the head of the little two-year-old Archduchess' establishment of two nurses, footmen, etc., and is in reality *Dame d'honneur* in constant waiting. They lead the simplest life there. The Empress, who is always fond of seclusion, left Ischl to come here in order to let the Emperor come and shoot, which he couldn't do at Ischl, as it took two days to get there from Vienna, and he has to attend to business a good deal. They both get up at four or five. She walks out with Minnie or Countess —, the other *Dame d'honneur*, feeds the baby, dines at three, and goes to bed at eight. She strolls about the little village just as you would, and enjoys it very much. The Emperor carries the baby to bed, and the Empress tucks her up. . . .

" I then took a good stretch round the hills, and enjoyed the Alpine scenery and thought of you all. . . .

" I meant to have walked back, but it came on to rain heavily, and as the Emperor's Chamberlain, Baron —, was going to Vienna, he drove me to Mürzzuschlag, in one of the Emperor's little *voitures de chasse*, and was very pleasant company. . . .

" In connection with the thoughts in my last letter about the aspect of things, and the readiness we ought to be in, those words struck me in Lu. xxi. 'Lest your hearts be overcharged with . . . cares of this life,' and I saw in the German Bible that the word

especially refers to the cares connected with household-nourishment, etc. It is a great thing to think that the LORD knows that we have these cares, but that He does not mean them to overcharge us.

"Saturday night.

"Now I am on the Danube. It is after dinner, and dark. It has been rather a weary day. . . .

"My principal acquaintances to-day have been a very nice Greek gentleman, who talks French, and a Wallachian engineer, who talks German. The former has told me all about his wooing, betrothing, marrying, the character of his wife, and a great many other things. We had a little talk about other things. But he had been educated by an infidel school master, when quite a boy, and I'm afraid I didn't get very far with him.

"We passed Orsova, Turn Severin, etc., and I began to recognize my old friends the Bulgarians, whom one used to bully sixteen years ago. They didn't look any cleaner or more intelligent than at that time, which is not saying much for them. Oh! how I wish I were going up the river instead of down it.

"Sunday morning.—In the train I shall pass close to Alladyn, where we first encamped in Bulgaria for a month, and lost so many from cholera, and shall coast along the shores of the lake where I used to bathe. It was at Alladyn I remember first seeing death, in the case of one of our Bulgarian carters, who died of cholera. It was there too my charger died. It seems so curious to be travelling along on Sunday. . . . Have just had another conversation with my Greek friend, and hope to resume it afterwards, and get him to promise me to read the New Testament for himself. He is such a gentlemen-like, well-informed man—the nicest Greek I ever saw.

"The impression that seems to be gaining ground as to the ultimate course of national events, as I gather for instance from Jules Favre's reply to Italy, from . . . , and from conversations with people of all nations, is that Europe will be divided into three great Divisions—1st, the Latin in France, Spain, Italy.—2. The Teuton Germany, who will claim from Austria its German provinces of the Tyrol, Salzkammergut, etc.—3. The Slav—i.e. an Austrian Confederation of all the nationalities about here—Hungarian, Wallachian, and a number of others. This is quite in accordance with the view expressed by a writer on prophecy in the *Times* some years ago, that Rev. xvi. 19, would be fulfilled by the division of the Roman Empire or Christendom, 'the great City,'

into Pan-Latinism, Pan-Teutonism, and Pan-Slavism. This happens at the 7th Vial, just as 'the anger of the nations' in Rev. xi. comes at the 7th Trumpet; and if the two are contemporaneous, as I believe they are, their application to the present time is very momentous.

"This *very* day, sixteen years ago, I was on the Black Sea, nearing the Crimea.

"No. 7. HOTEL D'ANGLETERRE, THERAPIA, *Monday, Sept. 19, 1870.*

"Before leaving the ship, I had a very nice closing conversation with my Greek friend, and gave him my only French Testament, having marked a quantity of passages for him, and he promised faithfully to read it, and seemed somewhat impressed.

"I was hoping to catch a glimpse of Alladyn, Gevreckli, etc., but unfortunately dusk came on, and we did not reach Varna till 7.30. Still, it was very interesting and curious to feel myself so close to places one never thought to have passed again, and to see all round one the costumes, and carts and horses and all things that brought the time of sixteen years back so vividly to one's recollection. Certainly a review of those years, and of all the spiritual and temporal blessings received since then, gave me much cause for thankfulness. On reaching Varna we embarked in a small boat in the dark, and got on board the Austrian Lloyd's steamer, where after supper and talk with another Greek gentleman, I went to bed. I got here about two o'clock.

"My Greek friend expressed to me his fears about Russia, and said that if once Russia got possession of Turkey and Greece, it would be a crushing despotism, and all up with Europe, and in fact, in his words, '*Ce sera le fin du monde.*' . . .

"Having breakfasted, I went to the Embassy, and found Count Pisani, the Chancelier, an old acquaintance, delivered my bags, and the Ambassador being out, went for a walk two miles along the lovely Bosphorus, and then three inland, up among some lovely hills. I then went to see Sir Henry Elliott, and had a preliminary talk about official matters, on which I begin to-morrow, and dine at the Embassy afterwards.

"No. 8.

"THERAPIA, *Thursday Evening, Sept. 22.*

"I wish I were at home again. . . .

"Wednesday I went into Constantinople with Kennedy, one of the Secretaries, and spent an hour or two at the Consulate, where our general work will have to be done. . . . To-day I went in by early boat with Sir P. Francis, the Judge, my other colleague, to

Constantinople, and spent the day at the Consulate over accounts, and have just come out, and am writing this before going to dinner at the Embassy. . . . I was able to give some tracts on board the steamer, which were much welcomed, and some in the British Prison to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. Blackwood had by this time joined the party at Broadstairs.

FROM HIS MOTHER.

"Sept. 29, 1870, BROADSTAIRS.

"Here I am with your dear wife and sweet pets, and I am truly happy to be here, as far as regards myself, but I fear I can contribute but little to dear Wife's comfort; the incessant pain I am in dispirits me. . . ." [From a broken rib.]

"I wish I could perceive in your letters that you were *thoroughly* enjoying your freedom, the thorough change of air, and the variety of life, instead of that perpetual hankering after home which is ever and anon peeping out of your letters. I fear it will prevent the benefit the career might otherwise be.

"Saturday 1st Oct., 1870.

"My precious and dearly loved Son, I've naught to say, but it would seem strange to you not to get a silent sound from your loving Mother, and *here* too!

"Your letter No. 8 annoys us all, yes ALL; the Daddy, Wife, and me. Why not enjoy to the full the wonderful change of scene and life! the difference of climate and habits of the country! the absence of close room, desk, and office routine! and thankfully enjoy a variety which thousands would so thoroughly relish? We should be thankful for all things, and such a trip, such a complete change, ought to be beneficial to health and mind, if you would not let an undercurrent undermine it all.

". . . I want your next after receipt of this to say, 'I am so enjoying myself.'

"Loving Mother."

JOURNAL LETTERS.

"No. 9. "H.B.M. CONSULATE GENERAL, CONSTANTINOPLE, 26. 27.

Sept. 1870.

"On Friday, I spent half an hour on board Hobart Pasha's yacht which is lying in the little harbour. He's a jolly cheery

sailor, and one who apparently understands what he's about. He has a capital appointment . . . and is Cock of the walk over all the Turkish Admirals. He speaks very highly of their Fleet, and, which surprises me, of their *Army*. . . . The other day he said somewhere that he would undertake to blow Odessa to pieces in four hours. The Russian Minister heard of this, took offence at it very foolishly, and complained to the Grand Vizier, who sent for Hobart Pasha, and asked for an explanation. 'If they want an explanation,' said H. P., 'tell them, I'll do it in two hours, if it be necessary.' The consequence is that the Russian Embassy have orders to hold no communications with Hobart Pasha!!

Monday 26th.--I met four English merchant Captains on board [the steamer.] They received tracts with pleasure, and welcomed most gladly an offer to go on board their ships, which are waiting for cargoes in Buyukdere Bay, and hold a service there next Sunday. I am delighted to have got this opening. In fact, there are so many opportunities of getting at English people, that my store of tracts, no small one, is getting exhausted. . . . The fine weather has come, and this place is too lovely for description. Some scraps for you on another sheet. . . .

"No 11.

"THERAPIA, Thursday evening, 29th Sept.

"In some respects our work will not be pleasant. . . .
 ". . . Sunday 2nd, I was going to attend the service on board the *Jaseur*, and was wishing, almost praying, that I might have some opportunity for work, when on reaching her at ten, almost the first words Captain Hotham said, were, 'I wish you would take the service, and speak to the men afterwards!' This was quite unexpected, as I feared it would be contrary to regulations, and did not therefore venture to think of asking to be allowed.

"We went all over the ship after parade, and then at 10.30, the crew and officers all came aft on the Quarter-deck, and sat in rows, while Captain Hotham read prayers. I then read Mark v. and spoke to them for twenty minutes, on the cases of the power of Jesus to save from *power of Devil* (the madman); from *sin* (the disease of the woman), and from *death*, (Jairus' daughter) . . . alluding to loss of *Captain*. They all seemed very much interested, and listened with great attention, and I trust some good seed was sown. I was so thankful to have the opportunity. I then breakfasted on board with Captain H. at twelve, and at 1.30, walked with him and Sir P. Francis to Buyukdere. There

I (alone) took a *caique*, and in a heavy sea started on a voyage of discovery for the ship of the Captain I had met on the steamer. I hailed several, but they were all foreigners, and my *caiquers* were getting quite alarmed and helpless in the waves, when we got under the stern of the *Arethusa* from Sunderland, and I halloo'd the Captain out of his cabin. He instantly hung out the companion ladder, and I clambered up. . . . It was too rough to get hold of the crews of any other ships, so all we could do was to assemble all of his men who would come in his little cabin, and there I held another little service, and gave away books, after which he sent me on shore, getting nicely sprinkled with the sea. Altogether it was a very pleasant, and I hope not useless day.

“. . . After our Enquiry is finished, we shall have to prepare our Report, to which both the Foreign Office and the Treasury will attach great importance, and which, if approved of, must form the basis of an Order in Council, and will largely affect the interests of British Commerce in these waters. Added to this, the whole thing will most probably be brought up before the Select Committee on Consular Service which is adjourned to next Session, and we must therefore be particularly careful in our reasons and conclusions. . . . I do not like the thought of your having the trouble and anxiety of moving without me. Still I cannot disguise from myself that I may be detained so long as to prevent my reaching you by 27th.

“BUYUKDERE, 6th Oct., 1870.

“Tuesday 4th, I dined at Embassy and met Rustem Bey, Turkish minister at Vienna, now going to St. Petersburg; Count Bombolan, Italian Ambassador; and the Servian Representative. In the evening, contrary to expectation, I had a very interesting conversation with —, to whom I last night gave my only copy of ‘Shadow and Substance,’ and also with —, who seemed a hearty Christian.

“. . . We are getting on very well with work. We received a deputation of ship-owners and merchants yesterday; and I quite out-Ayrtoned Ayrton in speaking of ‘the views of Her Majesty’s Government.’ . . .

“MESSERIS HOTEL. Monday Evening, 10th Oct.

“Friday I rode out again in the evening to Buyukdere . . . and we sat up working till nearly one. We had a difficult matter

to arrange, i.e., how to draw up our Report, on a number of various but intermixed subjects, so as to be clear, but exhaustive. It led to some differences of opinion, which were amicably settled. . . . I hope it will be successful.

"Saturday we worked till two, and I then went down to Scutari, with a Mr. C—, a barrister here, a Christian of earnest character. I walked over most of the old places where I had spent the spring of 1854, the Turkish Barracks I had been quartered in, the slopes where I had encamped with the Guards, where I cut off my moustache (which Mother will remember), and then walked on to the cliffs, where Lord de Ros' Tent stood. . . . The English Cemetery is there now, on about the loveliest spot you can imagine, just on the edge of the cliff on the sea of Marmora, the minarets and domes of Stamboul, about three miles to the right; in front the Princes' Islands, occupying something the position of Capri in the Bay of Naples, but nearer and smaller. Then round to the left, or East, a promontory studded with villas like Sorrento, and then twenty miles across the sea the snowy range of Olympus. It was most beautiful, and such a summer afternoon as made it most enjoyable. It brought back many recollections, which I should have liked to have indulged in at leisure. . . . I saw the graves of many whom I had known. The Cemetery is excellently kept by a Sergeant of the R. E. who lives there; and if one cared about being buried anywhere in particular, one could not choose a sweeter spot.

"To-day has been a good day's work. We conferred with the Ambassador in the afternoon, and he approved of our proceedings. . . .

"14th Oct. . . . I am working night and day to get off on 18th.

"DANUBE STEAMER, Thursday Evening, 20th Oct., 1870.

"Although I hope so shortly to see you, . . . yet I may as well complete my journal letter-writing.

"Sunday 16th, having been earnestly pressed to preach at the Chapel of the Dutch Embassy in Pera, I had agreed to do so at three P.M., and also to hold a service at Therapia, at the Hotel, at eight P.M. Mr. Clifton, to make the matter easy for me, very kindly engaged a carriage. So we started at twelve, giving ourselves three hours to get over the bad roads,—twelve miles. Unfortunately we arranged to begin by walking the first three miles over some hills, and the carriage was to meet us at the top. But imagine our dismay when, on reaching the top, and having

only just time to drive in, we found no carriage. We instantly guessed that the Turkish coachman had misunderstood, and there was nothing to be done but go down again. It was a *broiling* day and South wind, but there was no help for it. I ran nearly the whole way down, and found the carriage quietly waiting still at Therapia. . . .

"Eventually we reached the Dutch Embassy at 3.40, in anything but the quiet mind I should like to have been in. However the service had not long begun, and I at once went on, not with much comfort, but so far as I know, with some good result. . . . Mr. ——, a Roman Catholic, was there, and I really hope that a deep impression was made on his mind. His expressions seemed to show that he had really laid hold of some important truths, and he begged me to write to him, and send him some books. So I hope that the service was not in vain.

"Well, we left at five, and had to be at Therapia, at eight, but at 6.30 darkness came on, the lamps would not act, and we only got on by means of a lad running before us the remaining five miles with a lantern. When half a mile from the village, I jumped out, and ran on, reaching the Hotel, just as the people were assembling. The good landlady, an Englishwoman, instantly gave me a cup of tea, and I was able to conduct the service with greater comfort and freedom than I remember for some time.

" . . . Some seemed very much interested, especially a Greek doctor, who accepted some books with much gratitude; also a German gentleman. So the day, spite of its *contretemps*, was after all a very happy one. . . .

" . . . You may guess that we have not been idle when I say that it took four hours to read the draft Report aloud with only a few bits of discussion now and then. At last it was concluded, and at 2.30 we got to bed.

" Thursday 18th.—Off at seven to Therapia, where I packed, breakfasted, and went to Embassy, and thence to Pera. At 2.30 P.M. the eventful Report was signed in due form, and our labours concluded for good or ill. . . .

"I embarked amidst a convoy of commissioners, consuls, cavasses (Police) and friends at four, and for the last time steamed up the Bosphorus, and away from the minarets and cypress-groves of Stamboul. I always feel rather melancholy at leaving places; and what with previous associations, and a most pleasant stay this time, I was after all, very sorry to go away at last.

"We had a tolerably easy passage, but I was glad to reach Varna at nine. I was to have ridden to Alladyn, but it was a soaking day, and impossible. I just managed to walk up to the ground I had once camped upon near Varna town, and that was all.

"Vienna, 22nd Oct.—Letters just arrived. . . . So I can travel easy, and reach you by the latest evening of the 27th. S. A. B."

To MISS MARSH.

"SHOOTERS' HILL, 30. 12. 70.

"The past has been a year of many blessings, I can say, and enough anxieties to make me feel that my Heavenly Father does not forget me, or allow me to make this my rest.

"I want to attain that 'holiness' *with* which one *shall* see the LORD.

"There is a vision of the Invisible One, which I have not attained yet. It is spoken of in Matt. 5. 8. and Is. 33. 17. Pray that I may get it. Ask Him also to give me the right word at Freemasons' Hall next week." [This was the occasion to which reference is made on page 221].

"Just heard of a most triumphant end of an old Crimean brother-officer, whom I had never been able to speak or write to, though often longed for—a cheery happy worldly fellow. But the LORD did what I had wanted to do; and his widow, whom I knew not, wrote to say that he had obtained full assurance and peace, through '*Forgiveness, Life, and Glory,*' and told her with his last words to tell me so."

The following is an extract from Mrs. Barlee's letter :—

"I am sure it will give you pleasure to hear, that from reading an address of yours, on '*The Sin-offering,*' in the little book, '*Forgiveness, Life, and Glory,*' he was enabled to see that it was *not* presumption to say he *was* saved, and *had* Eternal life. For a long time, I had in every way tried to convince him, but he couldn't see it, until through God's blessing he was able to do so, on searching your book. I shall never forget how happy it made him; and one of his last requests was that I should write and tell you from him. . . . All through his short illness, his sufferings were frightful, but he was gentle and patient, and at last passed away in his sleep, just as he wished and prayed might be the case."

MR. BLACKWOOD TO HIS SISTER.

SHOOTERS' HILL [1 May, 1871].

"How goes it with you? . . . I am well thank God, and in full work. The only thing I really lack, is the experience of Eph. iii. 18-21; but I believe it is to be fully realized, and I trust I am beginning to seek it more thoroughly."

"I feel that though fifteen years old next month, I know very little of 'the life of faith,' and *complete surrender* to Jesus, but I think He is working in me to *will* it, and then He will work in me to *do* it."

"I want to realize Gen. 17. 1. and 2 Cor. 7. 1."

TO MISS MARSH.

SHOOTERS' HILL, [22 May, 1871].

"God has indeed made my lines to fall in pleasant places, *above* and *below*, and the half has not been told me."

"My heart is full of praise. Yes, the whole surrender of self, so that every corner may be vacant to be filled with the fulness of God, that is the secret."

"I am determined to get it, by God's grace, and I believe He is determined to give it me. For He says, John x. 'that they might have it *more abundantly*,' and Eph. iii. '*exceeding abundantly*.'"

TO HIS SISTER.

[Undated.]

"Such a satisfactory meeting yesterday with twelve leading London clergy, Thorold, Canon Chapneys, Auriol, Cadman, E. Bayley, Lumsden, D. Wilson, and others, who held out to us (laymen) the right hand of fellowship, and said, God speed you—we'll work with you, and be glad to have your help. Our school-rooms are open to you—let's all work together. This is most cheering, and we feel it's an answer to prayer. Tell the Daddy. I'm sure he'll be glad."

TO HIS SISTER, on her Birthday.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, June 2, 1871.

"As I am spending many a weary hour in these halls of the Legislature, while waiting on an ungrateful and Liberal Government, I have determined to make use of part of the time in writing you a congratulatory Epistle. . . .

"The dear old Daddy came with me to open-air service, and courageously stood by me while I read aloud Is. iv. to three

ragged boys and some bare walls. And afterwards, when a couple of hundred were assembled, he gave away a hymn here and there, and sang by my side as loud as he could. Surely there must be something in his heart to make him content to take up such a position.

"I wish you every blessing in this new year, above all, to be 'filled with all the fulness of God.' Obedience to Ro. xii. 1 is the way to it, I feel convinced. Yielding one's self to Him moment by moment, to be momentarily filled by Him."

During the autumn, Mr. Blackwood was asked, for the first time, to give an address on the Spiritual Life at the Church Congress, and in reference to this he wrote to Miss Marsh.

"14th Oct., [1871] STOKE ROCHFORD, GRANTHAM.

"God bless you for holding up my hands. . . . He *was* with me at Nottingham. It was nervous work, before four or five Bishops, and nearly 2000 Laity and Clergy. I shrank from it dreadfully, until I was 'on my legs,' and the Great Shepherd and Bishop stood by me, and made [me] as bold as a lion.

"I was able in some measure, I trust, to exalt Him as the Resurrection and *the Life*, and the only Source of a deeper life and power; but not to my satisfaction. I believe however that souls were helped, and I am so far content. . . ."

In the previous December, Mr. Blackwood had been offered by Mr. Lowe, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, a post in Ireland, which however he saw reason to decline. In the August of this year (1871) he met with a disappointment by being superseded in a step in the Treasury, which he had had reason to expect.

With characteristic English generosity the colleague who had received the appointment wrote, enclosing a letter from his predecessor, and saying :

"I can't help sending you F——'s note to look at.

"I have tried to let you know what I feel at being the cause of disappointment or dissatisfaction to friends and colleagues, and I assure you it is not lessened by such a note as this, the feeling of which I *thoroughly* appreciate."

The enclosure—a letter of congratulation—began :

"Before I say a word about yourself I am sure you will pardon me if I express, even to you, the distress I feel at the Chancellor of the Exchequer having thought it necessary to pass over so good a man as Blackwood.

"We have worked so pleasantly together, and I have felt the advantage of his ability and sound judgment on so many occasions, that I always felt the Department was safe in his hands.

"But the Chancellor of Exchequer has decided otherwise, and setting aside the regrets which I cannot help but feel, let me offer to you personally my sincere and cordial congratulations. . . .

"I congratulate you also on having to deal with so high-minded and noble a fellow as Blackwood, and with the excellent feeling you express in your letter to me, I am sure you will work well together."

CRAYFORD.

The move to the Manor House, Crayford, had been made in June, 1871. On July 24th, a large gathering was held in a Tent in the field, announced by Mr. Blackwood as "a House-warming," to which all were invited, to hear the Gospel in his grounds. He began work immediately, speaking at Bexley Heath on the Sunday evenings and taking Open-air Services on Crayford Bridge.

Although still a "village," several large factories are situated in Crayford; and the number of public-houses and the temptations offered by them to the many working men stirred his heart. He soon began to raise funds to build a British Workman Coffee Tavern, to which was added a Hall for meetings. The building was opened in April, 1874; and here were held the Men's Night School and Bible-classes, the Mothers' Meetings, the Temperance and Band of Hope meetings, preaching on Sunday nights, and the weekly Tuesday evening Service.

When the first Anniversary came round, Mr. Blackwood arranged for its commemoration by "an All-Day Meeting for the purpose of united *Praise, Prayer, and Mutual Edification.*" This little Conference was repeated in each of the seven following years, until other overwhelming calls upon his time and strength rendered it impossible for him any longer to make the necessary arrangements.

Of the work thus carried on through many succeeding years the following letters speak.

Miss Odell says :

" The distance many came to attend the Tuesday meetings is some testimony to the value they were felt to be. One writes, ' Although familiar with the words of Holy Writ from childhood, I had never followed out complete subjects all through the Bible in the way we did under Sir Arthur's teaching.'

" In a letter from one of the Night School men, he says, ' I was talking about the Tuesday night meetings. What a blessing they were to us, being so full of teaching. Dear Sir Arthur made it so real to us. I have his photo standing so that I can see it when I go to read the Bible. It seems to make me think of old times.'

" We always felt the Night School was very dear to Sir Arthur. He opened it in 1876, when such help was much more needed by working men than in these days. The numbers who attended, and the distances many walked showed how much it was valued. Even on earth there has been great rejoicing in seeing those who before were drunkards, blasphemers, and aliens from God, stand up and testify it was there, in the Village Hall, that they were brought to Christ. Nor was their temporal good overlooked, as the generous interest he gave on their Deposits in the Savings Bank which he instituted in connection with the School, showed. And what a warm welcome he gave them when he received them as ' his guests ' at tea at the opening and closing of each Session, presenting each scholar with a book in remembrance of the Winter's work.

" It is only those who had the privilege of being associated with him in the work, who can tell the strength and power, courage and faith he brought into it, as also his wonderful personality and influence, entering into the smallest detail connected with it, with such prayerful untiring interest.

" All who came seeking his help and counsel (and these were very many) either for their work for God or their own personal needs, invariably met with loving sympathy and courtesy.

" Some of those who gathered round that open tomb on the 9th of October were accustomed to stand with him as he preached in what he called his ' Cathedral,' the open air on Crayford Bridge, and remember seeing him walk down the street bearing the Text Banner. Who can tell the result of those Services ?

" It is impossible to give any adequate idea of his work and influence in Crayford and the neighbourhood, nor of his help and

sympathy extended to other Christian enterprises for miles round, and still more impossible to tell of the deep sorrow when the sad news of his death was made known."

Miss E. Edwards, another fellow-worker, says :

" You ask for *facts* connected with the work at Crayford. Sir Arthur's influence was strongly felt in the place, even before the Village Hall was built.

" Old Mr. S., for many years a grocer in the village, says there began to be a change in Crayford before Sir Arthur had been there three months; and many others have told us exactly the same.

" One of the most striking features of the work seems to us to have been the way in which *families* have been blessed. . . .

" Then G. K. was first impressed one Sunday night, as he with his wife was causally passing the Bridge, by hearing Sir Arthur say, 'What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' He thought it a 'funny saying,' but a true one, and could not forget it; but had no idea it was a text from the Bible. Soon he and his wife took to reading God's Word, beginning at Genesis. They soon got fagged, and gave up in despair; but he was still vaguely uneasy. However, he soon afterwards came to the Night School, and through the Bible Reading was convinced of sin, and soon led to Christ. His wife was converted shortly after.

" When Sir Arthur was giving up the Crayford work, it was G. K. upon whom devolved the duty of making the presentation of the Blotting-case—given with such great pleasure by the men of the Night School. It was a never-to-be-forgotten scene. . . . K. afterwards told us, he did not know what words he made use of, but his feeling was that 'Our father was leaving us.'

" Old Mrs. C. tells how she used to persuade her drunken son Charles to go with her to hear Sir Arthur preach on the Bridge on Sunday nights. He used to stand there with the tears streaming down his cheeks. He was afterwards wonderfully converted; lived a consistent Christian life for many years, and died a Christian's death.

" A man named —, who now holds a prominent position in China, in connection with the China Inland Mission, was also led to Christ through Sir Arthur preaching on Crayford Bridge.

" Last year, Dr. — from M— came and held a Mission in Crayford. He said he felt he had a link with the place. A man

who had formerly lived in Crayford, and who was in Hospital at M——, told him of Sir Arthur's Bridge Services. This made him think that 'If such a man as Mr. Blackwood could preach in the streets, surely he could.' This led him to commence outdoor preaching, which has been very greatly blessed.

"Mr. —— told us that he was brought into the light through one of Sir Arthur's Tuesday addresses on 'Salted with the salt of the King's Palace.'

"It seems superfluous to speak of the great kindness and sympathy always shown by Sir Arthur; but one cannot forget how he met poor Mrs. W. by the waterside in tears. How he spoke kindly to her; followed her and her husband up unweariedly, and never rested until the drunken husband became a new man 'in Christ Jesus.'

"We remember also, how at a Navvies' Tea at the Village Hall, one man's dog came too. Sir Arthur spoke kindly to both man and dog, and the latter was allowed to remain.

"Long after the man came back, and told how the kindness shewn—more especially to the dog—had made him willing to listen to the message of salvation from Sir Arthur's lips, and through the word he heard that night he was brought to the LORD.

"Do you remember that after Sir Arthur had left the neighbourhood, he one night paid the Night School a very special visit, and stayed to the Prayer Meeting? There was a man there who was most anxious. It began to get late; but Sir Arthur seemed as if he *could not* leave until the man had decided. He did so that night; and we heard not long since that he is doing well."

On the Bridge, after Sir Arthur left Crayford, a drinking fountain was erected, "In grateful remembrance of Christian work in Crayford 1871-1880." The text, "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely," was added, to call to the remembrance of passers-by the free offer of that Living Water which had so often been proclaimed to them there.

The following letter was written by one of the Night School men, after Sir Arthur's death. The "mite" of which he speaks was a pound.

"ORANGE FREE STATE, SOUTH AFRICA, 13th February 1894.

"In refference to our dear Friend, Mr. S. A. Blackwood's deth, I was moved with compashun for his dear Wife and family, and also for friends who like myself have lurnt to love him. I shall feal it a favour granted me if I may conturbrut a mite towards any memoral that may be put forth in his dear name. I am sure he is worthy. I would like to say that through his labours put forth in refference to the Crayford School I am to-day in a place of honour and trust, which I should never atained if not for him and the dear Teachers.

"He was a gentleman that there was no pride in. He could come and neal down in the midst of working men and pray that there burdens might be made light. He was a man of practical Christianity which the working men wants to encourage and help them. . . . There are many of the working men of Crayford Night School that there homes have been made brighter and heart made glad. In fact, what was the Crayford Brickfield befor the Night School opened. It was nothink but Drunkardness, disorder. There was two or three Christian men. But through the labour of the School nearly all the grate Drinkers became Christians. There are some in Africa to-day. There are so many that I can't count them. His labours do follow him. Praise God for his life. Amen."

Mr. T. L. Mitchell says :

"Sir Arthur was often to be seen in the brickfields before 7. A.M. speaking to individual men about their souls, and one brick-maker, at the Dartford Martyrs' Memorial Hall last Sunday, testified that it was through Sir Arthur he was converted."

In the neighbouring town of Dartford, two excellent institutions now preserve in their titles the memory of Sir Arthur's share in their existence—the Blackwood Temperance Hotel in Lowfield Street, and the Blackwood Institute for Lads, attached to the Martyrs' Memorial Building. The former was founded by a tradesman of the town, whose interest in the matter was aroused whilst fitting up the Crayford Hall. Mr Blackwood "gave his ever ready help, and the first donation of Five Pounds;" and at a subsequent time of great strain he at once came

forward with the gift of £100; and afterwards collected between £400 and £500, to lift the burden from the worker's shoulders.

On first coming to Crayford, he had arranged for addresses in the Assembly Rooms at Dartford by himself and other evangelists; and in later years he took an important part in the erection of the Martyrs' Memorial Hall, of which he laid the first stone, and was a Trustee. The work so prospered that the year after Sir Arthur's death, it became needful to enlarge its borders. An additional building, to be called The Blackwood Institute for Lads, was opened on 20th February, 1895, together with a new organ in the large Hall. It was mentioned by Mr. Mitchell, the founder of the institution, that to this, as an added memorial to Sir Arthur, above three hundred of the lads had contributed.

FROM A MINISTER AT DARTFORD.

"6th Dec. 1877.

"You will be glad to hear of a case of conversion traceable to your preaching on Crayford Bridge. A young man who used to spend his Sunday evenings at the 'Bear' was passing by the summer before last, to go as usual to the 'Bear.' You cried out, 'Sinner, what have you done for Christ?' The words arrested him, and fixed him to the spot. He stayed until the Service was over, and then went home. He continued for some months in great distress of mind, trying to save himself. At length, one morning about three o'clock, while working in the Creek Paper Mill, he saw clearly the simple way of Salvation by faith, and was enabled to believe to the saving of the soul. From that time he has lived a consistent Christian life. His wife too has now found peace with God."

A mere business letter from a tradesman of Dartford closes with these words, written in June, 1873.

"Sir, I know it will gladden you to hear I was brought to know my Saviour through hearing one of your discourses last summer on Crayford Bridge."

The thread of correspondence is now resumed with a letter from Mr. Blackwood to his sister.

"MANOR HOUSE, CRAYFORD, Dec. 22. 71.

"And now I must tell you what I think will please you.

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer sent for me the other day, and after alluding to my recent disappointment, and saying that he had noticed with so much pleasure the way in which I had borne it, (for which all glory be to God) ended by offering me an *independent post*.

"He did it in the handsomest way, refusing to be thanked for it, saying that he considered I was the fittest man for it, and that as it was the first actual piece of patronage he had had to dispose of, he was most glad to offer it to me.

"You may imagine what a surprise it was and is still.

"It is most gratifying to see how glad everybody in the Treasury is, for they all sympathized with me thoroughly before, and now rejoice with me. Truly God has given me favour in their eyes.

"Such a post seldom falls vacant, and it is surprising that he should offer it to me.

"Don't mention it yet. . . . I'm going to tell the parents after dinner to-night."

But difficulties came in the way; and on 22nd January, 1872, Mr. Blackwood wrote to his mother.

"From rumours I hear, I think we must be prepared for a disappointment. . . .

"If I don't get it, I shall be perfectly at ease, knowing that 'my Father which is in heaven' only gives that which is good, and withholds that which would have been evil; and be thankful for a month's pleasant dream of independence, liberty, etc."

A little later in the month he wrote again :

"I am not uneasy. Man's disappointments are God's *ap-*pointments, and there can be no mistake with Him.

"God setteth up one and putteth down another, and it is not for me to murmur.

"I am quite easy about it, as if it be good for me I shall have it; and if not, I had rather not have it."

In the sequel, the Chancellor of the Exchequer wrote, on 12th March, 1872, that he was "very sorry to say that the matter was taken out of his hands"; and added, "I can only assure you that I have done all in my power to give effect to my undertaking."

In July of the same year, Mr. Blackwood wrote to his mother, in reference to another appointment.

"IN THE TRAIN.

"... I daresay you do not like —'s appointment. But why not? I have a better portion which fadeth not away.

"IN THE TRAIN, 22. 4. [1872].

"Did I tell you that — came to hear me at Croydon and Norwood, and after a long time of seeking salvation by good works has found peace by trusting to Jesus?

"How lovely everything is! How much more lovely when the King returns, and earth is gladdened by His presence. See end of Ps. 96 and 98.—Ro. 8. 19-21."

To MISS MARSH.

"MANOR HOUSE, CRAYFORD, August [1872].

"I have been much hindered in coming to you; but now, having no more place in these parts, and having a great desire these many years to come unto you—I will come to you; for I trust to see you in my journey, and to be brought on my way, if first I be somewhat filled with your company. And I am sure that when I come unto you, I shall come in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ. Now I beseech you, brethren, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and for the love of the Spirit, that ye strive together with me in prayer to God for me, that my service may be accepted, and that I may come unto you with joy by the will of God, and may with you be refreshed."

"And I hope to arrive at Shifnal on Monday at 7.56, and can hold two meetings on Tuesday, and must leave early on Wednesday.

"Now the God of peace be with you all. Amen."

"S. A. B. 13. 8."

[On returning from Sheriff Hales].

"MANOR HOUSE, CRAYFORD, Sept. 6 [1872].

"My own soul was refreshed more than I can say. . . .

"A happy journey to London, with a Christian farmer, an earnest local preacher and some others who appeared Christians. Also a beautiful-faced and bright young porter at W—— Junction, converted a month ago.

"All well here, thank the LORD.

"All my borders are *pleasant stones*, and if sometimes there are rough and sharp ones in our path, it is only to prove how strong are the '*shoes of iron and brass*,' and '*peace*' (Eph. vi.) with which the Prince's Daughter is shod. (Song.)

"Though, as one has said, we must dip our feet in *oil* to put them on.

"I should think '*the higher life*' was indeed in that verse in Ps. 119, and where is it not, now that one's eyes are opened to see it?

"I send you Ps. lvi. 11, 13, and Ps. cxxx. 7. They are full of it.

"Oh! may no grave clothes hinder any of us from walking at liberty, all the day long."

"ST. MARTIN'S, PERTH [Monday, Sept., 20 1872].

"One line to tell you to thank God for many open doors, and for, I trust, some open hearts. I know He has opened my lips, at any rate, and He has given me much joy and liberty.

"His corn does make the young men *cheerful*, for how great is His beauty, and how great is His goodness.

"Pray for blessing to follow the word to be preached now at Keith Hall. I am expecting *great things*, for is not Joel ii. 21 true?

"I expect to be at Keith Hall till next Monday. Then at home for a week before Ireland."

IRELAND, WIESBADEN AND RAGATZ.

In 1872, Mr. Blackwood was sent by the Treasury to Dublin, on a Commission of Enquiry into the Police and Civil Service, in conjunction with Lord Monck and Mr. O'Reilly, M.P.

"God bless you," he wrote to his Wife during his journey on 19th October, "and give you the sense of His company, which does indeed prevent one's feeling lonely or deserted. May you enjoy as much of it as He can give and you can bear.

"Such a lovely journey from Chester. A bright warm summer's day, the Welsh mountains tipped with snow, the beautiful valleys, the blue sea, altogether most exquisite . . . and were it not that each minute puts another mile between us, it would be completely enjoyable. But the great thing is to live in the present —one constant NOW, neither regretting the past, nor fearing the future."

During his stay, which lasted over two months, his leisure hours were devoted to the service of his LORD. As he stayed in the houses of friends in Dublin, or spent the Sundays with others in the country, he spoke at one meeting after another which was arranged for him ; and this with great manifestation of the power and presence of GOD. But few details however remain : the record of this, as of so much other service, is not here.

"They say," he wrote to the Duchess on 30th November, "that the way in which the meetings are crowded is most remarkable. I have not, with one or two exceptions, *enjoyed* them, perhaps from not feeling well ; but God can bless the truth all the same. I shall think much of you to-morrow. . . . 'Ye shall bear no burden on the Sabbath day.' How? By 'casting thy burden

on the LORD,' Who says, 'I will carry thee,' and of course our burdens also, but *moment by moment*.

"10th December.

"Mr. Achilles Daunt invited me to his Schoolroom last night. There was not standing room. I should think there were more than five hundred, principally upper classes.

"12th Dec.

"My heart is jumping at the thought of home again. . . . I will pay the Townsend Street Schools. I am staying with the person who has most to do with them, Mrs. Smyly, and have been to them several times. A most crowded meeting for the last at Mr. Law's yesterday. It is quite marvellous. I hear of several instances of awakening, and some of what I hope is real conversion. . . . Saturday I go to Charleville again. I have been reluctantly compelled to dissent from —, for which I shall probably be stigmatized in Parliament next year as a 'narrow-minded official,' but I can't help that."

It was whilst staying in the house of Capt. Kearney White, Secretary of the Scripture Readers' Society for Ireland, that an interest which never abated was awakened in that Society. He telegraphed to the Duchess to become Patroness of a Ladies' Auxiliary which he formed; and himself filled for several years the office of President of the London Committee, and often spoke for the Society in Exeter Hall, at Lady Gainsborough's and elsewhere.

"I wish," wrote Mrs. J. G. Watson, in 1894, "that I could in any adequate manner describe to you the pleasure we all experienced when in 1872, dear Sir Arthur Blackwood staid with my mother in Dublin. His delight was in his Father's business. . . . I need not tell you that these blessed times will be remembered by many with thankfulness."

Through all those weeks however Mr. Blackwood was in continual pain, and "from this time," says the Duchess, "till after Lady Kintore's marriage in August, 1873, he suffered martyrdom from neuralgic rheumatism. The pain was dreadful. He could not rest at night, but had

to walk up and down the room. Still he worked on as usual."

Having been ordered to Wiesbaden for the Baths, he left England on 18th August, 1873, accompanied by the Rev. Henry O'Rorke.

TO HIS WIFE.

"HOTEL DES QUATRE SAISONS, WIESBADEN,
"Thurs., 21st August, [1873].

"To begin with, will you preserve these letters? It will save my keeping a journal. Anything I want to say special, I can put on a separate slip.

"I was rather tired, and my leg ached a good deal; but we had a pleasant journey, and tracts were well received. An English gentleman was glad to take '*Eternal Life*,' and also some German Tracts for distribution. He said he had heard Mr. Blackwood preach some very good and earnest sermons; he believed Mr. Blackwood superintended the publication of the Christian Knowledge Society's publications! I should be dreadfully lonely without Henry O'Rorke; but you have no idea what a comfort it is to feel one has some one who knows about home with one, and we mourn together about our absent wives and children. . . . I send a scrap of Sunday questions for my darling C. and B.

"23rd Aug., [1873].

"Your letter contained good news of you all, and the welcome tidings of Deacon's and the other gifts for the Hall." [at Crayford.]

"How wonderfully God is inclining people's hearts to help! Why, if all is given, here's nearly £900 already. I thank God, and take courage.

"I am thankful that Major —— is safe 'at home.' The whole story has been very wonderful, and is a proof how the LORD cuts out our work for us. How humanly speaking unlikely that I should go to Kilbeggan in Westmeath, and yet He led me there to preach Christ to that soul. It is an immense encouragement to trust Him more and more.

"Now as to my doings. . . .

"To-day I went to call on the Princess. She seemed very glad to see me, and H. and I dine with her this evening at eight. She does not see the way quite open for any meetings, as there are so few English here, but thought some of her German friends might

be gathered together. We shall see. 2 Cor. vii. 6, is very applicable to me.

" 25th, 26th Aug.

" . . . Sunday, after water and bath, to English Church. Up to this time we could see no way clear for work, beyond German tract distribution in the Gardens, country and town, and English tracts in the Hotel. But we had prayed a good deal about it, and the way presently was opened. It occurred to us both that we might announce a meeting to be held somewhere in the week. The master of the Hotel placed a large room at our disposal, and we decided to hold two meetings, to-morrow (Tuesday) and Thursday at eleven A.M. The next thing was how to make it known. We decided to ask Mr. Osborne [the chaplain] to announce it on Sunday evening. I accordingly wrote out a notice that I would give two addresses here on '*The Kingdom of Heaven opened*', and, '*The joy of the LORD*'.' We prayed that Mr. Osborne might be willing, and then waited at the church-door for him, introduced ourselves, and asked him. The moment he saw my name he seemed glad, (having, I believe, seen some of my books the Princess had lent him), and declared himself quite willing, only regretting he had not known, so as to announce it to the much fuller morning congregation. So far all was well. This morning I went to a printing-office at seven, got some placards printed, and small hand-bills; had them sent to all the Hotels, (forty) and posted on the walls. . . . And now we are looking up in strong expectation for a blessing. We may have but few, as the notice is so short, and English are not numerous; but we believe it will not be in vain.

" On Sunday afternoon I went to the German Church, and heard a very nice sermon. After evening prayers at the English Church, we went to supper at Princess', to meet the Pastor, and the Dean of the Diocese, and another of the clergy, all true men. . . . I have to get a 'Permit' from the police to hold meetings, but there was no difficulty in it. It is granted to 'Mr. Steveson from Blackwood.'

" *Tuesday Evening.* About forty came, English and Germans. Some seemed very thankful for it.

" 28th August.

" To-day had a still better meeting, about fifty, some thoroughly worldly Germans there, and most intense attention. The chaplain came and seemed much pleased, asked also to announce future meetings. The Princess sent down an harmonium, and her Lady played 'Belmont,' and 'Happy Day.'

"Wednesday the Princess took us an expedition to the beautiful castle of Rheinfels, and then in a carriage through the Forest, with lovely views of the Rhine. A very pleasant day. Tracts gladly run after. Good-bye. Kisses to all . . . who forbears to plague you with any statement of his distresses of mind from absence."

"Sept. 1, 2.

"On Sunday the chaplain again gave out the meetings, subjects and all. H. and I stood at the door of the church afterwards, and gave away 180 notices. Everybody received them, except a young lady who tossed her head disdainfully.

"After early *table d'hôte* we drove over to Schwalbach, where Sullivans had announced a meeting. Eighty-five people came, including High Church people who had said nothing should induce them to come, worldly people and others, and I never saw such attention. We sang 'I heard the Voice,' and 'One there is'; and I spoke on 'A Present Salvation.' As far as one can judge it was a time of blessing. But the result is sure, whether visible or not. Some pressed very much for another next Sunday. It seems an open door to get at many, inaccessible at home. We started at 8.15 to walk home, imagining it to be about ten or eleven miles. It turned out to be fifteen. The moon set, mists came on, and a steady drizzle. The forest was darker than anything you can picture. We could only see about a step or so before us, and we reached the Hotel at twelve, pretty well soaked, and rather weary. But it was a pleasant 'Sabbath day's journey' in the Master's service, and I believe we had His presence. This morning I was up at six again, and though a little stiff, am all right.

"4th Sept.

"Thursday.—Just finished the meeting. The number and apparent interest increase. Seventy-five to-day, and wonderful attention. I asked them to bring their Bibles, which seemed a new idea to them, but many brought them, and marked the passages for reference. I believe that God will bless the Word. One young person, a German 'seller of purple,' appeared to be just where Nicodemus was, saying, 'How can these things be?' I trust, like Lydia, she may be having her heart opened. To many, I am persuaded, a FREE and immediate *Salvation* is a perfectly new thing.

"Yesterday the Princess drove us to Mayence. . . . I had forgotten that one of my books had been the means of leading her mother to the knowledge of Christ.

"8th Sept. Monday.

"It was a 'merciful Providence,' as people say, that urged you to write on Saturday contrary to your intentions, for Henry having left this morning, and no letter being expected, I felt a peculiarly lonely and deserted being. But your pleasant and unexpected letter has a little revived me. . . . I trust that amid your many matters in moving, you may have found a spare moment to write to your wretched husband, or I shall receive nothing till Friday—four days of silence—'a stranger in a strange land.' . . .

"9th Sept.

"It's a little warmer to-day, and I am going up into the woods, if I can get so far, but every atom of strength is gone out of me. . . . To-day we had a very good meeting, as far as numbers went, about eighty, and a good many new faces, three clergymen, amongst them Mr. Pym, who came from Homburg with his wife and Baroness Hambrö. It was a great help having him. The interest seems very great. God grant there may be lasting results.

"11th September.—Yesterday passed a day without pain. . . I went to Homburg. They had arranged a gathering in the Golden Saloon, where only a few months ago the gambling-tables stood; and though at very short notice, about 120 came, including the chaplain and his wife and the chaplain from Frankfort, who gladly came out. People very attentive, and I trust good was done."

That this was the case, Mr. Blackwood heard a few months later, through a lady who had herself received blessing during his stay in Dublin. She wrote:

"At Homburg during the summer some of my cousins were staying at the Hotel there with a great friend of Mr. Blackwood's, and she induced them to go and hear him at the Kursaal. That one lecture has been blessed to them, and they have ever since been trusting, working, and loving our Master Christ; also some other friends of mine, a very gay military man and his wife, who heard him. . . . I know he will rejoice to hear it."

To HIS WIFE.

"11th Sept.

"I dined with the General, who with his wife has, I really believe, received the truth with his heart at these meetings. He

seems deeply touched, his wife too. I am to walk with him to-morrow. Several tokens have been given that God's Word has not been in vain, and I am much encouraged.

"12th Sept.—Such an interesting talk with the General this morning. He has, I think, really received the truth with his heart, but is much perplexed at the struggle. . . .

"Sunday.—Though in some respects I can stoop, and do things I could not before, I have had more pain. I trust it may please the LORD to remove it before the cold and damp of winter sets in at home, which I shall otherwise rather dread. . . . I had a very nice gathering yesterday morning, and a meeting to-day at two, which was to have been just for Bible-reading and prayer; but there were too many for that, so it was an exposition instead. The thirst for God's Word seems very great among them, and I feel most thankful for the open door which He has been pleased to give me, and the hearts which He has touched. It is worth having a bad leg and the long journey to see the change in General —, and I trust it is a permanent one. Although lonely and depressed, I shall yet be very sorry to leave the place to-morrow, for God's work has made it so interesting, were it not that it's a move in the road home. . . . Dr. Bayes says, 'stay at Ragatz to 26th'."

In spite of his ever-increasing work, Mr. Blackwood did not allow his intercourse with General — to drop. A letter acknowledging a copy of "*The Victory of Faith*," years afterwards says :

"I am glad to tell you that the result of reading all your books and little tracts has been very beneficial to my soul. I feel it every day more and more that my heart is drawn nearer to my Saviour. . . . I feel it often how thankful I ought to be, that His atonement alone has saved me from the wrath to come, and that one day I shall be with Him."

In this sure and steadfast hope he continued, until by the mercy of GOD, it was fulfilled.

MR. BLACKWOOD TO HIS WIFE.

"HOF RAGATZ.

"Begun Thurs. evening 18th, despatched 19th, [September 1873].

"[Louisa,] Lady Ashburton is here and her daughter. She told Dr. Bayes she hoped I should give an address here, and as

others seem to wish it, I daresay we shall have a meeting on Sunday evening.

"Sunday, [21st Sept.] If ever there was a place and climate and scenery and air which could render absence from home in any degree supportable, it might be this. You remember those lovely days at Engelberg, the air so clear, the outline of the mountains so sharp, a few fleecy clouds on one or two, the one side of the valley bathed in sunshine, the other in deep refreshing shade. So it is here, only the scenery is, I think, grander, and the Tamina waterfall, and the rushing Rhine impart more life to this broad valley than there was at Engelberg. I wish you could see and enjoy it with me. . . . I felt so very weak yesterday. I have just come out of church, where we had a monotonously half-intoned service, and a sermon of husks.

"HOF RAGATZ, Saturday Evening.

"Only thirty-six hours now before I start on the homeward journey, . . . yet with the contrariety common to human nature to some extent, but peculiarly the attribute of your unworthy husband, I am almost regretting leaving this place. It is so quiet, the scenery so lovely. . . . But the home longing is stronger. . . .

"I am certainly better. The pains which were aggravated at first have subsided considerably. . . .

"Goodbye. May the LORD grant a safe journey and a happy meeting in His goodness.

"S. A. B."

The death of his much-loved Father, at the comparatively early age of sixty-five, which took place just at the passing of the year 1873 into 1874, was a severe blow to Mr. Blackwood.

On his return from Ragatz, his Father and Mother had joined him at Cliftonville, Margate, where his wife and children were staying. It was for his Mother that considerable anxiety was then felt: Mr Arthur Blackwood being in robust health. They thoroughly enjoyed long walks together; and it was touching to see his Father listening with rapt attention and evident emotion, to some addresses which Mr. Blackwood gave, especially to one, whose text was afterwards found written in his Bible.

When they parted, it was with many plans for other happy meetings together when "holidays" should allow.

On 23rd December, Mr. Arthur Blackwood was seized with what seemed to be no more than a severe chill; but on the 27th, the accounts received by his son were not good, and he at once started for Oakham.

NOTES

taken from a short "*In Memoriam*," written at the time by Mr. Blackwood.

"I went down on Saturday, 27th, in the evening. . . . I saw my father at 9.30 P.M. He said, 'Well, my Boy, here I am, you see, down at last;' and then added, 'If I could have chosen the mode of departure from this life, I should have preferred some other, for to a man of my frame death from congestion of the lungs is so very painful.' . . . After a little talk, I prayed with him."

TO HIS WIFE.

"OAKHAM, 28 Dec. Sunday. [1873].

"Dr. Paley from Peterboro' came this morning. He told me plainly that his condition was 'precarious' and 'very critical.'

"I am most thankful I came, for though I hope for the best, I shall not be surprised at the worst. My presence is a great comfort to him. . . . He likes me much to read and pray with him, and says, 'My whole trust and confidence is in my Saviour, not with your strong faith, but in my poor way.'"

"[Dec 29, 1873] Monday 1 P.M.

"My report is still a sad one, I grieve to say. My dearest Father seems sinking. He has now no pain, and dozes a good deal. Sometimes he rambles, but is always clear when we want to ask him anything, and asks sometimes for prayer, and catches up and finishes the end of a verse. He said to me, 'He does give me rest. He is everything to me.' He has spoken much about the children: he is so fond of them all. It is a terrible thing to see so strong a man brought down so quickly. I cannot realize that he is so ill. . . . The LORD may yet raise him up.

31st Dec.

"I get little away from his room. No one but G. and myself can lift him. But it's an unspeakable comfort to me to be here. . . . I never thought I could have nursed so. But he clings to me, is always asking for me, though he is very anxious for me to get sleep, food, etc. Also does everything I tell him almost at once, and is so patient. The LORD has been so good. You can't conceive how gentle, patient, thoughtful and loving my dearest Father is. . . . I could much less bear to lose him after all the nursing than before.

"New Year's Day, 1874, 6 P.M.

" . . . At twelve Dr. P. came and gave bad report. . . . No hope at all. . . . I took a good gallop, which was beneficial, round the fields of Burley, where I had so often been with him, and got a little relief by a good cry. I can't be away long, for he misses me. I never can be sufficiently thankful for having been such a comfort to him. He loves to put his arm round me and kiss me. His change of mind is wonderful, telling me exactly what he wanted on his grave."

NOTES.

"1st Jan. 1874, 2.20 P.M.

" 'When I die, let there be a plain inscription,' and he detailed the words. . . .

" 'Would you like a text upon it?'

" 'No; no hypocrisy.'

" 'I think we should like to put some text on your grave.'

" 'Oh, very well; but one without hypocrisy.'

" I suggested 1 Ti. i. 15, and John vi. 47.

" 'This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.'

" 'He that believeth on Me hath Everlasting life.'

" He smiled approvingly. I again repeated the texts, and he said, 'Yes, you may put that. . . . In that faith I die.'"

LETTER CONTINUED.

" His dear face is but a little altered. . . . It is a sad thing to see his fine strong frame so prostrated, and the whole makes one feel what a terrible thing sin is, to bring such a penalty. How little we thought of such a New Year's Day. . . ."

NOTES.

"About 11.45 P.M. he said he would like me to pray with him. Before this I said, 'Jesus is with you, dearest Father, is He not?'
" 'Don't I feel it?' Don't I feel it?
" He spoke no more than I remember. . . .

"Friday, 2nd Jan. 1874.

"At 5.45 A.M. I suddenly heard him draw a long breath. Lucy noticed it too. . . . We knelt down and commended his precious soul to the LORD. One or two longer breaths followed at greater intervals, and he fell asleep."

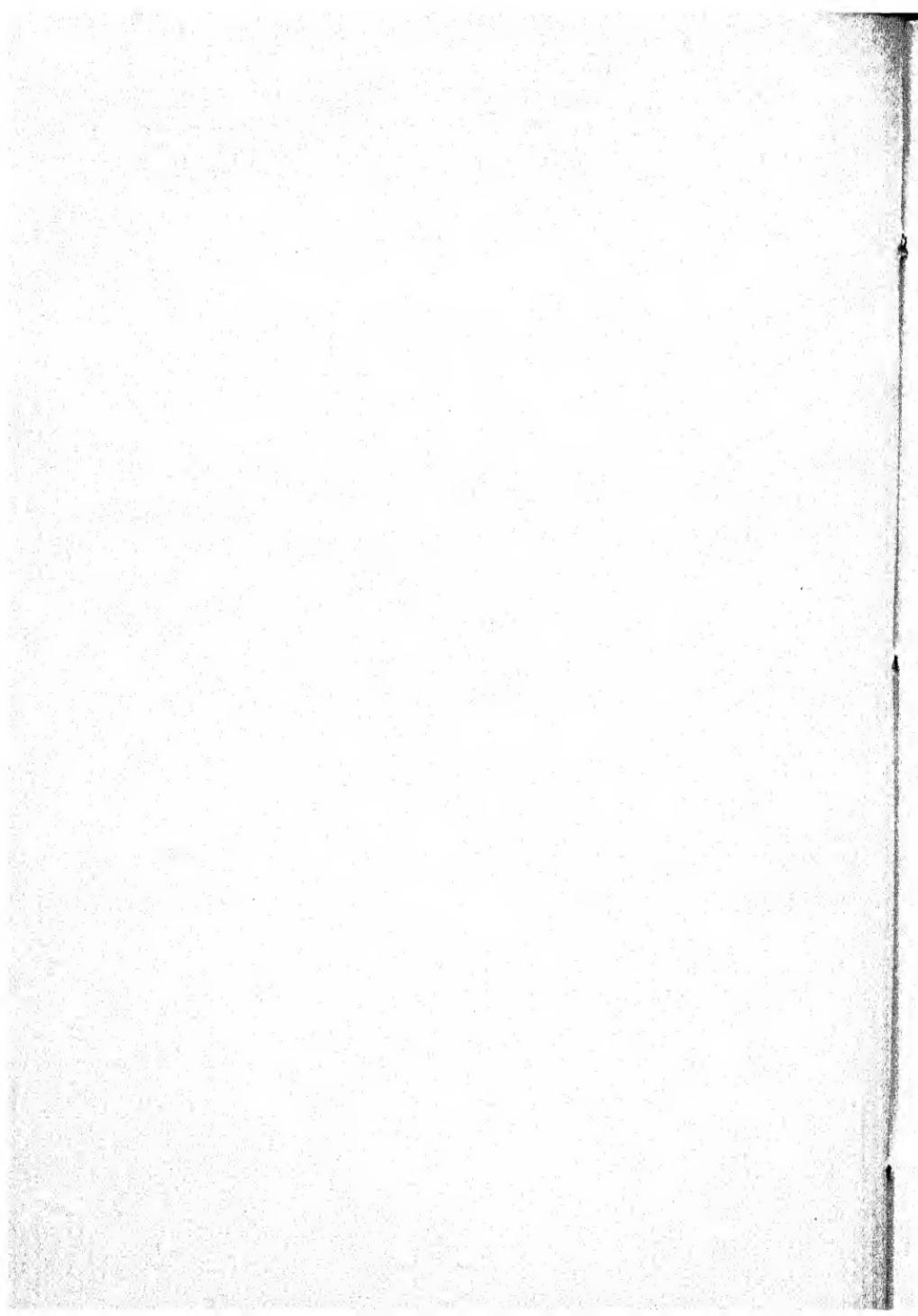
TO HIS MOTHER.

[Written on a half-sheet, undated.]

"Darling, I felt so for you, when you said you were so lonely. I cannot bear to think of *you* being lonely, who have been such a mother *to me*. And you need not be. Seek, and do seek earnestly to realize the presence of the loving Jesus, Who says, and means it, and keeps His word, 'I will *never* leave you, no, *never* forsake you.' . . . I wish you would come to *us* more, that you mightn't be lonely.

"Come to our meeting next Monday.

"Your loving Son."



VII.

SEVEN YEARS OF PLENTY AND THEIR
SEQUEL.

VARIOUS LETTERS, FROM 1873-80.

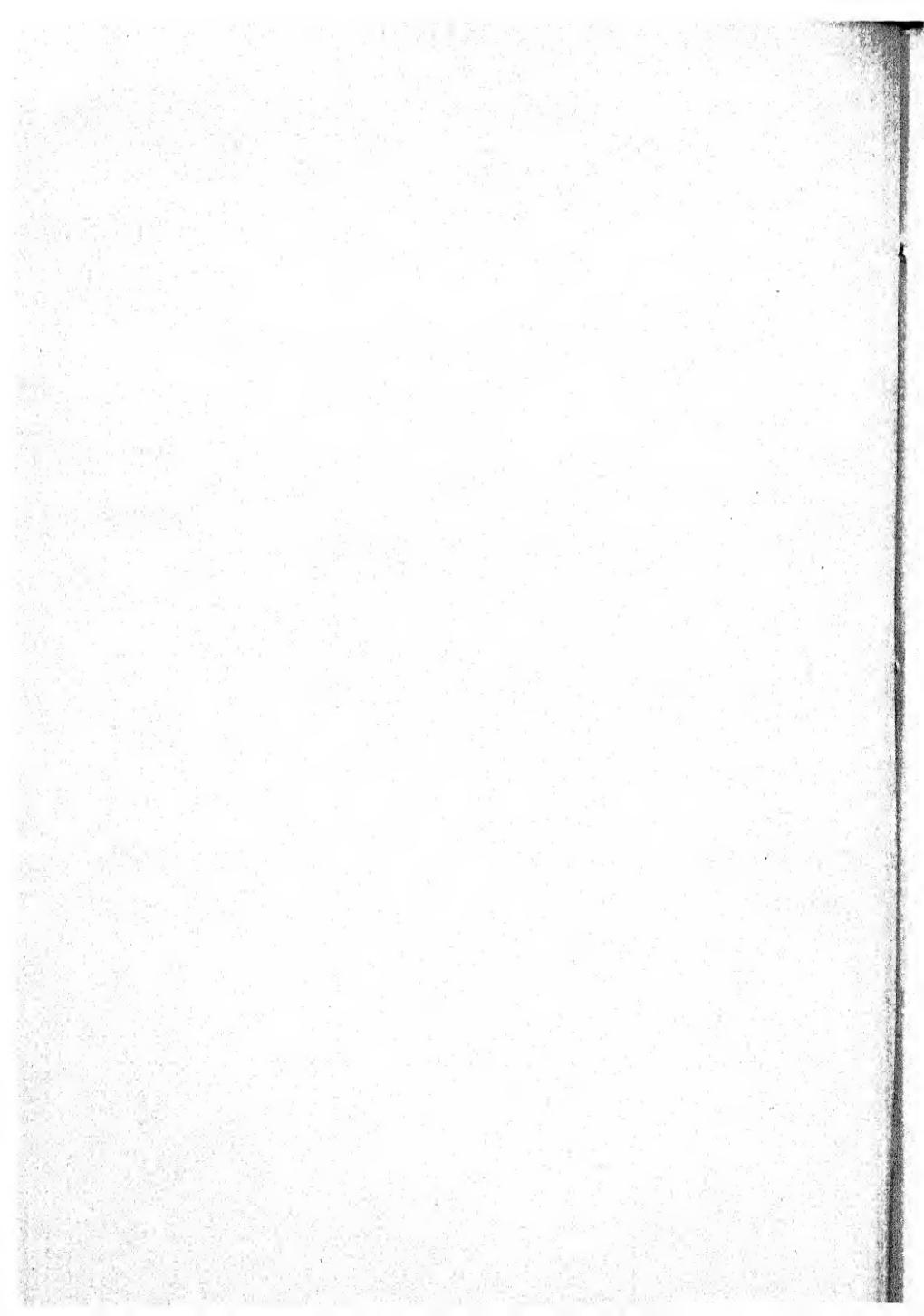
THE MILDWAY CONFERENCES.

CAMBRIDGE AND WORK AMONGST YOUNG MEN.

THE PEN OF A READY WRITER.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE, AND OTHER PHILANTHROPIC
AND SOCIAL WORK.

PROTESTANTISM AND PATRIOTISM.



VARIOUS LETTERS, FROM 1873-80.

The years 1873-4 were marked in Mr. Blackwood's life as being those in which he entered upon a wider and more public position than he had hitherto filled in the service of either his Heavenly or his earthly Sovereign. In 1873, he was called to be the Leader of the great Christian Conferences at Mildmay ; and it was in 1874 that a change took place in his official life, by his removal from the Treasury, and his appointment as Financial Secretary to the General Post Office. An enlarged sphere of Official and Religious interests, both involving a widened acquaintance with men and things, thus began to open before him.

In a more personal sphere also, events told upon him,—his Father's death bringing him into fresh responsibilities, together with the removal of such valued friends as Capt. Trotter, his old Nurse, Mr. Pennefather, and many others. There were changes too in his own home—the marriage of his step-daughter, Lady Sydney Montagu, to the eldest son of his old friend, Lord Kintore ; and the entry of his step-son, first into the Royal Artillery, and afterwards into the Diplomatic Service. His DIARY OF DATES begins now to record the years of his own pilgrimage—" My 42nd Birthday"—just as in after years the almost unconscious testimony to the flight of time is given by the List of "*Deaths during the year*," which begins to appear in 1880.

Early in the year 1874 Mr. Blackwood took part in the London Mission, during which a former servant wrote

to tell him that his words, during one of the Prayer-meetings, had led her "for the first time in her life to say from her heart, I am God's."

"You will remember," she says, "when I was living in your house you used to pray very earnest for the servants that they should be God's servants. I owe you a great deal, and I thank you very much."

Another letter from a servant, written in later years, says,

"Although years have rolled on, I have not forgotten your Christ-like example;" and on hearing of Sir Arthur's death, she wrote :

"— cannot express how overwhelmed with sadness she was when reading of the death of that honourable man of God, Sir S. A. Blackwood, having been myself a witness how far *he* exceeded the best of men I ever met with."

Another wrote from Bradford, to sympathize with Sir Arthur in his last illness, saying how the book given to him on leaving then lay open before him, and adding,

"In a few weeks it will be fourteen years ago since I came under your roof. Although the foundation had been dug years before, I firmly believe yourself and Her Grace have had much to do with all I have to be thankful for in ever entering your service."

Some extracts from Mr. Blackwood's general correspondence will now carry on the history of his personal life until the year 1880.

The following letters were written to Saltburn, where the holidays had been passed, on returning to work.

"TREASURY, 29/9 [1874].

"... All smooth here—met Tilley at the door, who was most friendly, and congratulated me warmly.* The business is now leaking out, and I hear that the appointment appears to give public

* On appointment as Financial Secretary to G.P.O.

satisfaction. I only trust it may continue to do so. The final Treasury letter has just been settled by Chancellor of Exchequer and Mr. W. H. Smith, and goes on at once. I imagine the appointment will be definitely made in the course of a week or so.

"I thought of you at all hours to-day, and long for the pleasures of Saltburn again. But it is good to be at work, and 'profess an honest trade.' Tit. iii. marg.

"IN TRAIN, 1/10.

"I am full of hope, 'abounding in hope,' that we shall see greater and more blessed things than anything yet known, and shall pray trustfully. These are my texts for . . . 'Out of weakness were made strong;' and Romans iv. 19. A hundred years of deadness are nothing to God. 'Be not faithless, but believing.'

"I miss my Private Secretary terribly, and shall send her, I think, some letters to answer. . . . Streatham to be given up to-day after fifteen years' work. It is sad to me. But it is right, and I thank God for His wonderful goodness in those fifteen years. I can see you all at Saltburn, and have the photo before me."

This refers to the transfer of the Mission Hall at Streatham to the English Presbyterian church, by whose wish the building was named, after Sir Arthur's death, "The Blackwood Hall," so as to preserve in the place where he had so long laboured, the memory of his name.

TO HIS SISTER, AT MÄNNEDORF.

"TREASURY, 3rd Oct. [1874].

". . . I have been reading your letters with the greatest interest, darling, and following you to Zürich and Männedorf. You must have thought of the Sunday we spent just twenty-five years ago with darling Ceci at Zürich, 1849. You will probably get this on the 19th Anniversary on her entrance into the Eternal Sabbath of the New Jerusalem.

"I have to-day received the official notification of my appointment as 'Financial Secretary to the Post Office,' . . . and shall probably take my seat there in a few days. It will be a most responsible and arduous post, but, 'He giveth *more* grace,' and I know will not fail me, or allow me to disgrace His name by a breakdown. Pray for me."

TO HIS WIFE.

[TO SALTBURN.]

"IN TRAIN, 3rd October, [1874].

"I am perplexed as to work. . . . If the LORD ever called me to any work, I am sure He did to the Streatham work; and the money He has sent me for Crayford and the success there, I cannot but regard as tokens of being right.

"But the unceasing calls for service in many ways are so great, and the new and responsible work which is apparently given me by His Providence at the P. O. clearly shows me that I can expect no diminution of labour. Nor do I want it. Whilst health and strength and mind are continued to me, I am happy in it. . . . How am I to draw back? It sometimes seems to me that God is so blessing the work now, and calling to service and sacrifice, that one ought to surrender official life, and devote oneself in these days (perhaps the last) of ingathering, to His work entirely. But I do not see it clearly. . . .

"However I hope we shall both see our way more clearly, and have the blessing.

"Welby gone; and I am in charge at Treasury, so pretty hard at work between two stools. Best love to darling old Mother.

"5th October.

"I send you a few newspaper extracts which may interest you. Keep them for my scrap book. A pleasant time at Aldershot. Short service at three; full Hall at seven. A little Drawing-room meeting on Saturday night.

"Have just been to P. O. Rather formidable, having the principal Officers introduced to me, and making a small inspection. The announcement being in all to-day's papers, it had spread everywhere, and all the people at P. O. were of course curious. The work seemed startling, but I trust I shall be enabled to do it with satisfaction, by God's help. I shall probably take my seat next Monday. A nice room and everybody friendly, except S—— who, though he likes me *personally*, was very stiff, and compared my coming to a dose of rhubarb, etc. . . .

"Thought much of you yesterday, and the children, and darling old Mother too. Tell her so.

"I expect to have a heap of writing in answer to letters of congratulation, and men are coming in all the day long."

TO THE MISSES WRIGHT.

"Oct. 7. [1874]. CRAYFORD.

"Please remember me specially before the LORD on Friday at noon, when I speak at Brighton" [at the Church Congress] "to

perhaps 4000 or 5000 people on the Spiritual Life, for FIFTEEN MINUTES. The numbers are so great that the speakers that day are asked to speak twice over to two separate gatherings. It is a great opportunity. Oh, for power from on high!

"Hold me up—do—I am nothing. But the Holy Ghost can fill my heart and lips.

"You may have seen my new appointment in the papers. . . . I had much time for prayer about it, and asked the LORD not to let me have it, if I should dishonour Him by receiving it.

"The work, responsibility, and influence will be great, and much grace will be needed. But He has plenty, and 'giveth more.'

"He permitted me to see a blessed work at Saltburn, where I trust many souls were gathered in. Praise His name.

TO HIS WIFE.

[1874]

"IN TRAIN, 8th Oct.

"I am off to Brighton to-day, after a Committee at Foreign Office. Full of faith that God will fill me, and use the word through me. But the emergency is great. The throng I hear tremendous, and the interest in the subject of Friday very deep.

"Dined at Watson's and then home for a quiet evening. A delicious walk round by Northumberland Heath before eight this morning, and then a lovely ride round Dartford Heath before nine. I intend to get home to-morrow night for quiet's sake. Direct your Saturday letter to General Post Office. I feel there will be need of wonderful discretion there . . . but I trust for sufficient grace. Pray for me to-morrow—specially at twelve, if able, and ask others.

[9th Oct.] "Friday, 10 PALMEIRA SQUARE, BRIGHTON, 2.30 P.M.

"The ordeal is over, I am glad to say, and I trust to the glory of God. The Dome was thronged—a sea of human beings, and a very quiet and solemn spirit prevailed. I think I said all I wanted to say, and having said it in the Dome, hurried off to the Corn Exchange, which was also very full, and said it again. Wilkinson, Money, Garbett, Cadman, Maclagan, all spoke very nicely, and the only abominations I heard came from —.

"I was quite at ease, for the LORD sustained me, in answer, I am sure, to many prayers, and I praise Him for the opportunity of testifying to Jesus and *the Life* in us.

"G. P. O. 13/10 [1874].

"It is private correspondence that is almost a greater pressure than anything else, and I don't know how to get rid of it. You kindly do a good deal, but I hate taking up your time and wearying you with it. Arrears worry me more than the trouble of writing. C. must soon become Private Secretary.

"I said good-bye to everybody to-day." [Treasury]. "It's very pleasant to leave a place of twenty-two years' service amidst so much real feeling, and such hearty expressions even from those who could not but dislike my religion. . . . I have given books to many, and spoken to some to-day.

"The enclosed envelope, posted yesterday and delivered to-day, speaks well for my new Department.

[11th Oct. 1874]

"COLCHESTER, 2. P.M. Sunday.

"I have it on my heart to write to thee, and therefore do so before the meeting at three on Holiness. I had a crowded and most earnest meeting in Town Hall last night. Several seemed much impressed. This morning I have spent in the fields and lanes, enjoying the quiet walk, and talking with the LORD—talking with Him too about —. I am so anxious that — should know and realize the rest of the life of *trust*. What I know of it (though not all I want to know) makes me feel that it is the very thing for aching bodies and weary minds and incessant worries—just that which is needed; and that if enjoyed, this restfulness would react on mind and body, and give peace amidst—not deliverance from—the necessary worries of home life. . . . Pray for me that in all that awaits me at P. O. (and the nearer it comes the more anxious a business it appears), I may not be unhinged, but enabled to glorify God, by abiding in Him as my Resting place.

"These verses are on my mind about . . . 'Thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues.' 'Whose mind is stayed on Thee.'

"I thought it right to see Dr. — yesterday. I had become conscious, though never feeling better as to *mind* and *strength*, that that was true which my mother said, and that I was looking very far from well. Dr. — said it looked like brain fag, and that above all things I ought to have more sleep. . . . I ought also, he said, to have Sunday's rest (this is my last of work), and I must be sparing in the Sunday evenings at home at the Hall, I think.

"As to sleep, I hardly know how to manage. I must get some time alone in the morning, or a good exercise, and the time with

the children. I can't begin the day in health and quietness without these, *leisurely undertaken*, and to do these I must rise at 6.15. Without that the day domestic and the day official goes wrong."

It was early in this year that Mr. Moody's first great Mission was held in London. The Agricultural Hall at Islington, and the Opera House in the Haymarket, then standing unused, were both engaged for services. Mr. Blackwood threw himself heartily into the work, only regretting that his time permitted him to give so little help.

His Wife says :

"In April, 1875, he gave at Mr. Moody's request, three or four addresses in the Opera House, though shrinking much from doing so, as he felt it was not himself, but Mr. Moody, whom people wanted to hear.

"One who dates the beginning of a new life from these addresses tells how up to that time she had been leading a careless life of formal profession, at times resolving to read her Bible regularly, but soon tiring. Some one had given her a copy of '*Forgiveness, Life, and Glory*', but not caring to read it, she had put it aside. Her father's death, occurring about this time, solemnized her, and she would lie awake at night, thinking of and dreading her own death. The thought of the book which she had been given returned to her, and she began to read it secretly, hiding it away if she heard a footstep. She became interested, and though not wishing to come across Mr. Blackwood, yet hearing of the services, thought she would go once, and no one would know. Being alone at home that week, it was easy.

"'I had never been to a meeting of that sort before,' she says, 'and was much struck. Every one seemed to be in earnest, and everything so *real*. Mr. Blackwood's calm dignified manner also much struck me. I can never forget the impression made upon me when, during the address, looking round on that large gathering, he said, his own face lighted up with joy, "You don't know what a happy thing it is to be a Christian." I felt he had a peace I did not possess. I felt the unreality of my previous life . . . that I was not a Christian in the true sense of the word. I went home anxious and unhappy, and prayed earnestly. The Gospel so simply, so clearly preached, was quite a new thing to me. In a general

way, I had believed in Jesus Christ as the Saviour of the world, but up to that time had not seen my *personal* interest in Him, that He loved *me* and gave Himself for *me*—that He had redeemed me to God by His precious blood.

“The next address, on Isaiah 33. 14-17, seemed to show me exactly where I was in God’s sight, and I was then led by God’s grace to take Him simply at His word, and trust myself to Jesus, just as I was. I *then* knew what it was to have joy and peace in believing.

“I had been passionately fond of operas and theatres, but from day to day I began to see things that must be put away. I realized God’s claim upon me, and also saw things to be sin which before had not appeared to be sin. From that time God took away all desire for what I had before loved.

“I remember how Mr. Blackwood rejoiced with me in my newly found joy, and how earnestly he said, “Now He is pledged to keep you”—which He has so faithfully done, notwithstanding all my miserable failings and shortcomings.

“I am indebted to Mr. Blackwood, not only for being the means of bringing me to Christ, but also for building up my spiritual life. He had such power in conveying Old Testament truths, bringing out of them the glorious Gospel so clearly. He brought me to see how the New Testament was *enfolded* in the Old, and the Old *unfolded* in the New. His writings have been invaluable to me. But more, after I had enjoyed his true friendship for some years, and had the privilege of seeing much of him in his daily home life, I remember saying to him, “Your life has done for me even more than your teaching”; for in his life I saw the possibility, by the power of God’s grace, of *living out* all that he taught. And to the end of his life here below, he was my sincere, faithful and prayerful friend.”

Several other letters tell of striking instances of blessing through these addresses, but it would be impossible to quote from all.

In May he was at the Brighton Convention, and thence wrote to his Wife:

[31st May, 1875]

“61 KING’S ROAD, Monday 3 P.M.

“So far, so good . . . indeed I may say *very good*. Everything has gone well. The tone, utterances and general character

apparently all that could be desired. After tea on Saturday I went at seven to the reception of Foreign Pastors in the Dome, where German, Swiss, French and Italian ministers spoke. Then General Meetings at eight till 9.30. . . .

"At 8.30 I preached in Corn Exchange, crammed, about 1500. Many stood up; and had a most interesting inquiry meeting. I believe many found Christ. This morning, at seven, again Corn Exchange crammed; morrow at eleven, and so on. I preside at 5.30 and again at 8.30. Vast numbers here. I trust it will all be a great blessing.

"I feel lonely, and want to be at home *very much*. But I feel I am of use here, and must be content.

"Saturday, [5th June, 1875]."

"I have just had a good stretch along the Cliff, and am now going to a meeting for men only in the Dome. Preached in Town Hall last night, crammed—and several found peace, I believe. . . .

"I shall go up to London Monday, and probably return for united LORD's Supper in the evening, and closing Prayer meeting on the Tuesday morning, so shall be home after Lady Gainsborough's."

To HIS SISTER.

[On a birthday.]

"My message to you is in 2 Kings 25. 30.

"6th June [1876]"

"May you have a
Continual allowance

at

A Daily rate

for

Every day,

All the days of your life.

Given to you by the King."

The Summer holidays of 1876 were spent abroad. The Duchess, having been ordered to Homburg for the benefit of the waters, had preceded him, with their daughters; and on 4th August, Mr. Blackwood and his son joined them.

His Wife says :

"On Sunday, 6th, after service, he invited any one who liked to come to our lodgings for a Bible-reading; and although the notice was so short, the rooms were filled in the evening. He then arranged for meetings in the Golden Salon, and spoke there twice during his short stay. From Homburg we went to Diablerets and Villars, above the Lake of Geneva; and at Diablerets he held a service on Sunday evening in the Restaurant of the Hotel."

The five letters which follow were written to Miss Mary Gladstone, when at school.

" 29. 6. 77.

" Of course you 'find it hard to be good.'

" The Christian life is a fight; and fighting is generally hard work.

" But when 'they cried to God *in* the battle, they were helped,' (i. Chron.) And when Jehoshaphat cried out, the LORD helped him, and I feel sure He will help thee too.

" So be of good courage.

" You have only got a little time to fight, and then the reward.

" And remember, it's only *one second at a time*.

" Now is the day of Salvation. Jesus saves me now. Your life is a constant NOW. So don't make resolutions, but live each present moment in Jesus, with Jesus, for Jesus.

" Pray.	Read.	Trust.
Read.	Trust.	Pray.
Trust.	Pray.	Read.

" And you will be conqueror.

" 18th May, MANOR HOUSE, CRAYFORD.

" You must feel very strange at first. Did you ever think how strange and lonely Jesus must have felt in a world so unlike His heavenly home? But He said, 'I am not alone, for the Father which sent Me is with Me.'

" So He can sympathize with you if you are lonely; and you too may say, 'The Father is with me.' How wonderful! The Great God with me!! Yet He says, 'Lo, I am with you all the days, even unto the end of the world.'

" Believe this. Believe it, when you *don't* feel it, as much as when you do.

" To be with God will be Heaven. To have Him with us is Heaven begun below.

" I often pray for you. Jesus *always* does.

" 29th May, CRAYFORD.

" Wasn't it a glorious thing to have one's birthday on 'Ascension Day'? See the collect for that day—'That we may in heart and mind thither ascend, and *with Him continually dwell*,' just as Joseph's brethren came and dwelt with him after his ascension to the glory of Egypt.

" Notice, they came twice for what they could get. The third time, it was to dwell with him. 'And he nourished them.'

" Notice also Jacob's idea, 'Buy a little food.' Joseph's word, 'Fill the men's sacks, as *much as they can carry*.' That is how Jesus deals with us.

" As to who will be raised and ascend with Him when He comes, it seems to me that 1 Cor. xv. 23, '*They that are Christ's*,' settles the question. But there are many other passages, which teach the same truth, that our title to be owned as His when He comes does not depend on anything we feel or do, but on our being washed in His blood, and joined to Him by a living faith.

" I was sure you would find it a help to pray aloud. I always find it so.

" 28th Feb., 79., CRAYFORD.

" I am not surprised that you find it hard to be patient. It's a lesson to be learned.

" A friend of mine had a prayer he often used :

" 'LORD, make me patient—patient with myself, patient with others, patient with Thee.'

" Now is the time to learn, not only lessons, but patience, and every other good thing. And the place to learn is where Mary sat—'at the feet of Jesus.'

" Keep there as much as ever you can.

" 21. 2. 80., CRAYFORD.

" Yes ! that's the plan. *Go straight to Him*. He will be your 'arm every morning,' and will 'cover you all the day long.'

" . . . Just now I am reading Proverbs at night.

" I generally read one-third of each chapter, the chapter

corresponding with the day of the month, and this takes three months, you see.

"I think however if you read the Old Testament in the morning, I should read the Epistles at night, from Romans to Revelation, or the Gospels, taking about ten or fifteen verses. If thought over they are enough. But one can hardly lay down a rule."

To MISS MARSH.

"22. 5. CRAYFORD, [1878 or earlier.]

"Thank you so much for your welcome and loving words.

"Having obtained help from God, (and a *vast lot* of it through you) I continue unto this day,' and trust I may hold on to the end.

"I am just now harder worked than ever in my life before. . . .

"I am sending you my new book—the last I can ever write, I think.

"God restore dearest Bob. At Aldershot last week I met a man, Seymour I think, Drum-Major of 1st Batt., and formerly in 2nd Life Guards, who said Bob had been the main instrument in his conversion."

To HIS SISTER.

"June 5, 1878, CRAYFORD.

"Ye shall hallow the fiftieth year: 'It shall be a jubilee unto you.' 'The acceptable year of the Lord.'

"May you, my darling Lucy, have the blessing of the people who *know* the joyful sound of the sweet trumpet of Jubilee. It is a three-fold one:—

"To walk in the light of the Saviour's countenance—

"To rejoice in His name all the day—and

"To be exalted in His righteousness.

"If you have that, and there is no reason why you shouldn't, you will have 'a year of Jubilee,' 'a Sabbath of rest,' 'the rest that remaineth for the people of God;' and I cannot wish or ask more for you."

[No date.]

To HIS WIFE.

"Thank you for your comforting words. I wish I could help . . . but I'm *sure* the *LORD* *will*. He has all the blessing in store, and only wants you to trust yourself to Him for it, '*Just as I am*,' and let Him work in you. This is Trust. I am persuaded

that is the secret of it all. 'I have no man to help me,' said the impotent man. Jesus knew that he had been a long while in that case, and cured him then and there. Only believe, and we shall see great things."

FROM MRS. F. LATROBE FOSTER (Miss F. Gladstone)

Sept. 28, 1895.

"As you well know, Sir Arthur was the means, in God's hands, of turning my whole life God-wards; for though I was only fourteen, I was determined to 'have a good time,' and dreaded being spoken to by any one about my soul, lest I should have to 'give up' all that was bright and pleasant. With God-given wisdom, Mr. Blackwood never thus spoke to me till he had won my real respect and affection by his great kindness and fatherliness. Then on the eve of my confirmation in 1874, for the first time he spoke direct words to me about Christ and His service, a service which by that time I realized was to *him* life and peace; and by the power of the Spirit, these words went straight home. From that moment Mr. Blackwood helped me increasingly, leading me to find the *treasures* in the Word of God, and helping me step by step as work opened out. I never cease to thank God for bringing me under his influence. As you know, the blessing was not confined to me."

To Miss F. GLADSTONE.

PITLOCHRY, 5th Sept. [1876].

"I waited to answer till I had read, '*Kept for Jesus*.'

"I would not willingly say a word to diminish the effect of any of Miss Havergal's words, or to lower the high standard she lifts.

"But I must confess that I do not agree with her as to the entire giving up of *secular* singing, and confining the use of the voice in *song* exclusively to that which is *direct testimony* to Christ.

"It seems to me she draws the string too tight. If the rule be good for the voice in song, then it must be equally right and necessary for simple speech also; and this is out of the question.

"No doubt no Christian should sing songs of a foolish or hurtful tendency, and it needs much care to know what to sing, and what not to sing.

"No doubt also much good may be done by direct singing for Jesus, if wisely introduced, and done 'in the Spirit.'

"But beyond that I could not go myself in advising others;

and I think the line she advocates is calculated, except in rare instances, to do more harm than good.

"But I trust I am not weakening the effect of her most blessed words, and should say to every one in doubt, 'Make it a matter between God and yourself.'"

"Remember," he said about this time, in giving advice to another young friend, "God will not teach you by grace what He has already taught you by nature."

Amongst Sir Arthur's papers was found a soiled and crumpled programme of the 35th Annual Meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association in Exeter Hall, 15th April, 1880. It has been carefully preserved, for it had brought to him the knowledge of fruit from seed long since sown, and probably long forgotten.

It is addressed in pencil, "Stevenson Blackwood, Esq. On the Platform," and on the back is written :

"I cannot sit opposite to you without deep thanks to Almighty God, as I remember that He blessed your words on 28th February, 1862 to my Salvation; and being then but twenty years of age, I have now the great joy to acknowledge that by your means I was led into safety at the most important time of my life, just entrance into City business life. I have been preserved by the Holy Spirit ever since, and with gladness inform you that I joined the Y. M. C. A. work, and am on the Committee."

To MISS MARSH.

"19. 4. [1880].

"Praise God for a wonderful Conference here," [Crayford] "and blessings still going on. Souls coming into the Kingdom every day.

"A most blessed work. O! may it be deepened and established and extended.

"I need your united prayers much.

"The Government have just appointed me Secretary to the P. O., where as the Permanent Head of 45,000 men, I need constant wisdom and grace; and Lord Beaconsfield offered me on Saturday a C.B. ship.

"You will see it in to-day's *Times*.

"Pray that the honour may be accepted from and used for the Lord. I sought it not. The responsibilites will be very great, and who am I?"

"Pray for Steinway Hall to-morrow."

A chronological order will now for a time be abandoned, to give under separate headings some details of the varied work of these and following years.

THE MILD MAY CONFERENCES.

The Annual Conferences now held at Mildmay were originated by the late Rev. William Pennefather, when incumbent of Christ Church, Barnet; and the first took place in the School-room of Christ Church in 1856. They were designed by him to bring together those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity for conference and study of the Word of God and for worship, thus to realize their oneness in faith and spirit, however they might differ on the lesser points of Church government and outward forms. Year by year the attendance increased, till from the first gathering, when "the number of names together were about an hundred and twenty," it rose to about three thousand.

In 1864 Mr. Pennefather became Vicar of St. Jude's, Mildmay Park, and in 1870, the Conference Hall was built. In the spring of 1873 Mr. Pennefather's health, never robust, gave cause for much anxiety, and he went to rest awhile at Muswell Hill. He was however in the full expectation of returning in two or three days to his Parish, when on 30th April, almost in a moment—fit ending to the earthly life of one who had so walked with God—"he was not, for GOD took him."

In the last week of June the Conference, the arrangements for which had been begun by Mr. Pennefather, must be held.

"It was then," says the Duchess, "that the call came to Mr. Blackwood to fill the vacant place. The tie to Mildmay and its Institutions was strong. From the time in 1856, when in Christ

Church, Barnet, the light from on high 'streamed into his soul,' the friendship between himself and Mr. and Mrs. Pennefather had been of a very deep and sacred nature. He had regularly attended the Conferences from the first, and was in full sympathy with all that Mr. Pennefather wished that they should be. However much, in his desire to be a learner only, he would strive to hide himself in the throng, Mr. Pennefather was sure to see him, and presently to say, 'Mr. Blackwood will now lead us in prayer.' Or he would send to ask him to come to the platform; and then, as only Mr. Pennefather could, would say, 'Beloved friend, you will now give us a few words,' and so would compel him to speak. As time went on, Mr. Pennefather would write and arrange beforehand for him to take a more prominent part.

"When thus suddenly Mr. Pennefather was called to higher service, it was on Mr. Blackwood that the thoughts of those on whom the responsibility was laid at once rested; and Mrs. Pennefather earnestly desired that he should take the vacant place. But he shrank back with a strong sense of unfitness. Feeling entirely unworthy and incompetent to succeed that holy man of God, he could not for some days bring his mind even to entertain the idea.

"When giving strong expression to these feelings at home, it was pointed out to him that, considering all the circumstances, the call seemed to be distinctly from God, and that he would do wrong to decline. Turning sharply he said, 'Do you at all realize what it means? Do you consider that I shall be called upon to lead men greatly my seniors, and far before me in the things of God?' On the reply being given, that if, as seemed to be the case, the call was from God, then it was for Him to give the wisdom, power and grace needed, and He would also give him acceptance, he said no more; but shortly afterwards, having diligently sought God's guidance in prayer, he consented."

The sacred personal recollections of his first connection with Mr. Pennefather were never forgotten by Mr. Blackwood. Some who were present at the Conference of 1883 remember still the deep solemnity and emotion with which, on the morning of the 29th June, he spoke the words that follow:

"A friend suggested that I should mention it, and I do so to the Glory of God. It is a solemn, and yet a blessed thing, for me

to stand here this morning, the twenty-seventh anniversary of the day when, in dear William Pennefather's church, the light of God streamed into my soul in all its fulness. A marvellous thing! but as I look back on those twenty-seven years,—ah! friends, you who look back on your life, your Christian life too, you can realize what I feel of failure and of fruit-bearing unto self. It is good to look back. We have been praying for the broken and contrite heart. The Lord grant this to every one. What a wonder that He has kept us in His service! What a wonder He permits us to engage in it still!"

The Duchess continues :

"For the preparation of the subject for the Mildmay Conference year by year, he would if possible take advantage of an occasional holiday, and leaving home very early with a packet of sandwiches, would breakfast at some roadside inn far away in the country, and then walk off over hill and dale, and return in the evening after some thirty miles, 'rested and refreshed,' and with the subject ready. The last prepared by him was during the long wakeful hours of his severe illness at Bournemouth in January and February, 1893."

For just twenty years the subjects were thus chosen.

How acceptable this "sacrifice and service" of himself was made to the Church of GOD, there is no need to say. Many have quoted the old words, "We shall never look upon his like again." "What a prince among men he was," writes the venerable Canon Fausset of York, "when he rose to expound GOD'S blessed Word to the assembled multitudes at Mildmay!" "He did seem always so high and lifted up above most Christians," says Lord Polwarth, his successor as president. "The last time I heard him at Mildmay, at least fifteen years ago," wrote a lady, "his subject was 'His servants shall serve Him.' I recollect how his face brightened up as he spoke of what a joyful service it would be there. It has now become a great reality to him, and he stands in His presence where is fulness of joy."

A working man in Northampton, wrote in February, 1894, to Colonel Morton at Mildmay, to ask for a collecting card for the Bed in the Cottage Hospital which was endowed in memory of Sir Arthur. His letter continues :

"Being privileged to see and hear Sir Arthur Blackwood on the first day of the Conference last year, his prayer went to my very soul. Dear Sir, I shall *ever* think of Sir Arthur, when he came into the Breakfast Tent that morning, and said, I cannot resist coming in to see how you're all getting on. And the way you gentlemen received him by clapping of hands, showing how he was beloved by all. I am sure those attending the Mildmay Missions in Northampton would like to give their mite."

Doubtless the secret of the grace which thus shone forth in face and manner, lay in his own dependence upon his LORD.

Most of those who owed so much to his wise and instructed guidance of these Conferences never knew that, although in the earlier times he always took the three days out of his year's holiday, yet when pressure of official work necessitated it, Sir Arthur would go straight from the morning meeting to the General Post Office; and that it was thence that he came again, calm and happy as ever, to preside at the evening meeting. Canon Christopher of Oxford writes :

"OXFORD, January 1. 1894.

"God be praised for the wonderful grace given to your beloved one so many years ago! How well I remember being greatly struck with two Christian young men I met for the first time on my first attendance at the Barnet Conference in 1862—your beloved one and Lord Radstock.

"I felt it a great privilege to be near him at the Mildmay Conference. What impressed me most of all at Barnet in 1862 was the intense reverence for God's Word, and the unbounded confidence in its literal truth of such Christian laymen as dear Captain Trotter, your beloved husband, and Lord Radstock.

There was the secret of happiness and spiritual power, the secret of the courage of faith and zeal for good works.

"How little we know of what God did by him! How interesting it will be to hear of this in heaven! . . ."

Sir Arthur was one of the original Trustees of the Conference Hall, and of his sustained interest in all connected with this great centre of spiritual service it would be impossible to speak fully. He presided, not only at the great Annual Conferences, but at many others called together at Mildmay for such specific objects as the consideration of the Second Advent, the study of Prophecy, Prayer for Ireland, or for the House of Israel.

"He had a warm heart for Israel," says the Rev. John Wilkinson, of the Mildmay Mission to the Jews. "He had been for some years one of the Trustees of the property belonging to the Mission. I little thought, at last Conference, when he and others met me at the Garden House, to confer on the matter of *the Will Case*, that Sir Arthur's end was so near. God's will we accept as the very best, but our loss is real and heavy."

"He did so often wish," says his Wife, "that he could go in for work for Jews and other great Societies, but he could not, except by taking the chair at meetings, which meant a good deal for him. He was so interested in Hermann Warszawiak's work, and in himself. During the last visit to Chillingham, Warszawiak was there; and C. was so amused to see him rush across the court, fling his arms round Sir Arthur, and kiss him on both cheeks."

The impulse given to Prophetic Study, and the interest aroused on the subject in 1856-7, as mentioned in Mr. Blackwood's letters, increased in force as years went on. In these Records it is impossible to say more than that, with some differences, his views accorded in the main with those of the Rev. E. B. Elliott, author of "*Hore Apocalypticæ*," and of Dr. H. Grattan Guinness in his "*Approaching End of the Age*" and other works. In spirit he lived "looking for that Blessed Hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ."

Mr. Blackwood was for many years a member of the Prophecy Investigation Society, whose Secretary bears testimony to the "ripe spirituality, wise counsel, careful study of the Scriptures, and loving spirit which contributed so much to the increased interest in the Return of the LORD."

He made a special study of the Book of the Revelation, on which he gave several courses of addresses. And his latest written legacy to the Church of God was a series of papers, which appeared in the *Christian* under the title of *Apocalyptic Scenes*, but which was never finished, being broken off just when, reaching the 14th chapter, he had expounded the Vision of the Lamb and the hundred and forty and four thousand. The last words were these :

"The company on Mount Zion . . . are the truly justified, the truly sanctified, the true followers of and associates with their risen and beloved LORD. They, and they only, can learn the new song, which must be learned here on earth if it is to be sung above in glory. They are the redeemed, the children of the Living God.

"With them numbered may we be,
Here and in Eternity."

The issue of the papers continued for many weeks after Death had stilled for ever the hand which had written "often in pencil and in weakness and weariness and pain, the counsels and warnings of a dying man serving his own generation according to the Will of GOD, before he fell on sleep."

So spoke the Editor of *The Christian* at the Memorial Meeting in October, 1893; and at the same time Dr. Grattan Guinness said :

"To him the Papacy was the anti-Christian power foretold by prophets and apostles. He recognized Rome as the predicted

Babylon. He looked and longed for its speedy and final destruction. The last words he published were on this theme. He has gone up, pointing as to the prophetic page. His last utterance has been the cry, 'Come out of Babylon, my people, saith thy God'; and that other and even more thrilling cry, 'Come, LORD Jesus, come quickly!'"

CAMBRIDGE, AND WORK AMONGST YOUNG MEN.

It was also in the year 1873 that Mr. Blackwood gave the first of the addresses at Cambridge, which led to so much of his work amongst young men. Mrs. Babington, the wife of the late Professor of Botany in the University, contributes some Recollections.

" It may be fitting to tell of the wonderful influence he had been permitted to exercise in the University of Cambridge, of which he was a member. Not having revisited it since Under-graduate days, he was induced to accept an earnest invitation to speak to University men, and on Nov. 17, 1873, he first began to be known amongst them as a powerful evangelist. At least *forty* prayer meetings had been held in anticipation of blessing ; and in response to the bold and earnest endeavours of some bright Christian men, there were brought to the Guildhall some of the wildest and most unlikely—some who, as they acknowledge, came solely to please the friends who brought them, and deliberately determined that no Gospel address should touch them. . . . It was a wonderful meeting, and perhaps one of its most solemn features was its intense solemnity and reverent quiet. A room not only full, but packed, and entirely by young University men—just four ladies specially invited, who could sit in a hidden corner ; and thus it comes that the writer can give personal testimony. There are now, all over our land, lives being lived in the sunshine of God's favour, who date their first breath of life to that memorable night. . . .

" Many visits followed. Whether on Sunday nights in the Guildhall, where at least 1200 men gathered, or at the ' Cambridge Inter-Collegiate Christian Union,' or in a private Drawing-room—where University men would ask for a Sunday afternoon or Saturday night Bible-reading,—those who listened felt that they could not thank God enough for having brought them into personal

touch with one who so abidingly dwelt in the secret place of the Most High. Many, many are the letters testifying of blessing for eternity through his teaching. On the very last occasion on which he spoke in a crowded gathering at Professor Babington's, Nov. 23, 1890, a native of India, a student in our University and a member of the Brahmo Somaj, who was present by his own request and was evidently deeply impressed, assured the writer of these words, that 'he would carry back to India the memory of that Bible-Reading.'

"Time would fail to tell of the blessed fragrance that remains. All who knew him, know what an inspiration was his very presence, so noble, so bright, so calm; and how his unswerving fidelity to his LORD was especially evinced in these days of much compromise; unfailing allegiance and loyalty to his King, ever combined with a tenderness of manner and of utterance that surely was unique."

MR. BLACKWOOD TO HIS WIFE.

[1874, 13th Nov.]

"TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, Friday.

"I have to tell you of a most blessed time. A quiet journey down with young Kinnaird; dinner at Coote's with half a dozen bold young Christians. Meeting at nine. Great Hall nearly filled. About six hundred—twenty clergymen of all sorts, some men who had violently opposed. Deep attention for an hour. Several stayed to speak with me, Christians and one seeker, a cousin of —. This morning, breakfast with twelve or fourteen at Barclay's brother's, (Trin.) where I am writing. The seeker came—stayed alone with me, and then after praying himself, was able to thank God for saving him! Another who had done all he could to hinder, (but really helped) by saying in fun to numbers 'Blackwood's coming!' even shouting it aloud on his bed and at Hall, wouldn't come, but sent for Wilson later at night in deep anxiety. He was up with him till two, and this morning he found the LORD also. A nice long walk this morning with Trotter; then lunch at Gladstone's; then daily prayer meeting (two hymns, two prayers, two readings of Scripture), attended by seventy downright men—a marvellous sight. Then down the river to see Boat Race. Great fun. Saw one man who wished me to be hanged. All the rowing men there. One shouted out as Wilson and I and others passed him, 'How did you like Blackwood?' But the Christian element is wonderfully strong.

"A few are coming here at six to pray. I then dine in Hall at seven, and the meeting at nine in a smaller room, where we expect much blessing. I am most thankful I stayed. Good-bye."

Many letters of various dates from Cambridge men tell the same story of help received. "As I returned to my rooms," says one, "I realized that I was indeed forgiven." "I have got incalculable good," writes another, "from many passages in '*Alive from the Dead*'." I *am* thankful that ever I went to hear you. Very many others, like myself, have been led into the way of peace, and have good reason for thanks that they went to the Guildhall." Another undergraduate tells of "*one at least*" of another college, whom he believed to have been led to decision at the Guildhall meeting in 1885. Another describes the blessing which Mr. Blackwood's little book, "*Assurance of Salvation*," had been made to four men of his own college. A young man, whose father had written "a severe rebuke" to Mr. Blackwood, whom he considered to be "going about preaching without authority," describes his own happy work in the parish where he was helping. "I take the school children for religious instruction. To-day I gave them your first chapter on '*The Precious Blood*,' only shorter." Another letter, from the Rev. D. B. Hankin of Mildmay Park, tells of a young man who had been converted three months before, through an address at Cambridge given by Sir Arthur Blackwood, who he believed was quite unaware of the fact.

But "the time would fail to tell" of many such cases. Addresses to undergraduates were also given at Oxford.

The following letter from the Hon. Thomas Pelham, tells of another branch of work for young men in which Mr. Blackwood had a share.

"It was thought that young men who would not attend the

ordinary religious meetings might be induced to come to an evening meeting held in some Drawing-room specially for them, after the evening dinner-hour.

"The result as regards the numbers fully justified the anticipations. In several instances from a hundred to two hundred and fifty men were present, many of whom had probably never listened to a religious address in their lives. The first was given by Mr. Blackwood, and whenever his name appeared on the card there was sure to be a good attendance.

"The meetings were continued monthly between October and July, from 1874 to 1878, and in subsequent years at longer intervals.

"Writing to you recalls to my memory many happy evenings at Shooters' Hill, Crayford, and Shortlands. It was in 1868, I think, that I went with Miss Marsh and Mrs. Chalmers, to hear him speak at Blackheath, and then we went to supper with you afterwards at Shooters' Hill. His manly simple Christianity made a deep impression on me. I was then a Cambridge undergraduate. He kindly invited me to call at the Treasury, which I often did in subsequent years. I recollect with much pleasure, and yet sadness, the early walks before breakfast, skating at Shooters' Hill, Lawn Tennis, and then picnics on the Queen's Birthday.

"As regards the results of the meetings, Englishmen of this class are naturally reserved, but we did hear of some cases in which definite blessing had been received; and many others expressed their gratitude."

"... He came to me," says one letter, "a day or two afterwards, and said he never should forget you, 'all the time he was in heaven,' for through what you said about the *justice* of God (particularly) he was convinced that there was pardon for a 'wretch' like himself. I had noticed he was quite broken down that night. I believe this is a case of real turning from darkness to light. Our own souls were greatly refreshed to hear such faithful testimony as to the cleansing power of the *Blood* of Christ."

As usual, Mr. Blackwood found time to seek out this young Engineer, and send him a letter and a book.

His influence with young men was great, for his sympathy with them was also great, and they felt it. The expressions of gratitude are many.

"It is so seldom," writes an Oxford undergraduate, whom he met during a few days' visit to Scotland in 1878, "that except among one's near relations, matters of religion are even touched upon in conversation, or what is more important, that a young man ever is offered advice or guidance from those older and wiser than himself.

"Therefore I feel your kindness and the interest you have taken in my future life all the more from being such a complete stranger to me."

In writing after Sir Arthur's death, the Rev. the Hon. Talbot Rice, whose ministry at Shooters' Hill was much valued during the last months spent there, makes these remarks :

"48 HIGH ST., OXFORD, 4th Nov., 1893.

"I am sure many young men have been very greatly helped by seeing the noble holy consistent life lived in a high position, for God, for so many years.

"It is an untold strength to have seen the firm faithful devotion to Evangelical truth, to God's Word, and to the great Reformation principles which we have all seen in Sir Arthur; and his deep and earnest spirituality has made us see the power there is in such principles. One does thank God for his testimony in such days as these, when everybody is thought to be right, and when so many would lead us back to bygone superstitions, and when there is so much worldliness in the church."

THE PEN OF A READY WRITER.

To many who never saw his face in the flesh, Sir Arthur Blackwood is well known by his published works—books which have been touched with the *imprimatur* of GOD Himself, by being made the means of the salvation and spiritual advancement of hundreds.

The circumstances have already been touched upon, under which the first of these—“*Forgiveness, Life, and Glory*”—was published in 1864. The volumes which followed were,

“*The Shadow and the Substance*,” addresses on the Passover, in 1866;

“*Heavenly Places*,” on the Book of Joshua, in 1872;

“*The Triumph of Faith*,” addresses on the same subject, originally published as “*The Victory of Faith*,” in 1873; and continued in

“*Position and Progress*,” in 1880;

“*Things which GOD hath joined together*,” addresses on Isaiah xlvi. 21-25, in 1878;

“*Heavenly Arithmetic*,” the substance of addresses given in connection with the Night School at Crayford, published in 1881;

“*The Number Seven in Scripture*,” in 1883;

“*Te Deum Laudamus*,” in 1892.

In addition to these, a number of little penny book-tracts were published, chiefly by Morgan and Scott, under such titles as “*Living Water*,” “*Eternal Life*,” “*Repent and be Converted*,” “*Conversion*,” “*Christ and the Man in the Tombs*,” “*Forgiveness of Sins*,” “*Alive*

from the Dead," "*Assurance of Salvation*," "*The Merits of Jesus Christ*," "*The Judgment Seat of Christ*." Most of these had originally been delivered as addresses, and some had formed separate chapters of the larger books. "*Circumstances*," "*Christ Formed*," and "*What mean ye by this Service? being Thoughts on the LORD'S Supper*," and one or two others, are designed for Christian edification; and all have probably been quite as widely useful as the larger volumes.

Letter after letter, from home and from abroad, tells the story of some of those who have been led into light through "*Forgiveness, Life, and Glory*," or "*The Shadow and the Substance*."

"It has made my Bible like A. B. C." says one. A mother, writing from Leeds, tells of "two sons, both of whom spoke of '*Shadow and Substance*' as having done more to simplify to them the way of Salvation through the Blood of the Cross than anything they had seen or heard before." One had already gone to his rest, leaving a good testimony; the other "had had every spiritual doubt removed by the perusal of your book." Ministers from Cheshunt and Winslow told of members of their congregations who had been blessed, "especially through that portion which deals with 'the Blood sheltering the sinner'"; and a lady tells of similar help in the case of a man dying in the Cancer Hospital. A clergyman sends thanks for the help he had himself received some years before from both volumes, adding that he found them most useful for circulation, especially amongst the upper classes; and that he had at the time eight or ten copies out in the Parish. Several other workers write in the same strain. One from an Ipswich parish said that he had himself been greatly blessed through "*Shadow and Substance*," and had distributed about forty copies. "One woman told me a few days ago that your book

had been life to her." He added that at their recent Tent-mission a copy had been given to every worker. Another in Shrewsbury told of his having given a copy to each member of his two Bible-classes, who had then, with the greatest profit, met and systematically gone through the book together. Mr. Giles Shaw, of Winter-dyne, tells of his distribution of "*Shadow and Substance*" to thousands of excursionists coming to Bewdley during the summer months; and of the case of an old woman in an almshouse, who was reading it for the third time, and said that she "could not leave it out of her hands." Another worker, a Local Preacher, who adds to his signature the word, "Bootmaker," speaks with great gratitude of both "*Forgiveness, Life, and Glory*," and "*Shadow and Substance*," and thanks for the gift of "*The Number Seven*." "The LORD knows how I am situated. . . . I am so thankful for anything that will throw light on Scripture."

An Episcopal worker in Canada sent in 1883, a leaflet of the Young Men's Christian Association in his city, giving a remarkable history of the conversion of a prisoner in the gaol, mainly through reading a copy of "*Forgiveness, Life, and Glory*," lent him by this gentleman. Upon the fly-leaves of the volume the man wrote the story of God's dealings with his soul, impelled "in some way or other to make some one a participator of the great and good things which the LORD has done for me." He concludes the history of several days of anxious prayer and search by saying,

"What I prayed I could not say, but I know that I was not able to say much more than, 'LORD Jesus, help me, a poor sinner.' All at once I seemed to see Jesus hanging on the Cross before me, as if it had been life; and the knowledge, the certainty burst upon me, that He hung there for my sins, and I could call out, 'Yes, I believe'; but oh, what a different understanding has that word

'Believe' for me now. Formerly I did think that if a man did only believe that there had been a Jesus, that was enough; but now I see my great folly. I do not think this now; but I believe and am fully convinced that Jesus hung on that Cross for me, that I may have everlasting life. . . . I know that Jesus is mine, and that is all I need to know. I have found a peace I never knew before, and which I would not part with for money or worldly object. Now, I can and do thank God for bringing me to this place. . . . Even in this dreary place I can almost be happy, and I do not know any greater pleasure now than at night to be alone with my God and Saviour, whereas, before, night was a terror to me, and full of anxiety. Thanks be to God for His great mercy in showing me the Blood of His dear Son which cleanseth from all sin, and through that Blood to accept me, such a great sinner."

The sender of the Leaflet added that the prisoner was the son of godly parents, in easy circumstances in England; and that he had since confessed that when first visited he was constantly tempted to take away his life. "His further progress into the light and joy of the Gospel has been wonderful and most encouraging."

One who had left the stage for conscience' sake, says how often the reading of "*Shadow and Substance*" and "*Forgiveness, Life, and Glory*" had "whetted her appetite for the Book itself. You opened out great treasures for me in the 8th Proverbs by a sentence in the latter book. I never could understand the types of the sacrifices, etc., until I read it. I am alone so much that I sometimes *need* some help in reading the Bible, although my LORD has opened my eyes and taught me much. . . . I shall not go back to the stage. You will see by enclosed notices that I had no mean position on the boards. But no gold, or flattery, or fame, could tempt me back. I do not think the outside public have any idea how terrible *is* the life of the actors behind the scenes. I sometimes shudder when I look back. . . ." A stranger, writing from New South Wales in 1888,

sends grateful thanks for help received both by herself and others in their Christian life in a lonely place, especially mentioning "*Heavenly Places*," and "*Heavenly Arithmetic*," and dwelling upon the benefit to herself through the advice given in "*Shadow and Substance*" as to communion with God before beginning the day's work. A once doubting Christian, speaking of "*The Victory of Faith*," says, "I was determined not to skim it over ; and after reading many portions over and over again, both silently and aloud to my wife, my faith is so strengthened that I now (blessed be the LORD for it!) have the undoubted assurance of Eternal Salvation through the precious Blood of Christ."

A letter from Major Liebenrood in 1888 describes his finding amongst his Mother's papers, after her death, a letter from himself, dated eleven years before, and marked by his Father with the text Ps. 126. 2, 4, 6. It told of his conversion, and how his soul was set at liberty through reading the chapter on "The Blood" in "*The Shadow and the Substance*." He goes on to recall how often and how vainly his Mother had tried in previous years to induce him to go and hear Mr. Blackwood at Blackheath, no doubt feeling at the time as though her prayers were unanswered. And then how the very book afterwards used for his conversion was given by her, thrown aside, and lay hidden in a drawer for several years, kept only for the sake of the giver, until the time came when the Holy Spirit wrought upon his soul, and the message was received, even before he had ever seen the messenger.

During the Week of Prayer in 1896, it was mentioned at Mildmay that a Colporteur had persuaded a man to buy "*The Shadow and the Substance*." It became the means of his conversion ; and he then bought twenty-five copies to give to his special friends. Of these, thir-

teen had told him that they owed their salvation to the book.

So far, in these comparatively few cases, mention has only been made of the larger volumes; but the small books have their own story of usefulness. A letter which Mr. Blackwood received in 1873 from a stranger, told how, after a childhood and girlhood spent in anxious strivings after Salvation, followed by years devoted to Ritualistic observances, the writer found that she "was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse." One Sunday morning, after finishing her preparation for her Sunday School Class, she took up—just to pass the time—the little book, "*Assurance of Salvation.*" "There," she says, "I found what I so greatly needed,—a *full free SALVATION* through the Blood of Jesus. My first feeling was of great surprise. This *present* Salvation was so new and strange to me, it did indeed seem (as I suppose the free grace of God in Jesus always does when first realized) too good to be true. But thank God, I know that I am saved, not because I feel it, but because God says it. I know that I shall be one of the stars in your crown, which you will cast at the feet of Jesus. 'A brand plucked from the burning.'"

A letter from a young working man says:

"About two years ago, I had the desire to lead a better life, but I had not the courage to enquire of others about my soul, and when I turned to the Bible, the Gospel seemed too simple for me to believe it. I borrowed a book, written by you, called, '*The Merits of Jesus Christ.*' I had hitherto thought that it was 'ALL OF WORKS'; but now I was enabled to see that Christ had 'paid it all.' And therefore I saw that we had no merit of our own; so I pleaded The Merits of Jesus Christ. . . . I have now enjoyed nearly two years of Christian life."

A story connected with another of the small books is told in a tract called "*The Dorking Coach,*" published by

Partridge and Co. The writer, needing a day's rest, took his place on the outside of the Dorking Coach, on a summer's day in "the seventies." He wished to be quiet; but an inadvertent remark to his neighbour on the topic of the day, the assassination of Lord Mayo, produced the answer that he "hoped no Psalm singer would be sent out to fill his place."

On a different opinion being expressed by Mr. S—, the stranger avowed his disbelief in the Bible, and at length said angrily, "Well, Sir, I didn't bargain for a sermon when I got on the Coach." With these words he relapsed into offended silence; until at the next change of horses, he turned to Mr. S— saying, "I get down here, thank God." As he got down, the pocket of his coat gaped open, and unperceived, his fellow-traveller quickly and quietly dropped into it Mr. Blackwood's little book, "*Eternal Life*."

About two years passed. Mr. S— had often looked about him in hopes of meeting his friend again, but had almost given up the thought. One day, passing along Cheapside on his way to the Bank of England, he was suddenly confronted by some one, who stood still before him, exclaiming, "Yes, you are the man!"

Mr. S—, taken by surprise, and believing there must be some mistake, drew back a little. "Yes, you are the man; you are the man," was repeated.

And then from one of his pockets the stranger drew forth a dirty little book, stuck together with postage paper, and said, "Now do you recollect?"

Mr. S— saw the words "ETERNAL LIFE" upon the cover, and the incident of the Dorking Coach flashed back into his mind.

His friend then poured forth his story.

"When I got home that night, it was late, and on emptying my pocket before retiring to rest I found"

(again holding it up) "this little book. My rage was great. I was certain in my own mind that you had done it. Tearing it up into four pieces, I threw them on the carpet, to be swept away by the servant. Finding next day that the pieces remained on the floor, I rang the bell violently, and asked why they had not been thrown away. 'She saw the word ETERNAL, and could not,' she said.

"Then, taking them up, she had got nearly to the bottom of the stairs, when she heard me call out, saying,

"'Well, better perhaps let me see those bits of paper, after all.'

"Then, shutting the door, and putting the pieces together as well as I could, I read the book. I did so a second time, but page 10 was too much for me.

"'Because I have called, and ye refused. I have stretched out My hand, and no man regarded ;

"'But ye have set at nought all My counsel, and would none of My reproof ; I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh ; when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind, when distress and anguish cometh upon you.

"'Then shall they call upon Me, but I will not answer ; they shall seek Me early, but they shall not find Me, for that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the LORD : they would none of My counsel, they despised all My reproof.

"'Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices.' Prov. i. 24-31.

"I fell on the floor, and prayed piteously for mercy. The light dawned, and I believed."

Pointing to the dirty little book which he still held in his hand, Mr. S—— offered to replace it with a new one from his pocket ; to which he replied, "I would not

change it for the best thousand pounds you could give me!"

Mr. S—— turned to search in his pocket for his card-case, "to tempt him to do the same." He looked up again, and the stranger was gone!

Such are some very few gleamings from the harvest sheaves of this particular field of service.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE, AND OTHER PHILANTHROPIC AND SOCIAL WORK.

Although Mr. Blackwood had always sympathized with the Temperance cause, it was not until 1878 that he saw his way to take a decided line as regards Total Abstinence. In that year he became much interested in Mr. George Murphy's work at the Lambeth Baths, and invited him to speak at the British Workman at Crayford. He then signed the pledge, and became a Total Abstainer for life. His own reasons for the steps he took are given fully in several little books which he published, —“*Look out for the Safest Path*,” “*The Present Distress*,” “*Battlements and Blood Guiltiness*,” and “*When ye dwell in the Land*.”*

“Thank God,” he says in one, “I have seen this as a glorious privilege. It is a *liberty* to deny one's self for Christ. I wish I had seen it twenty years ago.”

And in replying to the charge of disparaging the the Gospel, he adds :

“Not so. The Gospel of God is the power of God to every one that believeth. No other power in the world than that of the Gospel through the omnipotence of the Holy Ghost can save a man's soul. The Gospel only can save—Christ, rather, in the Gospel is the sole and the Almighty Saviour. But I believe that if we do keep Temperance in its proper place, we do use it as a very great assistance to the work of the Gospel. It has proved in multitudes of cases a stepping-stone to the receiving of the Gospel which alone saves.”

* All published by Morgan and Scott, Paternoster Buildings.

Elsewhere he speaks of it as "a physical remedy for physical emergencies."

Taking up the work in this spirit, Mr. Blackwood's interest was sustained throughout his life ; and his efforts in connection with the movement were many and various. He became a Vice-President of the National Temperance League, and of the Band of Hope Union ; and was also President of the Young Abstainers' Union, and of the West Kent Band of Hope Union. His interest in the various Temperance Associations connected with the Postal Service was constant ; and he also helped the Policemen's Temperance Union, and many others too numerous to mention. When the "Blue Ribbon Mission" work arose, he was not ashamed to wear "the little bit of blue" upon his coat, and to wear it till his death.

When the question was raised as to the propriety of the Blue Ribbon being worn by the servants of the Postal Department, it was Mr. Blackwood who appealed for them to the Postmaster-General, and promptly brought the answer, that "Mr. Fawcett said they might wear all the colours of the rainbow, if it would keep them from drink."

"His efforts" says his Wife, "were not confined to public addresses, presiding at meetings, forming Bands of Hope, etc., etc. He ever sought to reach the individual. Long before he joined the Total Abstinence movement, his heart had often been stirred by seeing the effects of drink, and his efforts to save its victims had been many, ever seeking to point them to the only One Who could really deliver. Temperance without the Gospel, he would often say, avails little. He would take any trouble to seek to rescue one soul.

"Once when passing along the street in London, he came upon an old acquaintance of Crimean days, long lost sight of. He soon found that he had become a victim to drink, and was struggling to overcome the terrible snare. Sir Arthur watched over him from that time most anxiously. Once when he had again yielded to temptation, and in shame and despair, had hidden

himself in a London slum, he never rested till with great difficulty he traced him out, and brought him back to home and friends."

His sympathy for even strangers who were thus led captive by "the devil's chain" was very strong. At one time, on his daily journey home from London, he was greatly pained by the sight of an elderly gentleman, who was often a fellow-passenger, and was also but too often slightly under the influence of drink. Sir Arthur was grieved to the soul that, while the infirmity was sometimes the subject of scoffing or amusing remark, no hand should be stretched out to save. With some difficulty, he discovered the gentleman's name and address; and finally, with a full sense of the extreme delicacy of the task, he determined to call, and was thankful that the warning, so likely to have been resented, was received with gratitude.

"*National Righteousness*," the organ of the Christian Union for the Severance of the Connection of the British Empire with the Opium Trade, says, in commenting upon the loss sustained by Sir Arthur's death:—

"When on the first day of the Mildmay Conference of 1888, the proposal to form the Christian Union was put before Sir Arthur, he at once approved, and agreed to be its President. Both the object of the Union, and its proposed method of action had his warm sympathy."

This article, in sketching some points of his character, well says:—

"Another marked feature was:—*His view of personal duty concerning great moral questions.*

"He knew well—none knew better—that there was but one grand Remedy for the world's sin and sorrow; and he saw with equal clearness that certain forms of evil prevented multitudes being reached by the Gospel—hence his warm sympathy with movements on behalf of Temperance, and against State regulation of vice, and against the Opium trade, 'practices which,' as he said, 'have brought shame upon the Name of Christ throughout

the world, and which have constituted some of the gravest hindrances to the progress of His Gospel.'"

His efforts were unceasing, in public and in private, to aid all who sought to break "the conspiracy of silence," and to let in the searchlight of truth on deeds of darkness. He took the deepest interest in what was known as the Social Purity Movement; and in August, 1885, at the meeting of the Church of England Purity Society, moved the first Resolution, referring to the success of the Criminal Law Amendment Bill. Although exposed to adverse comment, amounting even to an attack in the House of Commons on his character and truthfulness, he calmly continued, according to his wont, in the course which he had felt it right to follow.

One brief quotation may be given from a speech of Sir Arthur's in reference to these questions.

"It is our business to-night to lift up our voices, and with no bated breath, and no indistinct utterance, to declare that on the ground of every obligation that we owe to Him Who has redeemed us by His precious blood, so far as lies in our power—so far as our protests, so far as our prayers can stay these deadly evils—they shall, by God's help, be impossible for the future."

His attitude towards such questions was shown by the words which he often quoted :—

"If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain ;

"If thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not ; doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it ? and He that keepeth thy soul, doth not He know it ? and shall not He render to every man according to his works ?"

"To some movements to which he had at first been drawn," says his Wife, "he could not continue to give his adhesion. Always attracted by zeal and earnestness, distrustful of his own spiritual attainments, inclined to magnify unduly those of others, drawn to whatever appeared to promise a lift upward, he was sometimes carried away by what seemed to many to be plainly of doubtful

tendency. Loyal to those whom he believed to be true to GOD, it was not easy for him to see whither their teachings led.

"But once he realized that what he had upheld was not according to the Mind of GOD as shown in His Word, few sought more entirely or more humbly to acknowledge mistake, and to undo any harm which too ready an acceptance had caused. It was a bitter sorrow to feel that he had in any degree influenced others to their hurt, or caused the way of truth to be evil spoken of."

On the first appearance of the Salvation Army, Sir Arthur's enthusiastic zeal for the Kingdom of GOD made him hail with delight the promise of some "greater things" for Christ than had ever yet been seen. The progress of time, however, and the development of the organization, obliged him to re-consider his position; and in a long letter addressed to the Editor of the *Christian*, after the opening of the Clapton Congress Hall, in 1882, he protested against much that he had witnessed.

Yet with much also in the Salvation Army which he believed to be true work for GOD, Sir Arthur's sympathy remained unimpaired. But the practices condemned in his letter, and subsequently other points, not only of practice but of doctrine, which he conceived to be inconsistent with the Word of GOD and the mind of the Spirit, gradually widened the space between himself and the organization, although he ever retained his esteem and admiration for the whole-hearted and devoted service of individual members.

So far as in him lay—"to his power, yea, and beyond his power"—he gave not only sympathy but personal help to many of the great Societies. The Young Men's Christian Association, the Evangelization Society, the Country Towns Mission, the Open Air Mission and the Religious Tract Society shared in his interest. The Bible Society he also loved. The Christian Colportage Society was another whose work he greatly appreciated and aided;

and with the London City Mission he had special links through its missionaries labouring amongst the Post Office employés in London.

His Wife writes :

"The interests *outside* of his own particular works were manifold—Aldershot, Miss Weston's work, Mrs. Meredith's, the C. M. S. What time and thought he gave to the business connected with the Jerusalem Bishopric! Then the London City Mission, in various ways connected with its agents here, [Woolwich and Plumstead] at Old Beckenham Mission Room, with the Navvies at Crayford, etc. Also the Irish Church Mission work and its many branches; the Church of Ireland Sustentation Fund, of which he was a Vice-President; the Scripture Readers' Society for Ireland, already referred to; Mrs. Smyly's work in Dublin; Thrift Societies; numerous smaller works of all sorts, kinds, and denominations. It is impossible even to try and remember them all, much less to gather up particulars."

With some of these organizations he was yet more closely connected in some official capacity. He was one of the earliest trustees of the work carried on at Aldershot and other Garrison Towns by Mrs. and Miss Daniell. He loved soldiers, amongst whom he had once served, and even during his later years found time to preside at meetings for this particular work, or to give the counsel which was so greatly valued. For over thirty years, he spoke from time to time in the Mission Hall and Soldiers' Home at Aldershot; and in the last three years of his life he spoke frequently, often at a very great cost to himself, at the Branch Home in James St., Buckingham Gate, where his Drawing-Room meetings had at last to be held in the large Hall, and where very evident blessing was granted.

Miss Macpherson's testimony to him as one of the Trustees for the Home of Industry has already been given. A touching letter, written by her in October, 1893, may here be added :

"As I sat amongst our poor but happy band of widows this afternoon, one of them brought a bit of newspaper, telling of your great loss, whilst the widow's tears flowed in recollecting twenty-six years ago 'spending the happiest day of her life.' This touched chords, and several other widows remembered being there, their *first* day ever spent in the country.

"How the dear old bodies spoke of your beloved husband's kindness to them. . . .

"Pardon this intrusion, and believe that sympathy and prayer from these poor aged saints for you and yours at this time is very touching and real.

"May the thought of his being with the *Lord*, and full of joy, soothe your heart, is the prayer of a little band of sisters in Jesus in the East of London.

"In the name of the Widows, yours sincerely,

"ANNIE MACPHERSON."

Miss Clara Lowe says :

"My first recollection dates from the beginning of the Conferences at Barnet. . . . After Lady Rowley's decease, I was led to make an appeal for help for the work in the East-End, in *The Christian*. The first answer I received was from him and his wife; and the help thus given has never ceased, now for more than a quarter of a century. On one occasion the letter enclosing the cheque mentioned that Her Grace was very suffering. In answering this, I added that I was not surprised to hear of the illness, as one of the poor widows had felt it specially laid on her heart to plead for her relief and restoration. A letter quickly came to say that Mr. Blackwood would like to visit the poor widow; and I had the joy of leading him up the narrow staircase into the room occupied by this servant of the *Lord* and her widowed mother-in-law, both alike confined to their beds. That room was hallowed by many precious associations. His visit was like a ray of sunshine."

"He was," said Dr. Grattan Guinness, when speaking at the Memorial Meeting at Mildmay, in October, 1893, "a Saul in stature, a David in spirit, a Jonathan in gentleness and grace.

"For the last sixteen years he was the Treasurer of our Missionary Institute in East London and Derbyshire. During the whole of that period he was in constant com-

munication with us, examining the Institute accounts, and signing all the Institute cheques from week to week ; no light work for a busy man such as he was, but most cheerfully and gracefully and faithfully accomplished. Never in all that period did one single cloud come over our friendship. Never did he render the service as though it was a sacrifice ; always as a privilege. And the service he rendered was a strength to the work. We know not how to measure the good he thus accomplished."

The work amongst Homeless and Destitute Children in Dr Barnardo's hands was another of which Sir Arthur was a Trustee, as well as a Vice-President.

Dr. Barnardo writes :

"7th March, 1895.

"I knew Sir Arthur intimately for at least a quarter of a century. During all that time he extended to me a warm friendship as well as continuous and kindly aid. At many times in my career, when I have had to bear much obloquy, and battle with public opposition, Sir Arthur has stood by me gallantly, encouraging me by wise advice and words of sympathy. He undoubtedly possessed, in quite exceptional measure, that most essential quality of friendship, a sympathetic and loyal nature, inviting and rewarding confidence, 'a heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathize.' Of his wisdom I can testify from experience. Often have I sought him when involved in manifold difficulties and perplexities, and as often has his calm sure judgment assisted in dispelling the clouds and clearing the horizon. At such times his broad common sense was as remarkable, as his wise perception was direct and unerring. I have sometimes sought him in the middle of the day when he could give me only perhaps four or five minutes. Even during that time he would be incessantly interrupted. Yet he was never hurried. Without haste and with calm and concentrated attention he would apply himself to the business in hand, and under the charm of his genial and sympathetic manner, intricacies and difficulties would melt away. I have stood by him in his official room when I had brought him some point of difficulty or trial. For a moment he would close his eyes, and then his low voice would be heard as we both stood up, and then in one or two brief sentences he would ask God for

guidance. . . . Then he would tender me advice which I felt could always be relied upon.

" . . . Thus he helped and encouraged me, and all over the country there are other servants of Christ at work to-day, who owe their first incentive and inspiration, to the blessed ministry of this dear servant of Christ.

" Of his noble courage I must say a few words. During the year 1889 I was called upon to pass through a severe ordeal, owing to the position I took up relative to some children whom the Roman Catholic priesthood were seeking to get possession of. When my case was before the Courts the then Lord Chief Justice animadverted in strong language upon the course I had adopted. This led to a desire among many Christian people that a public meeting should be held to express sympathy with and confidence in me. Sir Arthur Blackwood was invited to take the Chair of the Meeting which was convened for Tuesday, 10th December, 1889, in the Exeter Hall. As soon as this was announced certain Members of Parliament asked questions of the then Postmaster-General concerning the propriety of Sir Arthur's action. However he duly took the Chair as had been announced. He closed with these words which I wish to quote in full :

" 'I have felt it an imperative duty, as one of the Vice-Presidents of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, to be present here this evening to show and express my unabated confidence in his work and in him, even if he had made a mistake here and there : and to stand by my friend at a very anxious and critical time of his work. It is possible that fault may be found with me for occupying this chair to-night. It has been already announced by the *Tablet*, that attacks will be made upon your chairman immediately the House of Commons meets ; and that it is indecorous and indecent and wrong of him on every ground to take part in a public meeting of this kind, as thereby evidencing his unfitness to occupy the place he holds, and to deal impartially with the Roman Catholic servants of the Crown who may be serving under his orders. Well, it matters little to me. You will indulgently allow me to say, in anticipation of such attacks, which you look for with interest perhaps, that during the ten years that I have had the honour to occupy that position under the Crown, no one can ever charge me with having allowed my deep, extremely deep religious convictions to interfere for one moment with the discharge of my duties to the State, or to influence me in dealing impartially with any man whose religious convictions might accidentally happen to differ from

my own. But I should be untrue to those convictions if I absented myself to-night from a post to which honour and duty alike call me.'

"I need hardly add anything to this quotation as an evidence of Sir Arthur's unruffled composure under attack, when once he had determined upon a path of duty, and of his staunch friendship, despite all opposition, to a cause which he had made up his mind to be worthy of support and confidence and Christian sympathy."

In many social questions Sir Arthur took much interest. For instance, in a long letter to the Editor of *The Christian* in May, 1885, he dealt with the mode in which questions of Co-operation and of Supply and Demand had been treated by various correspondents, and reduced the whole question to one, not of sentiment and expediency, but of principles.

"God's laws for the physical welfare of the human race cannot be disregarded or supplanted," was the basis of the whole of his temperate and good-tempered reasoning.

"The fact is," he says, "the moment you get away from fundamental principles of political economy, and attempt to interfere with them, or substitute others for them, you are involved in hopeless confusion, and you end by doing harm instead of good. The law of 'supply and demand,' however it may be stigmatized as 'hard' and 'worldly' by well-meaning philanthropists, in as much one of these laws" [God's laws for the physical welfare of the human race] "as the law of gravitation. . . .

"It is no doubt true that the working out of these laws is attended with hardships to many. But the hardships and suffering which follow in that case are less than those which must certainly be the result of attempts to regulate traffic upon principles of man's devising.

"The Scriptural principle governing all transactions of the nature of commerce, is that of paying a *fair* price. And to the question, How is that *fair* price to be ascertained? I reply, The operation of the laws of supply and demand must settle that price. It must vary according to a thousand circumstances which affect it; but those laws can *alone settle it*.

" . . . It is by these processes that 'fair prices' are fixed, and that when such prices get lower than will enable the producer to live—whether he be a builder of ships, the owner of a factory, a match box maker, or a shoe-black—he must seek his livelihood, at home or abroad, in some other way.

"Do let this question be looked at from the intelligent standpoint of a Christianity which takes into account the laws of nature by which God is pleased to regulate the universe, as well as the precepts of His Word, which inculcate love and kindness, and the distinguishing characteristics of the followers of Christ. If we once get away from such a standpoint, we are at the mercy of the wildest vagaries."

Such, stripped of the illustrations intended to solidify such abstract principles to the minds of the untrained, was the scheme of Mr Blackwood's paper.

PROTESTANTISM AND PATRIOTISM.

D'Aubigné's "*History of the Reformation*" was one of the first books which Mr. Blackwood read, when the new life in Christ Jesus had quickened every faculty of mind with a fresh sense of responsibility. It stands second in his List of Books read in 1857.

His knowledge was thus enlarged as to the distinctive differences and respective results of doctrinal truth and falsehood. The choice of "*The Reformation in England*" as the subject of his first secular Lecture in November, 1857, shows how the study had influenced and interested his mind. Though lack of space makes it impossible to reproduce them here, his journals and letters from the Continent contain much detail as to what he saw in the many churches he visited, and the conversations he held with men of other creeds. In his Scrap Books are numerous extracts from newspapers and books, bearing upon the Pretensions of the Papacy, the history of the Rise of Ceremonies and Dogmas in the Romish Church, the events connected with the Æcumeneal Council, the Fall of the Temporal Power, and the connection between the Doctrines and Practices of Ritualism and Romanism. In short, every fact and argument which he found to throw light upon these and kindred subjects had been carefully and conscientiously accumulated. So that when circumstances brought him into the more prominent places of the great and inevitable controversy between the Spirit of bondage and of Rome, and the Spirit of liberty and of Truth, it was with no ill-considered and immature views that he entered upon the work.

In the battles which he fought in connection either with the Church Association or the Protestant Alliance, it was ever with the system—not the individual—that he contended. The war he waged was purely and entirely one of principle. For many in the Roman Catholic Communion he had throughout life a sincere friendship; and in dealing with men under him, the fact of a difference in creed never influenced him in the exercise either of the strict principles of justice or of the most kindly feeling. Part of a letter written by an old friend to one of his sons, after his death, will perhaps help to illustrate his position.

“FLORENCE, 19th Oct. 1893.

“ . . . There was only one year’s difference between your Father’s age and my own. He was one year my senior, and it was always my ambition as a boy to do whatever he did; but the consequence was that I often came to grief, as he was stronger and more agile than I was, a good deal.

“ In after life our paths separated, and on the most serious of all questions—that of religion—we took diametrically opposite views, as I became a Roman Catholic, and he continued (doubtless) a firm and conscientious Protestant to the end. But the differences of our religious opinions never interfered with our friendship. Almost the last—I believe the very last time I met him,—we travelled together in the Underground Railway; and he told me how much pleased he had been by the stand made in the House by the Catholic members on some important point. ‘They spoke out like Christian men,’ were his words; and to me he never spoke one harsh word against the Church or her tenets.”

Sir Arthur was a Vice-President of the Church Association, a Society which had been formed in 1865, and whose object was “to uphold the Doctrines, Principles, and Order of the United Church of England and Ireland, and to counteract the efforts now being made to pervert her teaching on essential points of the Christian faith, or to assimilate her services to those of the Church of Rome; and further to encourage concerted action for the advancement and progress of Spiritual Religion.”

In the first of his speeches on this subject of which any record remains, Mr. Blackwood, as chairman of a meeting held in January, 1879, said that

"It was with no light heart that they could engage in such work, which formed part of a determined effort to maintain the Evangelical and Reformed Church of England as by law established. Their opponents had made these proceedings necessary by as determined an effort to achieve exactly the contrary. While all this was to be deeply regretted, he felt that it was simply at the call of duty that they took their places among the ranks of the combatants on this matter. In all of this, however, they had the one consolation that the Evangelical portion of the Church of England was not the aggressor. Their motto was, '*Defence, not Defiance.*'"

It was in this spirit, and on these grounds that Sir Arthur became a member of the Association.

Throughout all his speeches the tone is one of grave anxiety in view of the condition of the Church of England. He feared the gradual education of the country in Romish doctrine by means of the Ritualistic practices and sacramental teaching which he felt to be forced upon people, especially in country districts. He feared above all the spirit of compromise in many who would yet describe themselves as Evangelical clergy. But, as he often said, "So long as we have the Prayer-Book, the Articles, and the Liturgy on our side, and above all the Scriptures, it is our duty to hold on our way."

Whilst at Lisbon, for the Postal Congress of 1885, Mr. Blackwood's spirit was stirred by a correspondence in the *Record*, relative to a joint-manifesto, issued by three "Evangelical" clergy, in which they deprecated recourse to the protection afforded by the Law of the Church. In the tone of this manifesto the *Record* had concurred, advising those who were aggrieved to "abstain from putting the law in force against law-breakers." On

Mr. Blackwood's return home he "felt it nothing less than a duty to join the writers of the four letters inserted in the same number," who took an opposite view to that of the Editor.

"It is all very well," he says, "to talk of 'serving these brethren by love,' but how does this help a congregation which finds its Parish Church gradually converted into a mass-house, or meet the case of those who see their children, servants, and neighbours being educated for Rome? . . .

"The attempt to support the argument for quiet protest, unaccompanied by action, by the reference to the example of Him Who did not strive nor cry, ignores His indignant action on two notable occasions, when, seeing His Father's House desecrated and dishonoured, He, Who never failed in 'meekness and gentleness,' with His own hand expelled those who had broken the law.

"You further say that those who seek to uphold the law by means of the law, will not be supported by 'public opinion.' Where, I would ask, is the authority for Christians to guide themselves in the matter of the protection of doctrine or ecclesiastical discipline by 'public opinion'? The price at stake is the Gospel of Christ, the purity of worship, the salvation of souls, the glory of God. What have we to do with mere 'onlookers'?

"It is on the law-breaker, not on the law-enforcer, that the responsibility of the consequences of his acts must rest."

But the maintenance of an attitude so firm and uncompromising did not prevent Mr. Blackwood's desire for some better way of meeting the difficulty.

Upon the declaration of the Lincoln Judgment, certain of the Church urged secession as the instant duty of the Evangelical section of the Church of England. Sir Arthur accordingly contributed to *The English Churchman* a letter, from which some extracts are given.

"Mr. S—— finds fault with the counsel of the Bishop of Liverpool to 'stick to the old ship'; and, maintaining that the 'ship' has become 'a piratical craft,' contends that it is the duty of her officers and crew instantly to desert her.

"Mr. S—— makes the serious mistake of thinking that

because 'pirates' have got on board, the character and ownership of the 'ship' have been changed. . . .

"Writer after writer has truly pointed out that, whatever toleration the Lincoln Judgment extends to Ritualistic Practices, it does not alter, in one jot or tittle, the Articles or Liturgy of the Church of England, the Protestant character of which has been affirmed legally again and again.

"Further, the judgment neither enjoins nor enforces any change of ritual on Evangelical clergymen. . . . The Church remains, in her theory and constitution, as Protestant as in the days of the Reformation, though many within her pale have availed themselves of words of ambiguous meaning to re-introduce Romish practices.

"The question has moreover to be looked at, not merely from an individual point of view. The multitudes throughout the land who, born and bred in, and loving the Church of their Fathers, will certainly not take part in secession, have to be considered. What is to become of these multitudes?

"Should not the motto of faithful Evangelical men, in view of this consideration, be that of the apostle—'Not seeking mine own profit, but *the profit of many*, that they may be saved'?

"I am not contending that a time may not arrive when secession will become an absolute duty; and in that case, the interests, the salvation of others, will undoubtedly be best promoted by its unflinching discharge. But I do not believe that that time has come yet. The circumstances are different from those of Reformation days, when compliance with Romish practices was authoritatively enjoined, and there was nothing but secession left.

"It may be said, What then is to be done? That is a question which demands the gravest, the maturest, and the most prayerful consideration. I am only dealing here with the one thing which, in my humble judgment, ought *not* to be done.

"I have considered in the foregoing, only the situation of Evangelical ministers. I do not allude to laymen; and would only now say, in order to preclude misapprehension, that in cases where there is nothing but a Ritualistic service within reach, it is, in my opinion, absolutely incumbent upon Evangelical laymen to abstain from all attendance upon, and consequent participation in, idolatrous worship. There, abstention appears to me to be a plain duty which faithfulness to God, to the souls of others and to one's own conscience imperatively demands.

"September 5, 1892."

At the Jubilee meeting, in February, 1886, of the Church Pastoral Aid Society, Mr. Blackwood was the selected speaker upon a paper contributed by a clergyman, and entitled, "*In Church or Mission Room.*" He pointed out that while the "fashions" of the day were ephemeral and transitory, the great and ever-existing need was a remedy for the disease of sin ; and the unfailing and unchanging Remedy was Christ, His Character, Work, and Office. But it was necessary to dwell upon this, because among even Evangelical clergy there was a tendency to accommodate the church services to the fashions of the present time. It was often urged that because young people enjoyed "exquisite music" during the week, they must have it in church on the Sunday ; and on the ground of preventing these young people from drifting away to churches where erroneous doctrines are preached, the services were adapted to the supposed needs of the day. Mr. Blackwood repeated his conviction that this policy not only failed in its avowed object, but distinctly trained people to receive the very doctrines which were feared. In reply to the argument that what the majority wished must be granted, he observed that like the Bishop of Peterborough, he had no belief in the infallibility of the "odd man" ; and that he could not accept the principle of government by a majority in the Church of Christ.

In many churches, he said, the congregations heard more about the Church, less about Christ ; more about the Prayer-book, less about the Bible ; more about sacraments as instruments of sanctification, less about the Holy Ghost as the Agent of sanctification. The Church of England was spoken of as if it were co-extensive with the Church of Christ ; and congregations were indiscriminately addressed as "baptized Christians." But the Church's need was Power ; and Power came neither

by fire borrowed from the world, nor from any imitation of that holy anointing, whose symbol in Old Testament days was "not to be put upon man's flesh." As then, so now also, such introductions of false fire and untrue unction were always followed by death. The real means of meeting "the needs of the days," was by men consecrated to the service of GOD, and filled with the Holy Ghost.

As years passed on, Sir Arthur saw signs of encouragement. In April, 1889, in a letter drawn forth by an appeal to him by name, he says :

"There are signs, I think, of a revival of true Protestant feeling and principle in many places, and a growing distrust of the line advocated by —— and ——." [A "peace-at-any-price policy."]

"Our duty is, I believe, clear and plain. I agree with Canon M'Connell Hussey that it is not our business to 'move with the times,' but rallying more firmly than ever to the old truths, to resist everything in forms and ceremonies that in the least degree approximates to Ritualism and Romanism.

"Let us be more fervent in prayer, decided in principle, and energetic in action, and we shall see that the LORD will yet do great things for us."

As regards Sir Arthur's part in the work of the Protestant Alliance, the Secretary writes :

"9 STRAND, LONDON, Aug. 13, 1894.

"He was a member of our Committee, and though prevented by business avocations from a constant attendance at our meetings, yet when able to be present, our Committee had the advantage of his advice and counsel, and valued deeply the wise suggestions that he made.

"He was President of a number of the Branches, and did all he could to extend the influence of the Alliance by the formation of Auxiliaries throughout the country, the meetings of which he frequently attended as Chairman. Some of these speeches are reported in the *English Churchman*, as well as some of his valuable speeches at the Annual Meetings of the Alliance, and a powerful address to the Representatives of the Protestant Alliance and

other Societies at the National Protestant Congress at Portsmouth in the autumn of 1892. . . .

"In his private capacity he aided me constantly with his counsel, and his advice was to me invaluable."

A few words from a letter to Mr. Guinness are worth quoting :

"Though contention is to be deprecated, discussion is both allowable and advantageous; and no good can come from stifling it."

His attitude always appears to be that of Luther,
"Here I am. I can do no other ; so help me GOD."

Thus he never feared to indentify himself with persons and causes very unpopular in many of the circles in which his lot was cast. In July, 1883, he received Father Chiniquy at Shortlands, and in November of the same year took part in the Luther Commemorations at the Mildmay Conference Hall and at Exeter Hall. In December of 1888, his *DIARY OF DATES* records two meetings for Mrs. Auffray, "The Escaped Nun," at Beckenham. Indeed, throughout the whole of that year, he had thrown himself with ardour into the meetings in commemoration of the Destruction of the Spanish Armada in 1588, and the Protestant Revolution in 1688. He spoke at such meetings in May at Exeter Hall, in June at Beckenham and Bromley, and in November at Oxford, as well as in other places.

At one of the series of Beckenham meetings in connection with this subject, Sir Arthur spoke, as he humorously said, "with a halter round his neck," as the next night the attention of the House of Commons was to be called to the fact of his having presided over a similar meeting in Exeter Hall. They were met together that night, he went on to say, because they had an enemy far more insidious and determined than any combination of

nations on earth. Their desire was that the country should understand and grasp intelligently the fact that it was the Hand of GOD which had delivered their land from the dangers of the past days. They also wanted to bring the intelligence thus aroused to bear on the present dangers—dangers unsuspected and unknown by many, from lack of acquaintance with the facts of history, and with the circumstances and movements of the present day.

The answer to the question which was duly asked in the House on Thursday, 7th June, 1888, by Mr. T. M. Healy, was the following :

“MR. RAIKES said,—Officers of the Post Office are at perfect liberty to take part in public meetings on any subject with the exception of those involving political partisanship, and the occasion on which the speech in question was delivered does not appear to me to fall within that category. The promotion of Post Office officials rests not with the secretary of the Post Office, but with the Postmaster-General, and no consideration of religious creed ever enters into such questions. I may, however, mention that Sir Arthur Blackwood has often recommended for promotion officers who, I happen to be aware, are Roman Catholics.”

The last occasion on which Sir Arthur spoke on a Protestant platform was at Exeter Hall, on the evening of December 7th, 1892, a day appointed by the Association for Humiliation, Confession and Prayer.

He was one of the principal speakers at that meeting, and his address showed how entirely he approved of the new programme which was rendered necessary by the view taken by the Association Council as to the Judgment of the Privy Council in the Lincoln Case.

A few words from a letter to Lady Tankerville of 13th Feb., 1889, show how strongly and permanently he felt the national issues of the conflict.

“I am so glad you are desirous of doing something to support our decaying Protestantism. If we cease to be Protestants,

active, loyal, earnest, our country *must* lose her light—decline and perish.”

“He was a good man,
For he loved England—”

His speeches and writings show the estimation in which he held the Sovereign and the Empire whom it was his honour to serve. At the General Election of 1885, he wrote a solemn and stirring letter to the *Christian*, upon “the tremendous responsibility of Christian men who were invested with the Franchise,” and mentioned that for his own part he had felt it to be a duty to address a letter to the Parliamentary candidate for his Division, on some important points.

In this letter he says :

“As a Conservative elector for West Kent, but attaching greater importance to the assertion of moral principle than to the predominance of one or another political party, I take the liberty of asking you whether, if returned to Parliament, you will support measures having for their object : ”

He then enumerates several points ; and the letter thus concludes :

“There are many who, like myself, would sooner abstain from recording their votes altogether than incur the responsibility of aiding in the election of a Parliamentary representative whose views would not be in accordance with their own on questions affecting most vitally, as they believe, the highest interests of the nation.”

Sir Arthur's Irish blood was a fact which he did not forget, however it might at times be merged in the sense of wider Imperial interests. When a writer, under the *nom de plume* of *Justitia*, impugned in the *Times* the justice of appointments in the Postal Service as they affected the Irish interest, Sir Arthur replied that no less than three of the officials referred to were of that nation-

ality—the Secretary to the Post Office himself, one of the Assistant Secretaries, and the Controller of the Money Order Office. “‘*JUSTITIA*,’ on this occasion at least, is not in agreement with

“Your obedient servant,

“*VERITAS.*”

Sir Arthur looked to the spread of Gospel light and truth as the greatest of all remedial measures for the sufferings of Ireland. Hence his interest in the Scripture Readers’ Society for Ireland, and in the Irish Church Missions and kindred Societies, as already noted.

In May, 1886, at a critical period, he presided at a large meeting in the Mildmay Conference Hall for Prayer on behalf of Ireland. Here, with his marked spiritual honesty and thoroughness he “urged all, while confessing and lamenting national sins, at the same time to ask themselves, what about those same sins as representative of shortcomings and failure and offences in the individual life?”

The last letter from Sir Arthur Blackwood’s pen which appeared in the *Times* is one which many were surprised to read in the columns of the leading journal. Perhaps no words could more fittingly have closed his public testimony as a Patriot, a Protestant, a Christian, a Believer in the efficacy of prayer.

“TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

“SIR,—While every effort must be made by the Unionists throughout the country to counteract and defeat the schemes of those who, whether ignorantly or designedly, are doing their utmost to subvert the British Constitution, and to destroy the liberties gained two hundred years ago, it is incumbent on all who value the Protestantism of the country, and who know that wherever the Romish priesthood obtains power it closes and proscribes the Bible, to use a weapon mightier far than all that politicians or patriots can wield, the weapon of prayer to Almighty God.

"Our kith and kin, our fellow Protestants in Ulster, are resorting to its use in their extremity, as your columns have lately testified. And it is no less our duty, who in this country share their apprehensions, and view the present situation with the gravest alarm, to join our prayers with theirs, that in His infinite mercy God may be pleased to avert the calamities we fear, and deliver both them and the Empire from the national disaster which Home Rule *alias* Rome Rule, will assuredly entail. If those who regard as priceless 'the Protestant religion and the liberties of England,' and now especially of Ireland, unite in prayer for deliverance to Him Who has so blessed our country during past centuries, we may surely hope that a gracious answer will be vouchsafed, and the schemes of our enemies be frustrated.

"He Who interposed for us in the days of the Armada and of the Revolution of 1688 can surely do so again. Let us then not rely alone on the efforts, however right and urgently necessary, which our Unionist Leaders and politicians are making, but also unite, through the length and breadth of the land, in invoking the Divine aid at this supremely critical moment of our history.

"It may have passed away from the memory of many on earth, but doubtless it stands clear in the records of Heaven, that once only, in a cycle of years, a province stood forward in the persons of 13,000 delegates to confess the God in Whom they trusted before an astonished world, as they said and sung with triumphant voices :

"God is our Refuge and our Strength,
In straits a present aid ;
Therefore, although the earth remove,
We will not be afraid.'

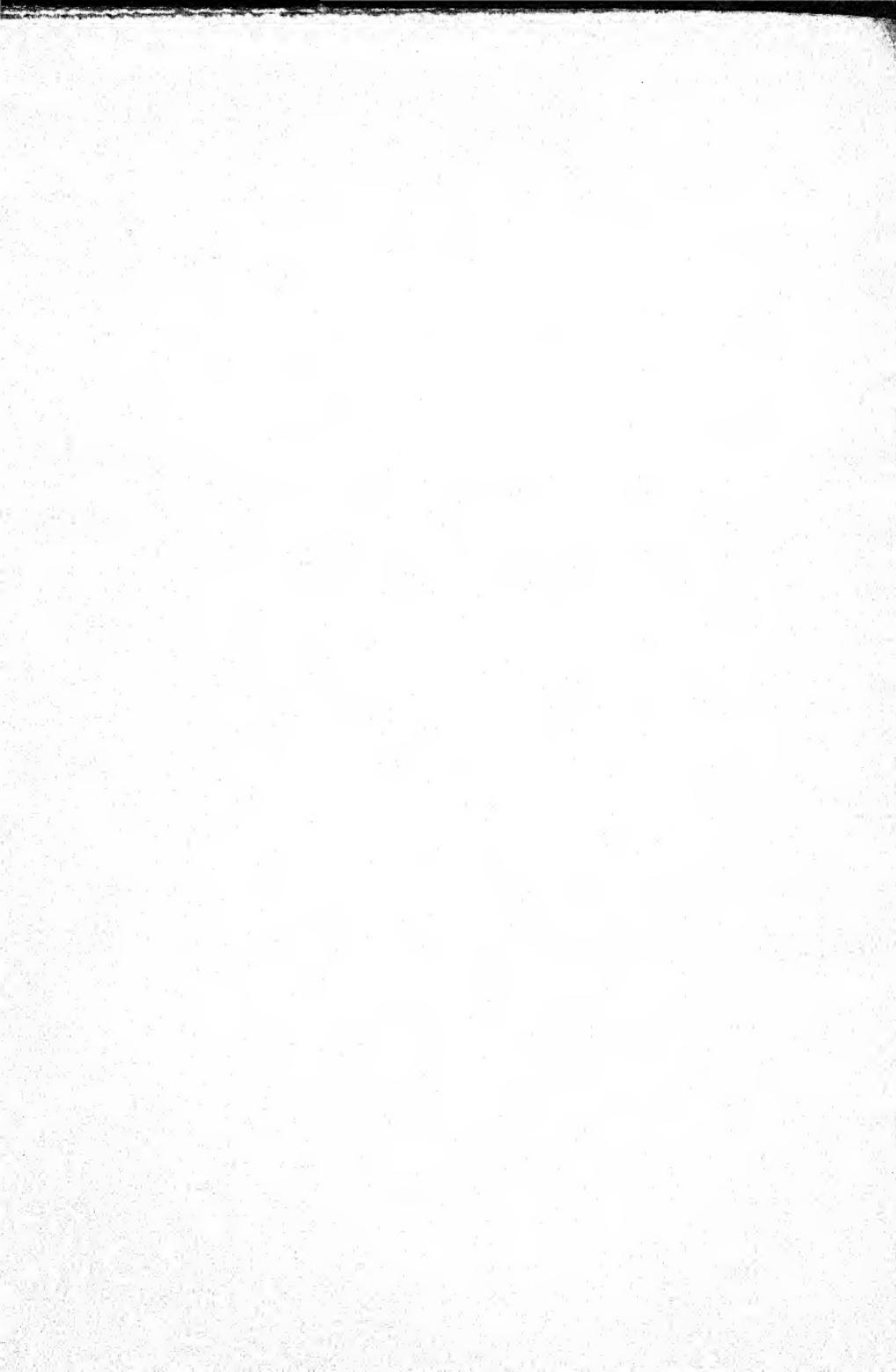
"Let Protestant England now echo the expression of their noble faith, and come to their aid in prayer as well as by effort.

"And may God defend the right.

"Yours faithfully,
"PATRIOT.

"28th February."

The words which seem to have burst red-hot from his heart appeared in the *Times* of Friday, 3rd March 1893.



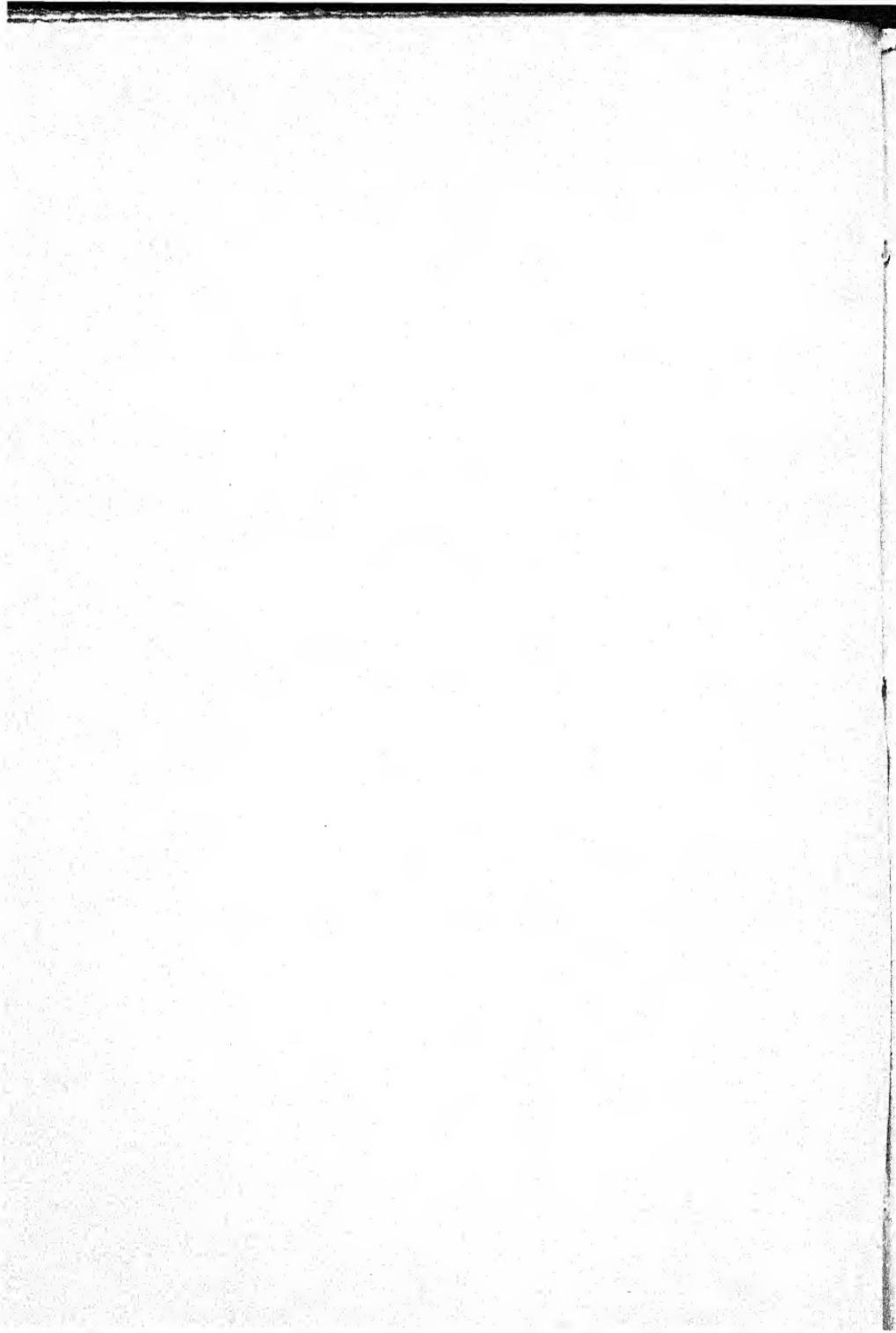
VIII.

ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND.

THE SECRETARY.

THE POSTAL SERVICE.

"FOR THE GLORY OF GOD AND THE GOOD
OF THE SERVICE."



THE SECRETARY.

The post which Mr. Blackwood filled when he was transferred in 1874, from the Treasury to the General Post Office, was one which had just been created.

"In consequence," says the *Times* of 5th October, 1874, "of the increased pressure upon the financial department of the Post Office, occasioned by the great growth of its business, it is intended to appoint an additional officer under the title of Financial Secretary." "Mr. Stevenson A. Blackwood has been selected. He is high up in the Finance Branch of the Treasury, and has had the duty of preparing the Estimates submitted to Parliament at the beginning of each Financial year."

On 17th April, 1880, on the retirement of Sir John Tilley, Mr. Blackwood was promoted to be Secretary to the Post Office, and received the honour of C.B.

In a book entitled "*Forty Years in the Post Office*," published in January, 1895, by Mr. F. C. Baines, C.B., sometime Surveyor General for Telegraph Business and Inspector of Mails, the duties and responsibilities of the Secretaryship are defined.

"The Post Office," says Mr. Baines, "is a Carrier, a Banker, and a Telegraphist on the largest scale known. It controls more than 131,000 persons." Under these three heads, he gives full and most interesting details; and also treats of the history of the Post Office, from earliest times, and of its present constitution. He thus describes "the Controlling Force."

"The Head, for the time being, of this vast army of 130,000 Post Office Servants, established and auxiliary, scattered over the face of the land," is the Postmaster-General.

But whilst the Postmaster-General goes out with the Government of the day, a permanent Chief is provided in the person of the Secretary.

"The Secretary of the Post Office, Chief Permanent Functionary though he be, has no inherent power except such as he derives from his Chief. He shines by reflected light, every act of his in the Post Office being done in the name of the Postmaster-General. In practice he has, of course, very large authority. The Postal machine otherwise could not work properly. As the adviser of his political Chief, every paper submitted to the latter must first receive the impress of his own views; and by tradition he has necessarily, with great responsibility, great freedom of action. But in theory he is only the mouthpiece of the Postmaster-General. . . .

"At the head of the Executive stands the Secretary, but he is of course a Chief Administrator too. The 'Secretary' means one high functionary, and also some score of auxiliaries and subordinates. Sir Arthur Blackwood compared himself, not inaptly, to the managing Director who is found next the Chairman in private corporations. There are, it is true, a Financial Secretary, and a Third Secretary, who, as well as the Secretary himself, advise the Postmaster-General on points within their allotted sphere. And there are also Assistant Secretaries, one of whom combines with his office the functions of Inspector-General of Mails; another holds also the office of Controller of the Packet Service. But all act for or with the Secretary-in-Chief, and alike are subject to his instructions and supervision.

"Then come the Heads of Departments—A Solicitor; a Controller of the London Postal Service, a Receiver and Accountant-General, a Chief Medical Officer, an Electrician and Engineer-in-Chief, a Nautical Adviser, and the Commodore of the modest telegraph fleet of the Post Office. Then follow the Surveyors. As a Postmaster in London reports to the Controller, so the Postmaster of a country town and subjacent area reports to the Surveyor. There is no one between the Surveyor and the Secretary, nor between the Controller and the Secretary. Hence, the Chief holds every thread in his hand.

"Lastly, there come the Postmasters, and with them the tale of the Controlling Force is practically told.

"Then come the great battalions of the clerical staff, the superintendents, the inspectors and overseers, the sorting clerks and telegraphists." May it not be added, the Letter carriers and Telegraph messengers? "By their toil, whether by day or night, the Vestal Fire of the Post is kept alive by watchfulness that never fails."

THE POSTAL SERVICE.

When, in 1874, Mr. Blackwood was transferred from the Treasury to the Post Office, a good deal of complimentary observation was made in certain papers. Amongst the newspaper cuttings in his Scrap-books the most offensive and the most laudatory notices of himself stand side by side in happy juxtaposition. As time goes on, he is commented upon as being "not only very approachable, but very reasonable." Some blame "his want of enterprise, and attachment to red tape and to military methods"; whilst others dwell upon his "great organizing power and indomitable will," and mourn that "his reforming hand pressed rather heavily upon many of those who had been accustomed to, and desired to stand in the ancient ways."

Portions of an article in the *Western Press* of 4th October, 1893, give a general, if unofficial view of Sir Arthur's tenure of the Secretaryship.

"Sir S. A. Blackwood's career as head of that complex organization was one of unwearied activity. When he succeeded to the Chief Secretaryship much of the work of organization had been completed. But the Post Office is an institution that admits of no finality, and it is the duty of the permanent official at the head of affairs to see that the process of extension is not unduly distanced by public demands. Some critics do not quite grasp the fact that even the smallest reform must involve an enormous amount of rearrangement, touching not only this country, but frequently all the others giving adhesion to the Postal Union. The responsibility of counting the cost of innovations falls on the shoulders of the Permanent Secretary, who stands at the back of the Postmaster-General, the political representative of the de-

partment. It is thus obvious that the duties of the Chief Secretary are onerous, delicate, and multifarious almost beyond calculation. These duties Sir Arthur Blackwood discharged for many years with tact and ability. Many Postmasters-General came and went during his period of office. Sir Arthur Blackwood served first as Financial Secretary under Lord John Manners. Then followed Professor Fawcett, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, Lord John Manners again, Lord Wolverton, Mr. Cecil Raikes, Sir James Fergusson and Mr. Arnold Morley.

"Professor Fawcett was a man of energy and resource, and his projects were ably seconded by Sir Arthur Blackwood. Together they elaborated and carried to completion the great scheme of the Parcel Post.

"Another noteworthy reform which Sir Arthur Blackwood was instrumental in promoting was the introduction of the sixpenny telegram. The minor reforms instituted during his thirteen years' Chief Secretaryship have been very numerous. The abolition of the revenue stamp for receipts was brought about in 1881; postal orders were, during the period specified, introduced: the system of telegraphing money was set up; the letter-express delivery service was organised; new and better regulations were formulated in the Savings Bank Department, and reply post-cards were made available. These are the chief of many improvements brought about during Sir Arthur Blackwood's term of supremacy. He held views as to the extension of Postal work which perhaps might go unsuspected by some unwearied critics.

"Throughout his career as head of the Post Office, Sir Arthur Blackwood endeavoured to secure for the public every reasonable advantage."

But into Sir Arthur's action in Departmental questions it is not the province of these Records to enter.

"He was honestly proud of the Post Office," says his Wife, "and never slow to fight its battles. Whatever he saw to be for the good of the Service he spared neither time nor strength in endeavouring to accomplish. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre's remark, that 'his heart was devoted to the Postal Service,' was literally true. When in the interests of justice, men had to be dismissed for one cause or another, their cases weighed upon him as a personal trouble. He deeply felt the temptations often needlessly put in the way of the men by the public. A friend remarked that she

had never seen him ruffled but once ; and that was when she had been chaffing him about some restrictions which had been introduced concerning Postal Orders. 'He was, I saw, displeased ; and told me I did not realize what the question involved as concerned the Letter Carriers.'

"He realized strongly the responsibilities which devolved upon him in recommending men for promotion. Sometimes when he saw that a change was imminent, the consideration of various claims would occupy his mind for weeks, and even longer. On all these occasions, whether long foreseen, or suddenly occurring, he would go off for a country walk alone, to revolve particulars which would affect so many in the Postal Service ; weighing respective claims and fitness, always jealous lest any private feeling—for or against—should warp his judgment, always anxious that the man whose appointment would be most for the interest of the public service should be chosen. Whatever he had to do he did thoroughly. He enjoyed his official work, and threw himself into all its details and interests with hearty zest.

"He ever made it a matter of conscience that nothing he undertook should interfere with, or unfit him for the efficient discharge of his official duties. Engagements must be out of office hours ; and in the very few cases where this was otherwise, the work was done by going to Town earlier or remaining later."

From the time when, in 1874, Mr. Blackwood entered the Post Office as Financial Secretary, he took his share in a variety of enterprises for the good of the Service ; and especially after he became Secretary in 1880 the entries relating to such engagements multiply in his DIARY OF DATES. Among these was the Annual Meeting of the *United Kingdom Postal and Telegraph Benevolent Society*, when for the first time the Secretary of the G.P.O. took the chair, and afterwards presided at a Dinner to the Sixty Delegates who represented local Districts in all parts of the Kingdom. Of this Society, and of the *Post Office Orphan Home* he was a Patron.

He took a great interest in the formation of the *Post Office Athletic and Cricket Clubs*, and in the prosperity of the *Post Office Rifle Volunteers* (24th Middlesex),

always being present at the annual distribution of prizes. The Corps had been recruited chiefly through the exertions of Col. du Plat Taylor. In 1882, a Detachment of Volunteers from the Corps—a hundred in number—was selected to accompany the Forces to Egypt, in charge of the Postal arrangements. Mr. Fawcett took leave of the men, speaking a few words, and shaking hands with each. Mr. Blackwood also spoke, recalling his own service in the Crimea twenty-eight years before, and then saying :

“A great influence was exercised on my own life by reading a little book which was sent me by a friend shortly before the battle of Balaclava. It occurred to me this morning that perhaps you would accept a copy of it, to take with you among the other books which no doubt will occupy your hours of leisure. I have therefore provided one for each of you, and I wish you God speed, and a happy return.”

Mr. Blackwood presided at the Dinner given to welcome the men home in the following October ; and to the end of his life he retained his active interest in the Corps.

At the first meeting after his death of the *Post Office Library and Literary Association*, Mr. Buxton Forman alluded to the precedent set by Sir Arthur Blackwood in encouraging the literary Civil Servant. He was the first President of the *Post Office Musical Society*, and “always took an active and encouraging interest in promoting its success.” One of its members, Mr. W. H. Gill, of the Secretary’s Office, in October, 1893, set to music and dedicated to Sir Arthur’s memory Heber’s Elegy, “*Thou art gone to the grave,*” desiring by “this humble effort to perpetuate in the hearts of all who knew him, the memory of the best of Friends and the kindest of Masters.”

Sir Arthur was also President of the *Post Office Total Abstinence Society*, which in October, 1893, numbered close upon 3000 members, and claimed branches in

thirty-one provincial towns, the largest being at Glasgow, where there was a membership of 281.

Year after year, from 1879 onwards, Mr. Blackwood, whenever possible, presided at the Annual meetings of this Society, which had started in 1877 with only seventeen members. He spoke at this Second Anniversary, of the hopefulness with which he saw the "class of recruits" who had joined—junior sorters, boy sorters, and junior letter carriers, "a good number of the younger hands," from whose energy and earnestness he hoped great things.

There was perhaps no class amongst those who came under his official influence in which Sir Arthur felt a keener interest than in the Telegraph Messengers. The summer after he became Secretary three hundred of them were invited from the City to spend the day at Shortlands House. He had already shown a warm interest in the West Central District Institute, and took the Chair at its first Annual meeting. In November, 1884, he had the satisfaction of inaugurating a similar Institute for the Boy sorters and Telegraph messengers of the N. W. District.

It is recorded in Mr. Baines' volumes that when £500 was needed to establish the E. C. Telegraph Institute on a durable basis, Sir Arthur went to Wimbledon, and told his story to Lady Wolverton, the widow of the former Postmaster-General, who placed in his hands a cheque for the full amount. When she died in January, 1894, a deputation of the lads who owed so much to her kindness followed her to the grave.

Sir Arthur would often preside over these Telegraph Messengers' Meetings. He knew the way to a boy's heart; and one day in the course of an address in which he was speaking of the joys of a Christian's life, he told them a story which he himself greatly enjoyed. One

day when walking through the City, he had run up against a small boy, who looked up, and shouted, "Look out! Who are yer a shuvin' of, yer six foot o' misery?" Ah," added Sir Arthur, "he made a mistake there! It is only a Christian who's a really happy man."

Sir Arthur's social powers were not the least of his natural gifts, and he used them unsparingly for the good of the Service. Mr. Baines says :

"Any gatherings of the *employés* of the Post Office had his sympathies at once. He was good, at the shortest notice, for an evening with a Telegraph Messengers' Institute in any part of London, or, if business allowed, for a scamper on the trial-trip of a new parcel-coach a score or two of miles out of town, or of a mail-steamer on the coast.

"If a memorial had to be planned or publicly dedicated to a lamented Postmaster-General, he was to the fore, subscribing and assisting. If an opening presented itself for widening the basis of a great benevolent fund, there was he to encourage and suggest. He had the happy faculty of making official business work smoothly, and the labours of his subordinates pleasurable in the last degree."

In the festivities connected with the Post Office Jubilee in 1890 he took an active part. In reporting a successful Post Office Conversazione the *Civilian* says :

"The guests were received by Sir Arthur Blackwood, a task which kept him posted for three long hours at the entrance to the Gallery, shaking hands with new arrivals, and bestowing a few courteous kindly words on each. Although we have not always been able to approve of his action in matters affecting the Staff, we own to a genuine admiration for Sir Arthur Blackwood. Only a very few know the extent to which his time and strength are devoted to the furtherance of every kind of effort which has for its object the welfare of the large Army of Officials under his control. Nor is his attention exclusively confined to the Post Office. His genial presence is seldom missing from any social function connected with the Service, whether inside or outside of his own Department, and his speech at the annual Civil Service Dinner is

often the speech of the evening . . . The Post Office has not lost much by the appointment of two men of the high character of Sir A. Blackwood and Mr. Algernon Turnor. The improvement in the tone of the Service which has taken place, mainly through their influence, during the last ten or fifteen years, is certainly remarkable, and in every respect the condition of the *employés* has been much ameliorated, whilst as it is well known, promotions and other questions affecting the fortunes of individuals are considered with the most anxious care."

Many public dinners were attended by Sir Arthur both officially and unofficially. He felt the importance of such intercourse with men of business, for enabling him to keep in touch with and up to current events as effecting the General Post Office, and for making the knowledge thus gained of practical service.

Of the manner in which Sir Arthur Blackwood, whether in the Treasury or the Post Office, fulfilled the official duties which devolved upon him only those who were associated with him, in either superior or subordinate relations, can be competent to speak.

Sir Reginald Welby, G.C.B., Secretary to the Treasury (now Lord Welby), wrote to the Duchess on October 4, 1893 :

TREASURY CHAMBERS, WHITEHALL, S.W.

"I venture on behalf of the Treasury, and I think I might say in behalf of the Heads of the Civil Service, to express to you our sincere sympathy on the death of Sir Arthur Blackwood.

"All of us who have had the privilege of serving with him honour and appreciate the excellence of his service to the State, and regret the loss of a colleague in whom we all had confidence.

"We, at the Treasury, have the amplest reason for entertaining these feelings, for half of his career in the public service was with us, and the connection between the Post Office and the Treasury is so close, that our official intimacy remained unbroken during the long period in which he filled the responsible and difficult posts of Financial Secretary and Secretary of the Post Office.

"For myself, I feel deeply the severance from one to whom I am a school-fellow, a college-fellow, and a colleague in the public

service. It is some satisfaction to look back on the complete friendship which has so long subsisted between us; and it may be some solace to you in your sorrow to think how complete and how good has been his career from the time when he became a Government officer to the close of his successful tenure of one of the highest and at the same time most difficult posts in the Service."

"The Department never ceased to regard him with esteem and affection," writes Sir Francis Mowatt, K.C.B., Assistant Secretary and Auditor of the Civil List to the Treasury.

Another old Treasury friend says, "I don't think we thoroughly realized what a position Blackwood held until now. His high character seems to have made a very strong impression in the Service and outside it."

The official commendation of his official life is given in the 40th Report of the Postmaster-General (Mr. Arnold Morley), for 1893-4.

"I cannot conclude this Report without recording the loss sustained by the Department and by the public owing to the decease on the 2nd October, 1893 of Sir Arthur Blackwood, K.C.B., who, since 1880, had discharged with distinguished ability the arduous duties of Secretary of the Post Office. The premature death, at the age of sixty-one, of one so respected and beloved, has been deeply felt throughout the Department, and is universally regretted.

"*3rd August, 1894.*"

And again, when speaking at the Lord Mayor's Banquet, the Postmaster-General referred to the "great ability and unimpeachable integrity of character which he had brought to the performance of his duties"; and to his death as "casting a gloom over the whole postal service of the country. Thousands of men and youths felt that in him they had lost not only a chief, but a friend."

The Duke of Rutland, under whom, when Lord John Manners, Sir Arthur had twice served, spoke of him as

"one of the ablest, most successful and conscientious servants of the State"; and another ex-Postmaster-General, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, wrote:

"I had known him ever since he was a boy. We had also been frequently brought into close connection officially, and as Postmaster-General, I was impressed by his great ability, his loyalty, and by the conscientious manner in which he performed his duty. I feel certain that the whole of the Postal Service will lament and deplore the loss of one whose heart was so devoted to them."

"I am much upset and distressed at the loss of our dear friend," wrote the Financial Secretary to the Third Secretary, "a friend I have known, admired, respected and loved since my boyhood, and who was always the same."

And in a letter to the Duchess he says:

"I shall never forget the thirteen years, unbroken by any jar or any discord, which we spent together at the Post Office. His true and kind and gentle nature has left an impression on the whole staff, and an example to be followed."

Years before this, the head of another Department of the Post Office, in writing to bid Sir Arthur farewell on retirement had said :

"I have ever realized the great moral support I have had during your Directorate, and this has enabled me to take courage while carrying on the daily work."

Mr. Baines thus refers, in his book, to Sir Arthur :

"With pain and sorrow the word 'late' is written before the name of this good high-minded man.

"My late chief called me into his room at St. Martin's-le-Grand for the last time on Tuesday, August 1, 1893, at about half-past two in the afternoon. We met in the corridor as he came up the private staircase from Mr. Arnold Morley's room. Taking me by the arm, he explained to me the details of a revision of the Secretary's office, which he had probably just settled with the Postmaster-General. Then he gave me to read a letter from the Treasury, settling the terms of my own retirement, said a few

kindly words of sympathy and regret at official separation, and did his best to soften a Treasury decision which negatived what he had recommended, and what had seemed to others a not unreasonable proposal.

"As I left the room, and turned to close the door, he kissed his hand in mute farewell, and that was the last that I saw of Stevenson Arthur Blackwood. . . .

"Ten happy years at the Post Office were spent by me directly under his hand. As Assistant-Secretary, it was my duty to see him from 1882 to 1892 almost every day. We fell into a swift and comparatively silent method of transacting business which suited both, such being varied only by a cheery remark from him ; for his spirits, if not exuberant, were always good, and rose to any humorous aspect which official papers sometimes presented.

"Deep-seated as were Sir Arthur Blackwood's religious convictions, and ready as he was to open his mind on the strength or weakness of any form of moral teaching which came under his notice, he forced his own views on none. In official matters he was absolutely uninfluenced by theological tenets.

"His tastes were, as far as they were known to me, few and simple. The service of the Most High, whether at the desk or on the platform, was clearly his one aim. He found many ways of fighting the good fight. The cause of temperance, or rather, total abstinence from intoxicants, he lost no chance of furthering ; but in his own case he would take hilariously any trifling *jeu d'esprit* which told against him or his cherished principle.

"This, by the way, was one of the secrets of the charm of Sir Arthur's manner. He was never offended by what was not meant to offend, and was always ready to see the amusing side of things.

"Sir Arthur Blackwood will be remembered as a man of sterling worth, who, like Sir Henry Lawrence in India, in all the relations of life, tried to do his duty. An article in the *Birmingham Daily Post* described him as 'the help and comforter, not only of the poor in goods and circumstances, but of the poor in spirit likewise ; and it was,' so the writer declared, 'to the task of raising the timid and distrustful to hope and exertion that he devoted himself entirely.' What nobler inscription could be traced upon his tomb ? "

In a letter, written some years before upon private matters, which Sir Arthur so valued as to preserve, Mr. Baines had said :

"Your kind and sympathetic letter makes me bold to write what many would wish, but feel too shy to say, but which yet it seems right you should know:—What a pleasure it is to be associated with you, in whatever capacity, in the work which this office has been given to do. Kindness, confidence, consideration, forbearance, a cheery recognition of efforts to do the best,—all tend so far to sweeten labour, that the daily task from a duty becomes a privilege, and the official superior an honoured friend."

“FOR THE GLORY OF GOD, AND THE GOOD OF THE SERVICE.”

So far back as the year 1857, an entry in Mr. Blackwood's Journal says: “Read *The Million-Peopled City*. The Post Office and omnibus men take the greatest hold on my interest.”

During his residence at Streatham, about 1861, the heart of Mrs. Hamilton, a lady living there, was stirred to consider the spiritual needs of the Letter Carriers, and thus his attention was again directed to this class. His counsel and help were freely given; and the result of Mrs. Hamilton's efforts was the appointment by the London City Mission of a missionary to the Letter Carriers, a second man being required in 1863. At the present time four of the Society's agents are thus employed, and the need of a fifth has been strongly urged by the Committee, some of whom are Post Office officials.

Thus long before Mr. Blackwood's official connection with the Postal Service, his sympathies were engaged on behalf of its *employés*, some of whom he met and addressed year by year on their visit to Streatham.

“For more than thirty years,” writes the Missionary appointed in 1863, “I enjoyed his personal friendship and help. I was always welcome at his room in the Treasury, and he gave me valuable suggestions, and useful papers for distribution; and then knelt in prayer, and I felt refreshed and encouraged.”

On entering the Postal Service, the interest so long
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felt was intensified, and ever afterwards the one great object was still uppermost. His kindness towards the Missionaries never flagged, as they themselves testify.

The second Missionary, whose letter has been already quoted, tells how it was Mr. Blackwood who relieved him, after seventeen years' labour in the Districts south of the Thames, of part of his charge by stating at a dinner that one Missionary visited one half of the London Offices, when a gentleman present offered to support another. The letter continues :

"Now Sir Arthur Blackwood became the Secretary of the G. P. O., and on every occasion when he came to meetings, he would openly refer to me. I always sat among the *employés*. Sir Arthur would say, 'I see my dear old friend and brother, your Missionary; and I must ask him to come on the platform, and sit by my side.'

"Every *employé* and official knew their Secretary was my friend and supporter.

"Soon after Sir Arthur Blackwood became Secretary of the G. P. O., he invited me to meet him in his office. I gladly obeyed, and he assured me of his personal interest in myself and my mission. . . .

"Then he said, 'I have nailed my colours to the mast, and every *employé* shall know that I am the LORD's.' . . .

"Never do I remember such a sense of personal loss. Often the wave of loneliness comes over my spirit.

"Dear Sir Arthur was bound up with all my service, and his loving spirit, and his entire consecration to Christ, his clear testimony before all the *employés* is deeply engraven upon my soul."

Another says :

"Each time I saw him he was the same, with cheerful loving large-hearted sympathy with me. When I have seen him at the Post Office, he would greet me with the words, 'Well, F., and how are you getting on?' Taking my two hands in his, he would say, 'Sit down. I have just two minutes I can give you. Tell me about the work'; till at length he would say, 'Now, F., we must part. The LORD go with you and bless you.'

"On one occasion I was holding a Bible Class in the Basement Kitchen for the Boys at the Cannon Street Office, when he was there, and some one told him I was below. He came down, and was greatly pleased to see the Boys gathered together, listening to the Word of God. He asked what passage we were studying. It was Genesis xxxvii. When he heard this, he said he had been reading the same chapter himself in the morning. He then said a few words to the Boys on 'Joseph being seventeen years old'; and spoke of the temptations which boys of that age were subject to. I believe all the Telegraph boys loved him; in fact, those who knew him best, loved him most."

Another of the Missionaries says :

"Soon after being appointed, I sought and obtained an interview with Sir Arthur at the G. P. O., and the impression of that interview will never be effaced. Possessed as I was with many misgivings and many fears, his warm and kindly Christian reception greatly reduced them.

"I vividly recall his eager expression of pleasure upon hearing that my reception was favourable.

"The eagerness with which his volume '*The Shadow and Substance*', largely distributed after his death, was received and sought for, evinced how widely he was esteemed: and his memory is still precious, and fruitful of boldness in confessing the Saviour."

The fourth Missionary writes :

"Throughout the entire Post and Telegraph service he was highly esteemed as an honest earnest Christian gentleman, desiring the good of all. We shall never forget his manly presence, his simple earnest addresses, the hearty hand-shake, with cheering words of sympathy, as he moved about amongst the men and youths whom he met at the meetings.

"The remembrance of his official sanction still exerts a strong influence."

In the efforts of the ladies who in more recent years have begun work outside official ground, Sir Arthur took the same warm interest. An extract from "*The Boys' Mail Bag*" says :

"At the first formation of the *Postal Telegraph Christian Association*, Miss Edmonstone and Miss Synge had personal interviews with Sir Arthur Blackwood, and they will never forget the kind sympathy and the interest with which he read over with them the proposed plan of their Association, considering its details, and entering warmly into the whole subject. His interest in the work never flagged. He was always ready to take the Chair at their meetings. So bright and cheerful was his manner, that no one could guess how weary he often was after his long day's work, nor what self-denial it must have cost him to give up the evening hours so needed for rest, and so precious for family enjoyment. Until this year, he always presided at the large Annual Meeting, and also at the P.T.C.A. Telegraph Messengers' Annual Prize-giving.

"He not only took a deep interest in the messengers as a body, but he cared for them *individually*, so far as he could possibly become acquainted with them, knowing many of them by name."

At the inauguration of the Cambridge Branch of this Association in November, 1887, Sir Arthur was president, and spoke. He paid many subsequent visits, sometimes taking the Telegraph Messengers' Bible Class in Professor Babington's dining-room, or at the Post Office. His last visit was in February, 1892.

"Sir Arthur Blackwood's advent to the Post Office," writes Mr. Orsman, so well known for his own labours amongst the Costermongers, "brought out many timid Christians, and others were confirmed and strengthened in the faith. Whilst always maintaining the dignity of his high position as commander of an army of at least 100,000 men, women, and boys, he was felt to be a friend and adviser to all."

"May I say," wrote another in the Postal Service, "that your book, *Shadow and Substance*, has been the means of great blessing to the Christian Mail Drivers at this Office, especially to one dear fellow, to whom it was a source of great help and encouragement on his death-bed."

Early in the year 1872, Mr. Blackwood received a letter from a stranger, a member of the Civil Service, proposing the formation of a Civil Service Prayer Union

of a similar nature to those already existing as the Army and Navy Prayer Union, the Lawyers' Prayer Union, the Bankers' Prayer Union, and others of a kindred character. These were the result of a "desire for United Prayer ; and apart from the blessings promised to united intercessory prayer, it was felt to be a great encouragement to Christian men, in the pressure of professional and business life to remember that they are sustained by the prayers of their brethren, and that they are not alone in the fight of faith."

This was taking a wide range, beyond the limits of his own Department.

An interview followed ; and Mr. Blackwood proposed that the two should at once commit the matter to God in prayer. Soon after, "two meetings of Civil Servants were held at Mr. Blackwood's house in town. They were representative gatherings, bringing together members of the Service from the Foreign Office on the West, to the Custom House on the East. Twenty-one were present. It was resolved to form the Union, and the basis adopted has remained the central portion of the basis of the Union ever since."

"Besides meeting together in spirit at the Throne of Grace every Monday morning, quarterly meetings were at once commenced. They were delightfully informal. Mr. Blackwood was 'chief,' without any assumption of authority as such. He would read a few Scriptures, make a few remarks, and encourage others to do the same. A few hymns would be sung, and prayer offered.

"For the first eight years, from thirty to eighty gentlemen would be present. After the first three years, special subjects were chosen, such as, 'How to advance the cause of Christ in the Service,' 'The need, method, and power of secret Prayer,' etc. For twenty-one years, unless detained by illness or official duty, Mr. Blackwood did not once fail to be in his place. After three years, he was formally elected President, and at his suggestion, a Committee was appointed,

"Until 1881 the Union was almost a private one, and by that time numbered some three hundred members. In that year a circular was issued to gentlemen in the Civil Service, calling attention to the Union. In the following year, to commemorate the tenth anniversary, an invitation to a special meeting was despatched to all the London Offices. Earl Cairns presided, and six hundred gentlemen came together, and for ever dispelled the notion that Civil Servants as a class were not to be approached on spiritual things. Two years afterwards meetings were commenced in the provinces. And in 1885 the Union was thrown open to all ranks and both sexes. All this seems easy now; but it was not easy in its origin. Prejudice had to be overcome, official etiquette to be consulted, and threatening obstacles to be avoided. Mr. Blackwood's calmness, impartiality, wisdom and love were among the chief elements which, in dependence upon God, were used to produce a Civil Service Prayer Union, wide in its basis as the Service itself. Very soon the Union numbered a thousand members."

An extension of the Union to Foreign Countries followed Mr. Blackwood's official journeys to Lisbon, Canada and Vienna.

After the Lisbon Congress, in 1885, the Representative of India founded a Branch for all Civil Servants, without distinction of race or rank. Another Branch was established the following year at Lagos, West Africa, and many native gentlemen were enrolled.

Sir Arthur's visit to Canada in 1887 resulted in the extension of the Union to the Dominion, "thus," to use his own words, "completing a circle of prayer which unites our brethren in the East before we arise from our beds, and as we lie down to rest carries the same petitions from our brethren in the far West."

"It is difficult," continues the writer already quoted, "to convey an adequate idea of Sir Arthur's personality at our gatherings. To him the truth, 'All ye are brethren,' was not a theory, but a fact that rejoiced his heart. He loved the brotherhood. Patiently did he show the simplicity of that love at the Conferences which

were sometimes held on the affairs of the Union. If some member jarred a little on the unity by needless complaints, he would put the unpleasantness aside with some merry playfulness, and make even the grumbler feel happy. Every member felt him a friend."

At the time of his death the Union numbered 1570 members, including those on active service and retired. The Junior Union which sprang out of the original Association had, at the same time, about 175 members.

IX.

MIDDLE LIFE.

PARIS.

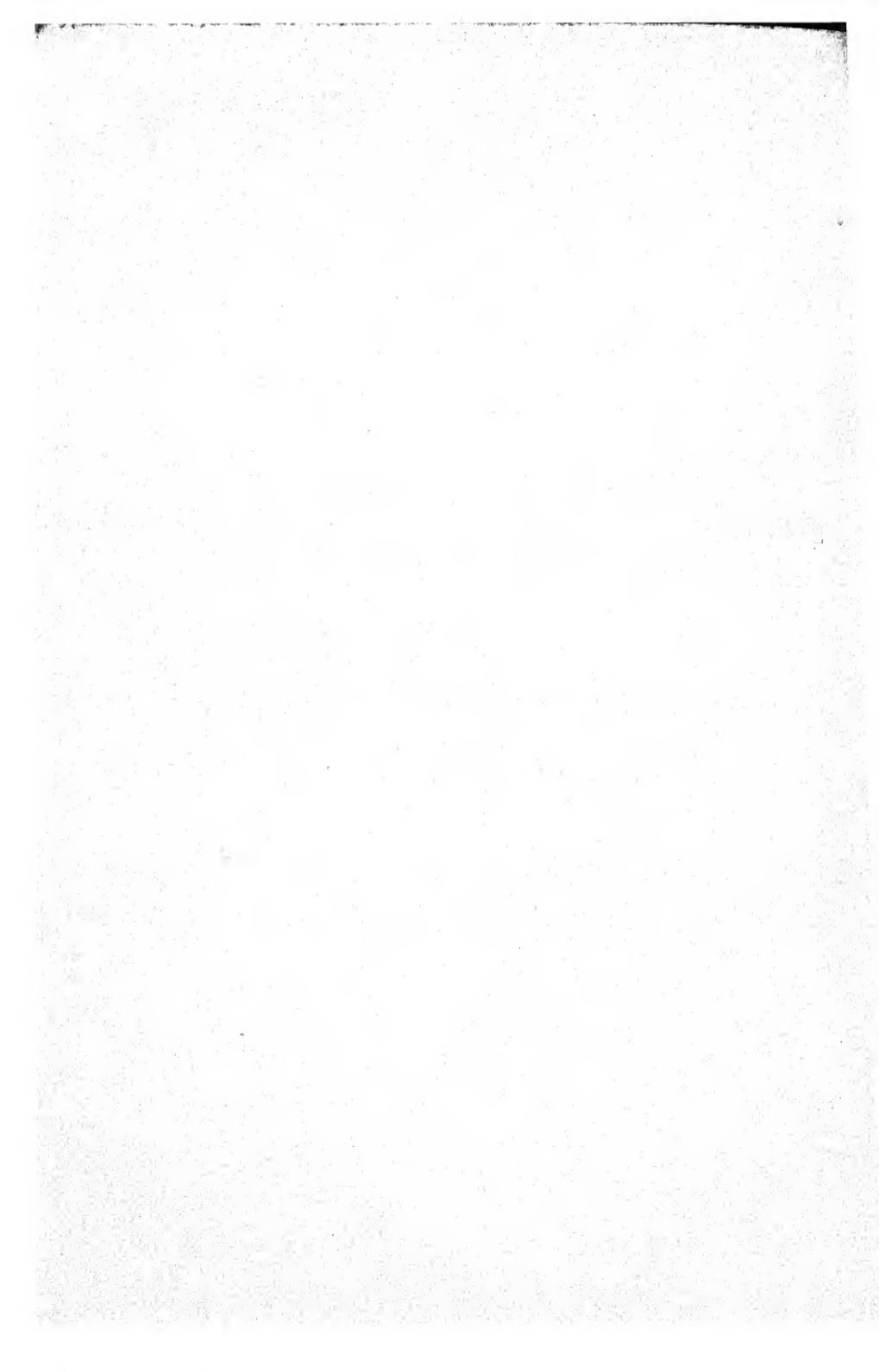
SHORTLANDS.

LETTERS, FROM 1881-1884.

LISBON AND SPAIN.

CORRESPONDENCE IN 1885-6-7.

REMINISCENCES AND LETTERS.



PARIS.

"As far back as 1878," says Mr. Baines, "an international exchange of small parcels had been proposed. Great Britain could not assent, because it had at that time no Parcel Post of its own.

"In 1880 a Special Postal Congress was held at Paris further to examine the question. By that time an Inland Parcel Post was under consideration. The Secretary of the Post Office himself, the late Sir Arthur Blackwood, the late Mr. Bentall, and Mr. Buxton Forman, now Assistant-Secretary in charge of Foreign and Colonial business, attended as Delegates, and took part in drawing up an International Parcel Post Convention.

"But the Convention could not even be signed, much less ratified by Great Britain, because it was not till 1882 that the Bill promoted in Parliament for the establishment of a Parcel Post in this country became law. Even then the Postmaster-General could not sanction it without the consent of the Treasury. . . . Ultimately it was decided to proceed by separate agreements with each State of the Continent."

It was within six months of Mr. Blackwood's appointment as Secretary that he started for the Postal Congress in Paris. He gives his own account of the visit in his letters written home, extracts from which follow.

"THURSDAY, 6th Oct., 1880.

"Left Charing Cross at 9.20 with Bentall, and the Indian Official, Mr. Cornwall. Delicious passage. Sat in the bow all the way. Met 'a man I knew' on board. A 1st class compartment reserved for us three to Paris. Travelled in great state.

"Our Secretary, Mr. Forman, met us at the station. Went to Meurice's.

"Found numbers of cards of Delegates. I send you one of mine. I shall have to leave a hundred to-day.

"Friday, 7th.—Left a lot of cards at different hotels. Spent an hour and a half in Louvre, which painfully reminded me of the pleasant company in which I last visited it. . . . Drove with the other three gents to British Embassy, where I presented myself to Lord Lyons, and introduced the rest.

"Drove to M. Cochery, French P.M. General, to whom I introduced my three colleagues, and with whom I discoursed for a quarter of an hour. It is very convenient, as I have to be the spokesman of the party, having such a perfect command of the Gallic tongue! I astonish the natives. Then to French P. O. to see Heads of Departments, with whom I also converse to their great edification.

"A delicious five-mile walk this morning to Bois de Boulogne before breakfast.

"Paid more visits, and assisted (as spectators) at three or four weddings at the Church of St. Cecilia.

"Saturday, 9th.—Attended the General Reception of Delegates at the French Foreign Office. Seeing it was above all things important to maintain the glory of England, India and Canada in the eyes of the world, we determined to spare no expense in the matter of equipage, and therefore acquired the use of a magnificent *voiture de remise* drawn by two fine black (not hearse) horses, and driven by a splendacious *cocher*.

"Further, as the head of the Mission, I thought it well to follow Nelson's example at Trafalgar, and wear *all* my decorations. I put them on however with some misgivings, lest I should appear the reverse of what Tallyrand said of Lord Castlereagh at the Congress of Vienna, '*bien distingué*' by the plainness of my attire, and draw all eyes upon me by the glittering medals on my breast. Trembling therefore in myself, though silently envied by my undecorated British colleagues, I ascended the steps of the F. O. and was greatly relieved to find all the foreign representatives wearing their orders, *i.e.*, all who had any to wear. One of them evidently had been in like uncertainty, for he only displayed a plain ribbon; but seeing the others blazing, he pulled his star out of his pocket, and pinned it on.

"We made sixty bows, and shook sixty hands, and then sat down, at one *enormous* round table covered with green cloth, in a splendid *salon* of the F. O.

"M. Cochery then rose and read his opening address of welcome, in very good French (at least I thought so) and was well received. There was some fear that the *doyen* of the Conference, *i.e.*, the oldest member, upon whom it devolved to reply, had run

away in a funk; but he turned up all right, and responded for us all.

"Then business began. Cochery proposed certain rules, and asked us when we should like to meet. Germany proposed twelve o'clock. Another country said ten. He then asked for other proposals, and with an audacity that surprised myself, I proposed the happy medium of eleven. It was put to the vote, and my proposal was victorious. But C. was not satisfied. The votes were altogether too few out of sixty. So he called for another proposal, when one o'clock was named. This met with general concurrence.

"We then separated, much satisfied with so successful a first day's business, and retired to hotel to disrobe.

"Had a three hours' walk with B. in the Bois de Boulogne, through its woods and along its lakes, getting there first by omnibus, in which I gave away some tracts. Then back to dinner at six. The Italian Delegate sat near us, and we discussed postal matters after dinner to our mutual edification.

"*Sunday, 10th.*—To Rue d'Agnesseau with B. and C. Church very full. Nice sermon from Phil. 4. 19. Chaplain asked me to lunch with him. . . . Agreed, if able, to give a Drawing-room address. Met outside the church . . . Miss A. W.—, who asked me to dine at Miss de Broën's at Belleville, and speak to the people. I accepted the former, but declined the latter.

"Set out for Belleville at five. All the world was going to the Sunday races in the Bois, for which M. Cochery sent me two tickets for his private Box!

"A walk of four miles along crowded streets, and up very steep hills in the worst quarter of the town. Belleville is the highest spot in Paris, and looks over the whole city. Dined with Miss de Broën, and her seven or eight English lady workers, and was informed that, in spite of my refusal to speak, she had announced me for the evening.

"I didn't know what to do; but as I knew that I *must* make a speech in French on Monday in the service of my country, I thought I ought at least to attempt to speak on Sunday in the service of my God. So after prayer, and encouraged by the text of the morning sermon, I agreed to try.

"The Service at 8.30 was very interesting. About a hundred work-people, in blouses, of both sexes and all ages—some very respectably dressed and intelligent—were gathered, or came in gradually. I spoke on Lu. xv. for about a quarter of an hour, with ease and comfort. The people most attentive, and though I spoke

very slowly, they said I made no mistake of importance. One man, sitting before Miss W., was getting up to go out just before I began, when his wife stopped him, saying, 'Wait. I am sure that is an English gentleman. He looks very intelligent. Let us hear what he has to say.'

" . . . And so ended my Sunday, very thankful for the help vouchsafed, and encouraged to try again.

" *Monday, Oct. 11.*—A delicious walk in the Champs (B. calls them 'shams') Elysées from 7-8. Hair-cutter interested in account of doings at Belleville, and gladly received a tract, asking for more.

" Prepared for Conference, and went to F. O. at one. General discussion opened, each country having to give its views in turn, alphabetically. In about half an hour, I heard the awful words of the President, '*Je donne la parole à la Grande Bretagne*', and I slowly rose to address the sixty Postmasters-General or Secretaries sitting round the Board of Green Cloth. My address took about eight or nine minutes, and was very well received, my deprecatory allusions to my bad French being met with several '*Non, Nons.*' Anyhow I got through to general satisfaction, though several, notably Germany and Roumania, did not like the views I expressed.

" When all had spoken, about twenty at least, the general discussion closed; and a Committee was nominated of about ten leading countries, including Great Britain of course, to go fully into the whole matter, and we adjourned to another splendid *salon*, where we elected M. Cochery as our chairman, and proceeded to arrange order of business. This was soon done, and at three we closed for the day, luncheon being served in another *salon*, where we discussed matters in an informal way for some time.

" Walked off to see Mme. de la Rochejacquelain. Asked much after '*chère Cecilia*,' [his Mother] "whether her '*vivacité*' was as great as ever; deplored the existing state of things," [The Republic] "and regretted I was in such '*mauvaise compagnie*' as that of M. Cochery!"

" B. got with his deaf ear alongside of an American lady at the *table d'hôte*, and the cross questions and crooked answers which he and she played at made me roar with laughter.

" *Wednesday, 13th.*—Spent the morning in deliberations among ourselves, and in concocting strong protest against the views enunciated yesterday. Dictionary in great request. . . . I asked for the '*parole*' early in the course of the proceedings, and made my speech, which roused the ire of Germany, France, Roumania,

Portugal, Suisse, and others, but found favour with Russia, Sweden, Pays Bas, Italy, and Egypt. We seem to be at considerable cross-purposes at present, and great pressure and some blarney is used to make me give way. But our policy is to be firm, and stick to our guns, and I think they may give way.

"*Thursday, 14th.*—Seeing we were at tremendous loggerheads on Wednesday, the President proposed that, instead of having a Committee Meeting to-day, those of us who were most impracticable, should meet at F. O. for an informal conversation, which some eleven or twelve States therefore did; and after going at it for a couple of hours, we seemed to approximate a little, and separated.

"My companions went to the Opera Comique, to a box the President had sent us tickets for, and I walked off to Miss de Broën's, where I spoke for twenty-five minutes.

"*Friday, 15th.*—Miss de Broën was very desirous that I should sleep at Belleville, and address the poor people who attended the Dispensary at ten in the morning. But I preferred returning to hotel for the night. Rising early this morning, however, I walked off to Belleville, and surprised them all at eight o'clock breakfast, by their finding me seated in Miss de B.'s chair at the head of the table when they came in. The little French girl, the reclaimed daughter of a *chiffonière*, who waits on them, fully entered into the joke, and did not let them know that I was there.

"After breakfast, the orphans and others, servants and evangelists, came in, and I read and expounded in French.

"We then went to the Iron Room, where I saw about forty little children at the school Miss de Broën manages, and then about a hundred poor people waiting to be treated gratuitously. This takes place four days a week. Before they see the doctor, they have a hymn, prayer, and short address, the latter of which I took, speaking to them of the man sick of the palsy, etc. Some seemed much touched. A few had been lately converted, to whom I spoke.

"Tracts so well received everywhere.

"Dressed for presentation to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Barthélémy de St. Hilaire, and to the President of the Republic, M. Grévy, two very formal affairs.

"Had to wear evening dress, orders, etc., and again drove in state to F. O. where we were ushered in alphabetical order into a grand *salon*, and ranged round the wall like a lot of statues, or undertaker's men. The Minister then came in, and went round

the room, accompanied by the P. M. G. who introduced us all in turn. Then the Minister took his stand in the centre of the room, and read a carefully-prepared address, and was replied to by M. Günther, the German Delegate. Then luncheon and chat till 2.15, when we all entered our carriages, and drove off to the Elysée, where the same thing was enacted with the President, in some equally grand rooms. He was attended by an A.D.C. who was the only symbol of state. After he had walked round the room, he also made an address on the advantages of Postal reforms, the union of nations by such peaceful means, and a few other truisms. He was then replied to by the Delegate of the Pays Bas, and Günther of Germany, and we then filed past, shook hands with the President, and withdrew to F. O. again, where in white chokers, and evening clothes, etc., we had a stormy discussion for a couple of hours, and are beginning to see our way clear to a solution of some of our difficulties.

"Saturday, 16th.—Meant to have spent the afternoon at Miss de Broën's, but the Committee sat till nearly five, so it was impossible. Dined with M. André, Governor of the Bank of France, to whom M. Waddington had given me an introduction, and who was a great friend of Captain Trotter's, and many other friends of mine. We were alone, and he gave me many interesting details of Christian work in France, and also concerning the Siege of Paris. He was shut up all the time, and had to live on the smallest fare. He was one of the bankers who had to arrange with Bismarck the payment of the War Indemnity.

"Sunday, 17th.—After church lunched with the Chaplain, and arranged with him for a Drawing-room address on Friday evening next. After a quiet afternoon started for Belleville, where I dined, and then spoke to the people. Madame Bobrinsky was there, and a Prince and Princess Gargarin. Spoke on Mark v. 1-16.

"Monday, 18th.—Had to meet a Sub-Committee at ten, who were to examine the claims of certain countries. The Sub-Committee was composed of Germany, Holland, Switzerland and Belgium. They sat upon us till 4 P.M. Dinner at the P. M. G.'s, a grand affair. Mounted Life Guards at the gates, and all manner of splendour.

"We were all introduced to Madame G. Cochery, M. Cochery's daughter-in-law, the only lady among forty gentlemen. Each person on arrival received a paper showing his place at the table. (I enclose mine.) As representative of Great Britain (Postal) I

had a post of honour, as will be seen, and sat next the Foreign Secretary, M. Barthélemy de St. Hilaire, an interesting old gentleman of seventy-five. I told him about the work at Belleville, which he seemed to think was very good. . . . He said he himself was '*Philosophe*,' and of very free ideas in religion. But he often read the Psalms of David. . . .

"Tuesday, 19th.—A hard day's work, beginning at ten with the Sub-Committee and going on at one with the regular Committee till five. But got a walk for three quarters of an hour in between. Rather tired, especially as things went against us.

"Wednesday, 20th.—Nothing of importance, except that we sat all day long. The Belgian Delegate sat so hard, that he all of a sudden sat on the floor, to the great amusement of us all. A Sub-Committee has now been formed, consisting of Great Britain, Germany, Italy, Pays Bas, Belgium, Suisse, to decide details, and agree upon form of report.

"Germany has suddenly sprung a mine upon us, in revenge for England having insisted on certain rates, and her motion that reciprocal rates shall be allowed has been carried by an immense majority, only my own three votes for England, India, and Canada in the minority. This must be fought over again in full Conference, and will I fear necessitate a long SPEECH. . . .

"Thursday, 21st.—Long day at Sub-Committee again. We meet every day at eleven, and at twelve or 12.30 adjourn to lunch, or rather second *déjeuner*. We all gather at little tables, in knots of different countries. The French P. O. gentlemen see that we are all well looked after, and all goes well. Then coffee and cognac and cigars, and friendly chat, before we fall to work again, and fighting. As I breakfast heartily at nine, after a four-mile walk, I can't manage second *déjeuner* at 12.30. So I eat a sandwich, and wait for dinner at six.

"Got a telegram that English Railway Companies will not accept our terms, which is annoying, and will prevent our settling matters here. . . .

"Friday, 22nd.—Hard at it again. The Belgian Delegate had the previous day applied the term '*mesquin*' to Germany's proposals, and I had applauded the term, as a true description. This morning attention was called to the language as 'unparliamentary,' and Dubois withdrew it, so far as any imputation on the good faith of Germany was concerned. I also withdrew my '*applaudisements*.' This being satisfactorily settled, we went on harmoniously.

"In evening went to British Chaplain's and gave an address.

"Saturday, 23rd.—Sub-Committee till two. Then General Committee, to meet French Financial Officials on certain questions, and then Sub-Committee again till five. Went to grand Official Reception at M. Cochery's, at 9.30. A great many notabilities again, including Jules Ferry, the Prime Minister, Lord Lyons, etc. These entertainments very useful. They serve to soften the asperites, and to smoothe feathers which are ruffled in debate, and put us all on good terms with each other for the next day's struggle.

"I succeeded in making great friends with the Vicomte de Barros, the Portuguese Delegate. Another of us had a long talk with Macredi Effendi, the Turkish Delegate.

"But the best stroke of business I did was just on going away, when I had a word with M. Cochery himself, and was insisting on the unreasonableness of German propositions, and the necessity of my opposing them formally, when up came Günther, blazing with decorations. Cochery immediately attacked him playfully, repeating the statements I had made, and urged him to abandon his position. . . . Cochery said that he regretted to hear that his (Günther's) character as a troubler of the Conference was so bad. I then defended his *character*, saying his bark was worse than his bite, etc. So we ended it for the evening.

"*Nous verrons.*

"Sunday, 24th.—. . . Then to Miss Leigh's church at Neuilly. On way home visited Miss Leigh's Institutions in Avenue Wagram. Dined at *table d'hôte*, and meant to have gone to one of McCall's preaching stations, but found the one near enough was not open that night. Stayed at home and read. . . .

"Wednesday, 27th.—Sub-Committee all day. Walked up to call on some Russians, a M. and Mme. Schoulepnikoff. Spent the evening there. Several French Christians came, connected with McCall's work, and we discussed plans for getting at the upper classes.

"Thursday, 28th.—Close of Sub-Committee's work. At the end Günther of Germany, Gife of Belgium and old Hofstadt of Netherlands asked me to have a conversation with them, the object of which was to induce me to abandon my opposition to Günther's reciprocity clause. They tried hard to make me either agree to his clause, or reduce our rates.

"Finally we agreed to meet at breakfast at the F. O. next day, so as to see whether we could arrive at an agreement, so as to avoid an open fight in 'Committee of the whole house.' . . .

"Was to have spoken at Miss de Broën's, but could not neglect preparation of speech, so only went there to dinner and to say good-bye to her. M. Armand de Lille there.

"In the afternoon, after Sub-Committee had closed, I had met M. — in the Rue de Rivoli—asked him what he was going to do. He had nothing to occupy him, so I asked him to accompany me to a meeting which is held every day in the year in the Rue Royal at three P.M., for preaching. He said he would, and we went there, and heard two excellent addresses, which he liked very much. I then gave him one of my little books in French, which he said he would read. After leaving him outside, went back to the little prayer-meeting. Went on with preparation for tomorrow.

"Friday, 29th.—Wrote early to Günther to say that I had ascertained that some other countries shared my views, and wished me to persevere; that in justice to them I could not withdraw now; and that therefore, though I would come to breakfast, it wouldn't be to discuss or concede.

"We went to breakfast, and agreed with Günther to fight it out. Committee met at one, and about three the clause came on. The president said '*Le de leguedé la Grande Bretagne à la parole,*' whereupon I delivered my speech. Cochery followed by a terrific onslaught upon poor Günther. He, i.e., Cochery, is a practiced advocate, very clever, most impetuous in his oratory, and full of gesticulation. He smote his breast, he stretched out his hands, he shrugged his shoulders, he raised and lowered his voice, took up and threw down knives, pens, pencils in succession, and finally knocked poor old Günther into a cocked hat, or at least, so flabbergasted the good German that, able and persistent as he is, he could only say a few words in reply.

"But Cochery's motion went further than mine, and I was in a dilemma. If I persisted in my actual words, I should have gone against Cochery, though some would have voted for mine, who would not for his. It was an awkward moment. The fate of nations hung in the balance! and in my reply to Cochery's violent gesticulations across the table, I decided to accept his, and said so. The votes were taken: eight for Günther's, nine for Cochery's, seven not voting at all. We had therefore won by one vote. The fight was over.

"The rest of the business was despatched, and we adjourned at six. I was very glad to have got through it, and to have succeeded.

"Saturday, 30th.—After breakfast went to call on Princess Troubetskei, who had asked me to do so, and then to see M. Leon Say, lately ambassador to England, and now President of the Senate of France. . . .

"Then to the Conference, which met to read the convention for last time, and when it was open to Günther to raise the question of yesterday once more.

"Netherlands moved to rescind vote of yesterday. After short debate, votes were taken, and we had eleven against ten—again a majority of *one!* four abstaining.

"So the thing is settled in our favour definitely.

"Günther came to thank me for my complimentary allusion to him in my speech. I like him very much, and was glad to please him thus, though I had to fight and beat him.

"Dined at the Palace of the Elysée, a grand festivity. Life Guards again at entrance. The President, a respectable looking old gentleman, having the appearance of a retainer who had been thirty years in the family, presented us to Madame Grévy and the Mesdemoiselles Grévy. 'Covers laid,' as they say, for sixty-six. Magnificent rooms, blazing with light. I had again one of the posts of honour, next the Minister of Agriculture, M. Tirard, on President's left. (See accompanying picture. I also enclose menu, for edification of such as care for such things.) Left about ten. No reception. The Prime Minister, M. Ferry; the Minister of Finance, M. Magne, and the Foreign Minister, M. St. Hilaire, were there. It was very interesting to be in the very rooms where the Prince President concocted and executed the *Coup d'État* of December, 1852.

"Sunday, 31st.—. . . Then to Miss Leigh's Home, where I gave an address in English. About a hundred present.

"Monday, 1st.—Up early to go to Calais. A crawling cab, and should have been late, but changed *en route*. M. Cochery, and the President of the Senate, and M. Matthias, the Chairman of G. N. Railway, and young M. Cochery arrived, and there was no end of bowing, etc., on the platform. We started at 7.35 in a capital saloon carriage, and reached Amiens about ten, where an excellent breakfast was awaiting us in a private *salon* off the Refreshment room. Picked up M. Carnot, the Minister of Public Works at Boulogne, with sundry other Railway Directors. Reached Calais at one, where a crowd were in waiting to receive the Ministers. Went to Quay. Then on board, and then to the ancient Mairie, the Town Hall, where matters were discussed for two hours, the

subject being the acceleration of the English Mails. Cochery fought like a lion with the Mayor of Calais, the Manager of the G. N. R., the President of the Chamber of Commerce, and everybody else to attain his object. The President of the Senate, whom he had brought to bless him, rather 'cursed' him, and it was a hard fight. I had summoned Sir Thomas Bruce from Dover to meet us, and give information; and I explained to them that England had done all that was possible on her side, and that they must do their part now. At last it ended without any definite result, except that the Minister of Public Works half promised to ask the Treasury if they would help to enlarge the Quay and build a new Station.

"All dined amicably and excellently in the Refreshment Rooms—(a private *salon*), about twenty of us, at five, and started in special train at 6.30. Paris at 11.50, rather tired.

"Cochery told me that he had much feared a defeat for us on Saturday. But some were glad we had beaten them. . . ."

On November 4th, Mr. Blackwood returned to London.

SHORTLANDS.

The lease of Manor House, Crayford, expired in 1880. Mr. Blackwood, from family considerations, decided not to renew it, and left in June of that year. Ultimately the family moved in April, 1881, to Shortlands House, which for nine years was to be their home.

Shortlands House is about a mile from Beckenham ; and thus Mr. Blackwood was once more brought into the close neighbourhood of a spot sacred for ever in his memory, although Beckenham was no longer the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers, and all the members of that "household of faith" were now scattered,

" Some on earth, in glory some,
Severed only—"till He come.' "

Every day as the train carried him to and fro on the journey to town he passed close beside the Rectory grounds.

"I always remember," writes a friend, "his pointing from the window, as the train ran through Beckenham Station, and saying, 'There, under those trees Miss Marsh talked to me of Christ.'

"Then too, passing through the long tunnel under the Crystal Palace, the recollection so often comes back of his prayer on the return journey, when he thanked God once more for the Salvation which he had been the means of making known to my soul. I also recollect one evening walking with him round the garden and fields, talking mostly about old times ; and that we then spoke of the '*Christian Year*,' which he was accustomed, like myself, to read on Sundays. Two of the passages which he quoted are always now connected with him. They are that for the 23rd Sunday after Trinity,

"' Red o'er the forest peers the setting sun.'

into whose beauty of description he entered with keen pleasure, and that other which begins,

"' There are in this loud stunning tide.'

" I can almost hear him repeating still the words which were his very self. How true that was which some one said of him—' That "*Whose I am and Whom I serve*" was written upon him.' "

" Few of those who came in contact with him," says his Wife, " whether privately or in his official capacity or business occupations, had any idea of the high pressure at which he habitually lived. His official work, particularly after his removal to the Post Office, often taxed his powers to the full. His time for private business was scanty at the best, being usually the short interval between breakfast and the hour to catch the train for London, or the evenings which he had free at home. These however were often encroached upon by people who sought his aid in various ways.

" He endeavoured to have only two evenings in each week definitely engaged, generally taking two meetings on each of these occasions; but as these engagements were made two, three, or even six months beforehand, important calls which it was impossible to refuse, would come; and these considerably added to the number. Official duties also would frequently and sometimes unexpectedly require his presence in the House of Commons till after midnight.

" At the office there was, as a rule, but little pause throughout the day. Interruptions many and various, often trifling and vexatious, during the hours of work were borne with a courtesy which rarely gave sign of the trial they were to him, often making pressing and important business impossible, and necessitating its being finished during the hours which should have been for rest at home. He happened to come across some lines expressive of his feelings :

"' Come to a man of business
Only in hours of business,
Solely on matters of business;
Quickly transact your business;
Then go about your business,
Leaving him to attend to his business.'

" These he had framed and hung up in his room at the G. P. O.

" But whatever the stress and strain, his heart rose above it. Those who watched him day by day, and who knew how severe

often was the pressure upon him, were constantly reminded of Keble's words :

“ There are in this loud stunning tide
 Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
 Of the everlasting chime;
Who carry music in their heart
 Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
 Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.”

“ He was never, apparently, in a hurry, but would give his attention calmly and quietly, as if there was nothing to be thought of beyond the matter in hand. Counsel would be given, and the affairs of those who sought his advice entered into with an interest as entire as if no other concerns, private or official, were weighing on his mind.

“ He had a wonderful power of casting off the weight of harassing thoughts and difficulties—at times neither few nor small—which had been pressing upon him up to the moment of taking hansom or train to fulfil an engagement.

“ His addresses were often given after a day in which he had not had a moment's leisure, and had moreover been peculiarly tried. But however tried, it was ever a refreshment to his spirit and a joy to his heart, to seek to win all whom he could reach to prove for themselves the joy of that Service to which he had given his life.

“ Habits of order and method enabled him to get through an amount of work which could not otherwise have been accomplished, and always quietly. Even in early days, when memory was unfailing, it was his habit to make notes of all that had to be attended to, and the occasional loss of the pencil case he always carried, made him very uncomfortable.

“ He could not work with things in confusion about him ; and as a rule, could at once lay his hand on any paper or thing required. The notes of his addresses were put away, labelled with the date and the place where they were delivered.

“ He never spoke in public without preparation—more or less. In early days—and he continued the practice to the end—two hours or more were devoted on Sunday evenings to the uninterrupted study of the Bible and to prayer. The habit of early rising secured to him quiet times, ‘alone with God,’ every morning before

going out. ‘Without that,’ he said, ‘the day, private and official, must go wrong.’

“This also enabled him to have that out-door exercise which was a necessity to him, and without which his health always gave way and he was unfit for work.

“In early morning walks and rides many of the subjects of his addresses were thought out. In later years an hour of Lawn Tennis before breakfast, with kind friends at Shortlands—winter and summer alike—fitted him for the mental wear and tear of the day.

“His power of organizing and carrying on work was great. He would stir up others to do what he could not himself undertake, and keep things going that without him would have dropped. His hearty cheery encouragement to true workers made it a pleasure to be associated with him. His patience with failures, and with impertinences sometimes, was wonderful. No genuine effort, however feeble, failed to receive his commendation.”

When Mr. Blackwood went to Shortlands his hands, as has been said, were already more than full. But he found Navvies busy at the Main Drainage Works close by his gate, and at once sought to do what he could for their benefit.

For several years he held different series of weekly meetings in his own house, sometimes getting other speakers, but generally taking these addresses himself. When however after some years he found that a similar course was to be held in Beckenham Town Hall, he decided to discontinue his own, and give aid occasionally at Beckenham. He also, at the invitation of the Vicar, gave a series of addresses in Christ Church Schoolroom, Beckenham. A few letters relating to these different addresses are here given.

“BECKENHAM, 2nd Feb. 1887.

“Many of my friends feel that I owe you a very pleasant duty, which is to tell you of the wide-spread profit *all* your addresses have been for some time to a rather large circle, through notes taken down at the time. First I did it on my own account. Being deaf, and not always catching all, I put down a few notes for others

to supply blanks. But for the past two or three years I have tried to sit where I could hear all you said. . . . The demand to see these notes was so great, that I began to re-copy from them and from memory to lend.

"MSS. of your addresses have gone, I might almost say, all over the world, and to *many* families in Beckenham. Several clergymen and many Nonconformists have them. The little books are always going somewhere, after having been read aloud to two or three families by myself."

Two other letters are selected.

"CROYDON, 14th June, 1888.

"How I valued the meetings at Shortlands House! I look back upon them with the greatest pleasure. From one evening especially I date the beginning of my Christian life. . . . You were speaking of the taking of Jericho. You showed us how that the people had nothing to do but to obey the LORD's commands, and to trust His Word. I then thought that the same LORD who could do the things that are impossible with men would 'undertake for me.'"

"CAMBRIDGE, 19th February, 1892.

"Since you left us at Beckenham, I have always felt a deep gratitude and thankfulness to GOD that you were the means of leading me to give my heart to Christ. Your address on one of the Thursdays after the Mission of 1887 in the Public Hall, Beckenham, led me definitely to decide for Christ.

"I am looking forward to enter the ministry of the Church of England, and have offered, if GOD opens the way, to go out to the Mission Field."

It would only be monotonous to rehearse at any length the different local efforts in which Sir Arthur took part. A glance at a few of the wider interests which were represented in gatherings at Shortlands House will suffice. Many will remember Mr. T. L. Johnson, who for twenty-five years had himself experienced what it was to be a slave, and who pleaded "for *Africa*" in January, 1883. Then there was the meeting for the Syrian Colonization Fund, when the venerable Lord Shaftesbury, two

years before his death, came to speak on behalf of the persecuted Jews whom that Society sought to aid. Again, there were the garden-meetings at which Mrs. Sorabji told the story of Zenana work and the progress of Female Education in India; or Miss Daniell's work amongst soldiers, and the need of a new Home for them in London was represented; or Mrs. Boyce spoke of her labours in connection with the *Asilo* at Bordighera, which is still the Memorial of her life's service.

Then each Christmas, gatherings were held of the members of the Young Abstainers' Union and their friends, when addresses were arranged, generally illustrated by the Magic Lantern. On one occasion Miss Von Finkelstein gave her Lecture on Palestine and Eastern Manners and Customs: on another Mr. Crowther, the Author of "*The Autobiography of an Acorn*," held the interest of old and young, whilst he told of his researches among the works of GOD in animal and vegetable life. These, and many others rise to memory.

In the Arthur Road Mission Mr. Blackwood took much interest; and whenever possible he would give addresses at the Old Beckenham Mission Hall. When he was taken away, Mr. B. A. Heywood, in expressing the sympathy of the Committee, wrote:

"May I add some beautiful words which closed a letter from the late Canon Stowell to a husband on the death of his wife? 'I have known few Christians so single in purpose, sound in faith, charitable in spirit, cheerful in obedience, and consistent in character. To God the praise be given! To shade such a sunset with inordinate sorrow would be selfish and wrong.'

"Such a sunset!" How long we gaze on the sunset, when the orb has already risen in glory elsewhere. How many have, with you and yours, been gazing on his sunset, gaining I trust grander views of the Great Author and Finisher of the faith which was the mainspring of that dear departed one's life."

The following is from the London City Missionary,
working at the Old Beckenham Mission.

"4th Dec., 1893.

" . . . As for dear Sir Arthur, *we thank GOD for him*. What a blessed happy Christmas he will have, to be sure. What a number of old friends he will have with him, and what blessed memories of old times will be revived up there. Dear Madam, the Reunion Day is *coming by and bye*. Meantime may you be *kept* in that sweet peace of God. May it please Your Grace to believe me, Ever gratefully yours,

"G. GATTON."

LETTERS FROM 1881 TO 1884.

The year 1881 was marked in Mr. Blackwood's life by the loss of his Mother. The last visit she ever paid was to Shortlands, in July ; and although, as always, she enjoyed herself very much, and delighted in his company, there were signs of feebleness which gave cause for anxiety. Still, though her general condition was somewhat precarious, there was no anticipation of anything immediately serious, and when the Duchess and the younger children left in August for Saltburn, it was in the expectation that Mrs. Blackwood would soon come to stay with them there.

She was now looking forward to the return of her daughter and her eldest grandchild from Wiesbaden ; and was urgent that Mr. Blackwood, who was kept in town by his official duties, should not fail to dine with them on the 8th, at her house, 7 Devonshire Terrace, on their arrival. It was during the night which followed this last little family reunion, which she so greatly enjoyed, that the illness came on which swiftly and comparatively painlessly called her away.

Some brief extracts from Mr. Blackwood's letters tell of this time, and of the anxiety from day to day in the midst of his overwhelming work. On 2nd August he had written in pencil to his sister, at Wiesbaden.

"TRAIN."

" You will have heard that we go (D.V.) to Saltburn. S. is going to Mother to-morrow, and will see how far it may be well for her to come too. . . .

"We had a most successful Bank Holiday for my Telegraph Boys yesterday. Altogether about 300 came. They marched up and were inspected by us. Then went down to fields for sports and dinner, and then marched up again for prizes, hymns, and talk. Beautiful day, and everybody delighted.

"Notice in Ezekiel :—

"‘*He brought me.*’

"‘*He measured,*’ and in xli. 7.

"‘*Still upward,*’ ‘enlarging,’ and ‘increasing.’”

To HIS WIFE.

"7th August.

"I went from Shortlands at 7.12 A.M. yesterday to Herne Hill, where I joined the express, having a carriage all to myself. Reached Dover at 9.30, and crossed in *Calais-Douvres* (a delicious passage), to the shores of France, having for my companions in talk Canon Wilkinson, and Pastor Cook, a French Wesleyan, and very pleasant talks too with both. Lunched at Calais, saw the trains off, went to the Church and Market Place, etc., and on board again, at two. A roughish passage home, but very jolly. It seemed at least two days instead of one. So I've had a trip to the Continent, if not the Grand Tour.

"Later I got a telegraph from C. to say she and Lucy were crossing by next boat."

The L.C.D. Railway Company having given Mr. Blackwood a free pass, he often availed himself of the complete change and rest given by this voyage. He had quite overcome his early dislike to the sea.

To HIS WIFE.

[1881, 9th Aug.]

"Tues., 11 A.M., TRAIN.

"I am so thankful for your letter this morning, for I have passed a most anxious day yesterday," [a serious alarm about drainage having arisen at Saltburn] "which,—what with complications with——and——, and 800* children coming, and nowhere to go to, and masses of work at G. P. O., and having to go to Shortlands after office, and then to No. 7, and then to House of Com-

* [A party of poor children coming for treat, and owing to a mistake the promised field failing.]

mons,—was a most weary and troublous day, all the time feeling that all I loved on earth were inhaling poison. . . . But I trust with you that all will be better now, and that you have none of you, through God's mercy, been poisoned.

" 11.30 Cab. I trust the 800 children are all right. —— has let them in, and they are playing, and refreshments in tents in the yard.

" . . . My mother is *very, very poorly* and weak. . . . She evidently needs much care. I sent for Loo to go to her at once. . . . I was prepared for my day of anxiety yesterday by my deliciously quiet day on Sunday. Work thickening at G. P. O. . . .

" *Wed. Ev., TRAIN.*

" Just been to Mother's. . . . Dr. sees no immediate danger.

" *Thurs., 9.40 A.M. STATION.*

" Things just now are at high pressure. I have to be at H. of Commons again, and sleep in town perhaps.

" *TRAIN, Friday, 11 A.M.*

" I went to my Mother again at six yesterday, and found her very weak indeed. They did not apprehend immediate danger. . . . 3 P.M. Just got enclosed telegram: am going off to her.

" *Sat., TRAIN, 11 A.M.*

" Found Mother not actually worse. I stayed with her from three to ten, helping to lift her, etc. . . .

" I can't engage to preach on Sunday week. It's quite uncertain when I can come. I was hoping for a very quiet week to do many things; but it's ordered differently for me. I wish I could answer children's nice letters, but I can't. Tell them so with my love.

[Augt. 15th.] " *7 DEVONSHIRE TERRACE, Monday, 1 P.M.*

" A sad and weary day yesterday. There was very little consciousness the greater part of the day, though enough to like me to pray and speak to her. The Doctor thought she couldn't live through the day. C. will have told you what she did yesterday. I'm very glad to have had her with me; it's a great comfort.

" It's very wearing to see her lingering so. We take it in turn to sit by her bed, and give nourishment, etc., but there is absolutely no hope,"

That night she died. He telegraphed only the Text:
"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

A few sheets of paper, stitched together, and marked

"MY MOTHER,
 "IN MEMORIAM,
 "August 15th, 1881,"

give some of Mr. Blackwood's recollections and thoughts during these days. He records several of the last words which fell with comfort on the watchers' ears, as they waited with her beside the river.

"Thus passed away into the presence of the King of Glory, the spirit of as loving, self-sacrificing, devoted a mother as children ever had; and we do rejoice to know that as her trust was in His precious Blood, and in that alone, she has joined 'the spirits of just men made perfect,' and has exchanged a life of much inevitable loneliness, with the certainty of increasing suffering, for the life of rest and joy above, and is 'for ever with the LORD.' . . .

"The tender mercies of our God in connection with her departure are very great, and I desire not to forget them. . . .

"In fact it was all mercy from beginning to end. But these are only a few of the more striking evidences of the kindness of Him Who had given me such a Mother for fifty years. Thus I can indeed say, on reviewing His dealings with her and with us from the day when I first was conscious of her devoted love to that when I witnessed her departure to be with Him for ever, 'Bless the LORD, oh my soul, and all that is within me, bless His Holy Name. Bless the LORD, oh my soul, and forget not all His benefits!'"

TO MISS MARSH.

"SHORTLANDS, Tuesday evening, [16th August, 1881].

" . . . I cannot tell the numerous mercies connected with it all. Every single thing has been mercy. And though my heart aches sadly, I would not have her back to her lonely life for all the world. She is *satisfied*. She has seen the King in His beauty. She has joined the husband she so fondly loved, and my darling sister, and blessed be His name, we shall soon be there too,

"Darling Lucy is worn out, and very low, but it has been unspeakably tender of the **LORD** allowing us to be together by her dying bed. And dearest C. has been such a sweet comfort to me —so gentle and thoughtful and helpful. Bless the **LORD**, O my soul!

"SALTBURN, 22. 8. [1881].

" . . . Nothing but mercy surrounds me. How this place reminds me of that beloved Mother, and of you too, also a Mother.

"All well, thank **GOD**. An open door. A meeting last night. One to-night, and two next Sunday. Pray for much blessing.

"After a rainy morning, the sun broke out fully just as we reached Kensal Green on Friday, and we could rejoice through our tears at knowing how *she* enjoys the full brightness in her Saviour's presence. . . . Dearest Mr. Chalmers was of the greatest comfort.

"Is there anybody like him?"

To HIS SISTER.

"SHORTLANDS HOUSE, Christmas Eve [1881].

"It is difficult amongst the many thoughts and cares that Christmas-tide brings to get much quiet for talking to Him, and hearing His voice. And there is still the danger that there may be 'no room for Him in the inn.'

"This Christmas is sad to me, for it reminds me so much of our loving Mother, who always sought to make the time cheery to us by her gifts, etc. : and the first Christmas without a gift or a letter from her, after forty-nine when they were never missing, is a dreary one.

"But we shall soon be all together—a whole family in Heaven through His marvellous grace—and it's only a little while."

To MISS MARSH.

"SHORTLANDS HOUSE, New Year's Day [1882].

"Thank you so much for that full glorious and all-embracing and expressing Card of Prayer, which I am sure the **LORD** and Giver of Life inspired and taught you to compose.

"And He is able to do for us even 'exceedingly abundantly' above it all."

"I felt my faith enlarge and grow as I prayed it last night at midnight.

"I do believe we shall have a glorious year, a year of grace indeed, for ourselves—all we love—the country and the world.

"But—apart from God, what a dreary saddening despairing outlook.

"I should so like to see you, though overwhelmed with work, and to-day crippled with sciatica, and kept at home.

"Have you prayed for my poor blind Chief?—so marvellously restored. *Such a noble sweet character. . . . Lift up your heart for him.*"

Mr. Fawcett, the Postmaster-General, to whom Mr. Blackwood was greatly attached, was at this time recovering from a long and dangerous illness.

The next family blow was the sudden loss, early in this year, of his step-son Lord George Montagu, then in the Diplomatic Service at Washington. The news of his illness—diphtheria—reached home on Sunday, 12th March, only two hours before his death. After this it pleased God that the inmost circle should be unbroken, until he himself rejoined upon the glorious shore the many whom he had loved.

To HIS SISTER.

"*SHORTLANDS, Sunday Evening [13th August 1882].*

"I must write you a line for you to receive on the first anniversary of the departure of our most loving and dearly-loved Mother from among us, and of her entrance into the everlasting kingdom of her and of our Saviour.

"And as I write, looking at her dear old face in her photograph, I feel how much I have to thank God for in having let me have fifty years (nearly) of such devoted self-sacrificing love as hers was to me. I wish I had repaid her better.

"And what cause for praise in the knowledge that we shall see her and be with her soon, and with the other loved ones gone before. Hallelujah! . . .

"I have had a delicious quiet solitary Sunday at home,—a very good thing sometimes for a busy man, in a life thronged with family and office cares and duties. Hope to go to Sheringham to-morrow."

Towards the close of the year, another attack of sciatica laid Mr. Blackwood entirely aside. The entry in his DIARY OF DATES is "Neuralgia and rheumatism very bad." The letter to his sister which follows is written in pencil.

"*SHORTLANDS, 31. 1. 83.*

"Your loving words were very pleasant and refreshing.

"I am no better yet—a very bad day yesterday, but an improvement to-day again. Principally on my back, though sometimes able to get out and walk without much pain. I've had it nearly five weeks now. But 'all the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come'; and as 'my times are in His hand,' it will come in due season. In the meantime patience must have 'her perfect work.' I only trust that I may reap the peaceable fruit of righteousness by this exercise, and that it may be profitable, if not pleasant.

"Job xxxiii. and Is. xxxviii. have been good reading just now.

"I have a *multitude* of mercies."

Early in February he was able to go for change to Bournemouth, to the house of his friends, Lord and Lady Cairns.

To MISS MARSH.

[In pencil.]

"*LINDISFARNE, BOURNEMOUTH, 8th Feb., 1883.*

"Here I am, through the goodness of God, in this hospitable and kindly home, where there still breathes the sweet odour of those alabaster boxes that you get from Mary's *Lord*, and break wherever you go.

"I have not yet begun to 'dance' as you proposed, though if you were here to 'foot it' daintily with me, I might be tempted. But I trust that the improvement which had set in at home may continue here, and that I may pick up wonderfully.

"I want to recognise the *Lord's* tender hand in first touching so gently the hollow of my thigh, and then healing the pain, so that Hezekiah's song may be mine.

"The end of the *Lord*' is indeed that He is 'very pitiful and of tender mercy.'

"Therefore we will sing my songs all the days of my life in the house of the *Lord*."

"He hath both spoken to me, and *Himself* hath done it."

"But I know that your loving prayers have marvellously helped, and I owe you more gratitude and love than ever.

"4 P.M.

"How little have I suffered compared with many, and how great the mercies I have received.

"I have been reading my Journal of our journey to Marseilles these very days twenty-six years ago. *How pleasant it was!* When shall we have another? Our next will probably be to the 'Eternal City,' and oh! I hope we may go together.

[23rd Feb. 1883.]

"Much, much better, and returning home to-morrow, D. V. These kind friends here are kinder and more considerate than can be described. The LORD reward them.

"I'm glad you took a return ticket. It is certainly needful for us all that you should abide in the flesh, for the furtherance and joy of our faith. So we are very much obliged to the dear LORD, that He has dispensed with your attendance at Court for the present.

"Oh, will He not hear the prayers of thousands against Infidelity in House of Commons? May He stir up a strong spirit against the flood."

On 24th February, Mr. Blackwood was able to go home, and resumed his usual busy life.

FROM SIR JOHN BURNS.

"THE CUNARD STEAMSHIP CO. LTD.

"15th March, 1883.

"My DEAR BLACKWOOD,—Much obliged by your note.

"What a trouble women have been since the beginning, except in our own particular cases. Mr. —— *had* no business to fall in love during the Session; but having done so, I shall be personally obliged if you can do the business with the Chancellor. . . .

"Let me tell you before leaving how much I appreciate your high honour and integrity of purpose, and I can tell you that the truth and sincerity of your life has a vast effect upon men dealing with you in the ordinary affairs of time.

"Yours sincerely, with much respect,

"JOHN BURNS."

TO HIS FATHER-IN-LAW, MR. CONWAY RICHARD DOBBS.

"SHORTLANDS HOUSE,
"Sunday night, 10th June /83.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—Not having much time, as you know, on week days, I don't think I shall be Sabbath breaking if I write you a line of Christian greeting before I go to bed to-night. And very hearty greeting it is too, I can assure you.

"We have been thinking of you very often in prayer, both together and separately, and now we rejoice to hear that you are better than you were.

"What a blessed thing it is to be able to say in truth 'My times are in Thy hands,' for 'He doeth all things well,' and makes no mistakes.

"I learnt something this last winter of what weakness and pain meant, when I was nearly two months on my back with neuralgia; and I then found how good a medicine the blessed Word of God was. I lived much in Job xxxiii., and when I got well, removed to Isaiah xxxviii., Hezekiah's prayer when he had been sick. How wonderful it is, the way that Divine Word suits us at all times. Is it not one of the proofs that it is indeed divine, and not, as many would teach us, a mere human composition, a cunningly devised fable?

"May its promises be more and more your support and stay. They can never fail.

"The voice that spake the promises
Rolls all the worlds along'

"I am going to send you a little book I have just published. It has this great advantage that it is all Scripture, and nothing of mine but the preface."

TO HIS SISTER, AT LENTON.

"SHORTLANDS, 10. 7. 83.

"... Dearest Aunt C——! I am so glad you are with her. It will be a comfort to her, and a sad joy to you. I had a very trembling letter from her last week, which I treasure, as it will be doubtless her last to me. Give her my *very fondest* love, and say that I can never repay her all I owe for fifty-one years of prayer, and many sweet counsels and helps by the way. The books she sent me were the main instruments in awakening my soul. I look forward to meeting her very soon in the Lord's own presence.

"My text for her is Is. 26. 3, 4.

"Give dearest Aunt Anne too my best love. The good LORD comfort her now."

To HIS SISTER.

"BUXTON 5/10 [1883].

"As you haven't written to your only brother since you left him at Cromer, he must write to you, and anyhow he does so on the 28th Anniversary of the entrance of our darling Ceci into eternal joy. . . . You will be having some talks about her, I doubt not.

"Soon we shall all be talking *with* her in the presence of the King.

"It does one good to think of the meeting again, when we shall see Him, and our loved ones who have fallen asleep in Him.

"Thoughts of His Coming—for that joyful day
In patient hope I wait, and watch, and pray;
That Day draws nigh, the midnight shadows flee:
Oh! what a sunrise will that advent be!"

"C. and I are getting on capitally here, in some very tiny lodgings, drinking and bathing. It has certainly done me good, removing some rheumatism in my knee, and will I trust ward off an attack in the winter, if the LORD will.

"We went out riding one day on some cab horses, at the risk of our necks; but once was enough."

August and September of the following year were spent at Ballachulish.

To HIS WIFE.

[1884, 3rd Oct.]

"CHILLINGHAM, Friday.

"A whole host of letters to answer, and post goes so early—I P.M.

"I am very sorry to see Mr. —'s letter. It will require consideration. May GOD guide us. The thing in itself is, I feel, utterly immaterial, and may have its advantages. But it is a step in the direction of increase in *outward* forms, which lulls souls to sleep, and in proportion to such increase, inward reality decreases. . . ."

A letter from Lord Tankerville to a friend describes a meeting held during this visit.

[6th October, 1884].

"Yesterday was such a day as Chillingham never saw before—the old Castle, turned into an impromptu cathedral, was fairly taken by storm, a vast multitude having gathered to hear the Jubilee Singers and their touching hymns, which we thought might be turned to good account in connection with an address from Mr. Stevenson Blackwood, who was here with us. We fancied that the court-yard (a large square, on the four sides of which the Castle, with its four corner towers and battlements, is built) would be large enough for any numbers who were within reach, but when the gate was opened, the first rush filled it, and they still came pouring in like a river; so I desired them to go up the tower staircases, and man the battlements, which made excellent galleries—but still more came, some of whom were allowed to go into all the rooms looking into the court. The scene was very striking, all these crowds of faces so intent, so quiet and orderly. Still there were many who were disappointed, for we expected perhaps five or six hundred, and there were, I am told, upwards of two thousand.

"... From the stone steps, in the centre of one side of the court, which lead up to the Hall, there was a platform raised for the Singers, and from this Mr. Blackwood spoke. After settling the crowd, who marshalled themselves to order like soldiers, the Jubilee Singers began. You heard only a faint note in unison, like the wind among leaves, which resolved itself into a beautiful chord on an *Æolian harp*, and then they swelled their voices into full song. The hymn '*My Redeemer*' was most impressive, and when it died away, you might have heard a pin drop.

"Mr. Blackwood then began, and was *splendid*, fixing the whole audience, although nine-tenths of them only came to hear the Jubilee Singers, and would naturally be impatient to get back to them. But many said afterwards, that they liked the address and the prayer at the end better even than the music.

"And certainly from those earnest faces, and the dead silence, even of the children, one would think so. The elements too were under command, for though we are now late in the season for fine weather, and subject to Equinoctial Gales, the day was as bright and still as any summer's day that we have had; and though boys and men were perched up on all the tower tops and rickety old battlements, not an accident or *contretemps* of any kind occurred, while two thousand people wandered at will through all the gardens and flowerbeds, and never trod upon one or gathered a

single flower, though there was no one to hinder them. About sixty or eighty came afterwards into the Hall, before finally going away, where we had a parting prayer with them.

"Mr. Blackwood's discourse was very suitable to his mixed audience, and reminded me of our Saviour's, when He travelled with the two disciples on the road to Emmaus: 'He began with Moses and the prophets, and expounded all things concerning Christ' and the way of Salvation, blending the Old and New Testament beautifully

"Altogether our October 5th was a very memorable one, and I do hope and believe will be a day to be remembered by many, who went away with very different thoughts than those they came with: and certainly, these old walls never saw such a day."

In November the Postmaster-General, Mr. Fawcett, died. Mr. Blackwood greatly felt his loss, and in writing to Miss Marsh he says:—

"G. P. O. 11th Nov. 84.

"Thank you so much for your thoughtful lines of loving sympathy.

It is indeed a great loss to us all, as well as to the country, and very severe to me.

"He had won not only my respect and esteem, but affection, and was a personal friend, as well as most able chief.

"His last words to me, ten days ago, were begging me to write a few kindly words of sympathy to an old servant of the Department, who had been in severe trial.

". . . He was intensely upright, fair, considerate, unselfish and kind, and these win love.

"Many hearts are mourning him, and not least mine.

"His successor, though not yet announced, will be the *one* man in the whole Ministry who from old Eton and Cambridge friendship, and from having acted as Mr. Fawcett's deputy in his former illness, will be most acceptable and helpful to me, (G. Shaw-Lefevre) and for this I am very thankful."

On the evening of the day on which this letter was written, Mr. Blackwood presided at the Annual Meeting of the Post Office Total Abstinence Society, and spoke with much feeling of the shadow which rested upon them in the death of their chief. He went on to speak of Mr.

Fawcett's warm interest in every person connected with the Post Office, adding that after four years of close association he could testify that he often took much longer to decide upon what many would call small matters—such as those of promotion, discipline, dismissal, or if necessary, prosecution for more serious offences—than upon the great questions which were brought before him, though these sometimes involved millions of pounds.

Mr. Blackwood of course made one of the company of sincere mourners who stood round the blind Postmaster-General's grave in the little quiet churchyard at Trumpington, near Cambridge, when the brave and triumphant struggle with misfortune and physical infirmity was ended; and almost the latest, if not the latest public occasion in which Sir Arthur took part was the unveiling of the statue of the chief whom he so loved and esteemed.

A few years later Mrs. Henry Fawcett wrote to the Duchess :

"4th October, 1893.

"I cannot forbear offering you my deep and sincere sympathy on the great sorrow that has befallen you. Since 1880, when my husband became Postmaster-General, I have had from time to time opportunities of becoming acquainted with Sir Arthur Blackwood's loyal generous character; and if I may speak of my own feelings, I would say that I have lost a friend who never failed to show me sympathy and kindness, and on whom I constantly relied, on all matters connected with my own dear husband, for continually repeated proofs of the appreciation, and I may add affection, which existed between the two men who were in many respects so different in character and mode of thought.

"I was greatly touched by the latest evidence which Sir Arthur Blackwood gave of this feeling, when he attended the unveiling of my husband's statue at Lambeth in June last, and spoke on the occasion. It was easy to see how great an effort it was to him, in his then state of health. I greatly valued what he said, and the fact of his presence at the time, and I shall value the memory of it even more now."

LISBON AND SPAIN.

On January 20, 1885, Mr. Blackwood, accompanied by Mr. Buxton Forman and Mr. A. C. King, left London to attend, as the Representative of Great Britain, the Universal Postal Congress at Lisbon.

The extracts which follow are from letters written to his own family.

TO HIS WIFE.

"PARIS, HOTEL DES DEUX MONDES,

"Tuesday night, Jan. 20th, 1885.

"Thus far a prosperous journey. The country all the way to Paris covered with snow. The Vice-Consul on board, who had arranged everything for us.

"At Paris two P. O. men met us, got our baggage through, and did everything for us very kindly.

"— was to have called. But '*une circonstance impérievue et imprévue*' prevents him. F. thinks that's Mrs. —. But she could hardly be called *imprévue*, if *impérievue*.

"Thursday, Jan. 22nd, S. SEBASTIAN.

"A glorious and most jolly day this has been. I only wish you had all been with me to enjoy it. Started for station at 6.30. . . .

"At about two o'clock we reached this, in almost summer weather. . . . After lunch we went to a magnificent church, quite a cathedral, towards which crowds were streaming, principally women, many in mantillas. A great function was to take place, the feast of St. Vincent. The grand organ was playing over our heads, and a male choir singing beautifully. The whole church illuminated at high and every altar, and the body of it filled with a foreground all in black, against which the lighted high altar shone out. It was most picturesque. Presently three priests, preceded and followed by acolytes and candles and boys and other

priests, came down from the organ loft or thereabouts, and passed us close by, dressed in most magnificent scarlet and gold brocade. The Sacristan ran about tapping everybody, hitherto kneeling, to make them get up, then the procession went up the nave. All they did was to incense the altar twice, kneel about six times, and then march back again. The three priests looked proud, hard-featured, and conscious of their power over the ignorant crowd around them. . . .

"We then climbed up to the Citadel, or Monte Negallo, taken by Wellington after fearful slaughter.

"We hear that the line is indeed stopped, six feet of snow for some miles, so in all probability we shall stay here to-morrow.

"There's much that makes one feel really in Spain here, the women's dress particularly. The beauty of men and women is striking; and the gentlemen all walk about in great cloaks, wrapped round their necks. On entering a shop we take off our hats, and don't put them on again till the shop-keeper says '*Courez-vous, Monsieur?*'

"The foreign officials pay immense deference to '*Monsieur le Directeur Général des Postes de l'Angleterre*', and he is very affable and condescending (!)

"This place reminds me very much of Oban.

"SAN SEBASTIAN, Friday, 23rd January.

"We have still fallen on our legs. It being impossible to go forward, excepting by Miranda, which would be like taking eighteen hours to get to Cambridge by way of Exeter and Liverpool, we decided to stand still, and we did well. The interruption of the line is very short, and in a cutting only five feet deep; but owing to the wind, and the dusty condition of the snow, as fast as the men shovel it out, it blows in again. But that may be only another way of euphemistically describing Spanish laziness.

"After breakfast we strolled through the town again, marking men and manners. The Governor of the Province (Guipazcoa), was holding a Levée as it was the *Fête du Roi*. All the Civil and Military authorities arrived in succession, in resplendent uniforms, cocked hats and orders. Mayor, Alcalde, deputies and every imaginable and unimaginable official. The bands played capitally; and it was most amusing to see the fringe of babies all round, who were danced up and down above the heads of the crowd by their nurses, the babies in white and the nurses, like most Spanish women, in black. Gentry and beggars stood all

round, the former wrapping themselves in folds of cloaks lined with scarlet or azure plush, the latter in patched pantaloons, enveloping themselves with equal dignity in bits of old carpet taken apparently from before their wash-hand stands, if they have any.

"Taking our oranges, we then set out for a walk. Scaling the hills behind the fields in the photo, we had a splendid view of the town, its two bays and citadel, the Coast of Spain stretching S.W.—that of France N. to Biarritz, Bayonne, etc., and the Pyrenees encircling us S. and E. with snowy peaks. . . .

"A Rev. —— Burnde recognized me in street to-day, having seen me at Mildmay! and just called. He is chaplain at Bilbao. He took me round to a Dr. Smith, with whom he is staying, and there we had some charming singing. Mr. Gülick, the American Missionary, was there. I heard some most interesting accounts of the work among the Spaniards.

"MADRID, *Sunday afternoon, Jan. 25, 1885.*

"Yesterday was perfectly glorious June weather. Mr. Gülick came round early, to ask me to address their Spanish girls, who are being educated as teachers. So I had a lovely walk with him round the other harbour, and then spoke to them (about thirty) while he interpreted. Then we sang, 'Just as I am,' and he prayed, after which I breakfasted with him and Mrs. Gülick. It was most interesting—the accounts of the work among them, and others equally so.

"We started at one o'clock by express. . . . We slept as best we could, which was but badly. Reached Madrid, to find it in slush, at seven. . . . Then King and I went to English Church. I have just left my F. O. despatches at Legation, and am now going out for a walk, and to find Señor Cabrera, the Spanish Evangelist and Pastor. The *attaché* asked me to dine, but I declined.

"MADRID, *26th Jan. 85, Monday.*

"After finishing my letter to you, I took a long walk to the gardens of Buen Retiro.

"I sat up in my room, and read, only going down to see Mr. James, the Indian Delegate, who had just arrived, and who had had to leave his *wagon-lit* three times between Bordeaux and Madrid, and was delayed six hours. So we were very fortunate.

"[At Night.] Just as I had despatched my letter Señor Cabrera called, and I had a very interesting conversation with

him about the work in Spain. . . . Under Harding's guidance we then went to the Gallery, full of Titians and Murillos, and Velasquez. Thence we went into the Cortes, or Chamber of Deputies, and heard part of a debate. The proceedings are not nearly so dignified as in H. of Commons, even with the Home Rulers. The President or Speaker talks from his chair, and calls to order with a bell which has little effect, and messengers were crossing the House incessantly with notes. Behind the President stood two hallebediers in ancient crimson velvet Spanish uniforms, who were relieved every hour. I went into the Diplomatic Box or gallery, and sat next the Papal Nuncio's Secretary.

"Tell B—— in one curious old picture of the presentation of Eve to Adam, and all the beasts emerging from the earth at Creation, there was a Pussy emerging with a mouse in its mouth. There are cats everywhere here, in churches, *table d'hôte* rooms, etc. Such nice ones.

"Just heard of the Dynamite explosion at the Tower and Westminster on Saturday last.

"MADRID, 27th Jan., 1885.

"We have had a most interesting day to-day.

"We started a party of eighty for Toledo at eight. After a three hours' journey across desolate plains, we reached the place, a city set on a hill, visible for many miles, with its great square Alcazar palace in the centre, and almost surrounded by the Tagus. We drove up in an omnibus, with four mules, Forman, James, and I on the roof—over a lofty bridge, under Moorish gateways, up steep ascents zig-zag, and through the narrowest street you can imagine. How the driver, a beautiful Spanish lad, managed his four-in-hand through alleys and sharp turns, I can't understand. It was a wonderful performance. Some lamps projected occasionally from the corners round which we had to turn, and it was with difficulty we on the roof avoided them. Once Mr. James had to lean so far back that he lost his balance, and up went his heels in the air, when it took all Forman's and my power to set him up again! At last we drove zig-zag into the courtyard of the old inn. . . .

"For some centuries after the Fall of Jerusalem Toledo was a place of refuge for the Jews. Then came the Goths, then the Moors, and finally the Spaniards of Castile and Aragon; and the profusion of mosques, synagogues and churches of all kinds is marvellous. The Cathedral would take days to see properly. Its

wealth was enormous till the French stripped it. There we saw Archiepiscopal garments of many centuries old, stiff with gold; gates of silver, carvings of wonderful antiquity, and great missals, tombs, etc., etc. At 2.30 Vespers was sung by about forty men and boys, consisting of the Chapter of the Cathedral and the Choir, accompanied by one of the three great organs. . . .

"We then saw a number of other Mosques and Churches, and finally the Alcazar, which is at present a kind of Woolwich Academy. We hadn't time to see the manufactory of Toledo blades, and left again at 4.30, reaching Madrid at eight.

"Toledo in its days of grandeur under Charles V., the great Cardinal Mendoza and others, had 200,000 inhabitants, now about 20,000. It is a city of ruins. I wouldn't have missed it for anything.

"LISBON, 30th Jan. [1885].

"A lovely day, rather Aprilian in its character. We have had a couple of hours' work together in our *salon*, and M. de Barros has just called to return our visit of yesterday, and to ask me to preside over the principal Committee. This will be good for England and its views, but not an easy task for such an one as me. But in for a penny, in for a pound. So of course I assented with bows and protestations, etc., etc., and I trust I shall get through all right. The Congress opens Tuesday."

TO A DAUGHTER.

"1st Feb., 1885.

"Lisbon is full of cats, and they all send their dutiful respects to their white Sovereign. They are on the roofs, and in the streets, and they are very nice and pretty, but I have a photo of the prettiest of all, which she gave me herself, in the arms of a very nice little person, for whom I have a great regard, and to whom I send a big kiss. . . .

"The waiters are Portugese, and don't quite understand French. *Par exemple*, the one on my floor was asked for hot water. He smiled and rubbed his hands and said 'Oui, Monsieur,' most affably, and appeared in ten minutes with a cup of *bouillon* and some lumps of sugar!

"To-day, Sunday, has been much finer and very warm. J., K., and I went off to church about two miles off. A very good congregation, and a nice sermon on Heb. iii. 1. After the Communion, James and I were invited to lunch by the clergyman's wife, Mrs.

Pope. They were very kind. We hear that in consequence of Portugese delays, the opening is delayed to 5th. This is a great bore."

TO HIS WIFE.

"*2nd Feb., 1885.*

"At 11 o'clock I joined eight or nine principal Delegates in breakfasting at M. de Barros, Portugese P. M. G. A very select and ceremonious affair. Several toasts were proposed in an informal way, all sitting, which they quite understood my drinking in Adam's wine. After some conversation which lasted till two, all the other Delegates who have arrived joined us, about forty, and we held a séance to arrange and get to be of one mind as to the proposals and announcements to be made at the grand ceremony of to-morrow. All went fairly well.

"Then I had to arrange for invitations to be sent to the Representatives of Queensland, who had been left out, and to see what terms we were likely to get for the Australian Colonies and others. Germany and France said to me that they must oppose me to the death; that if I claimed votes for all, they would do so for all their Colonies, and that there would be no end of a row. . . . So perhaps we may arrive at a compromise.

"All this however is informal talk, and it remains to be seen how things will go, when the Parliment really begins.

"I am Chairman of Principal Committee, Germany of the second, France of the third. We are to meet alternate days (though I shall have to be on each Committee, and therefore every day) at ten, lunch at twelve, and sit till four. So we shall have a sharp time of it.

"*4th Feb.*

"A short letter to-day. Having found a gravel Lawn-tennis ground at English clergyman's, we all went off to play this morning for a couple of hours, and it has done me a world of good, for what with incessant damp, and foreign cooking, my rheumatism was beginning to show symptoms.

"At two to-day the grand ceremony took place at the Grand Hall of Justice, where the Minister of Foreign Affairs received us, and opened the Congress. About a hundred present. It lasted about an hour, and we are to begin regular work to-morrow at ten. You may like to see the list of Delegates, which includes Secretaries of State, a Prince, Ambassadors, etc. They will all be in the Committee of which I am Chairman to-morrow, so that I shall

have quite a Parliament to administer. Last night we had a reception in our *salon*!

"6th Feb.

"Yesterday was the first day of my Committee, which is practically a Committee of the whole Congress, all being permitted to be present, and to talk, though only the twenty-two on the Committee itself can vote. I was seated in a great presidential chair at a raised horse-shoe table at the head of the Great Hall of Justice, in which we meet. Before me ten rows of tables, covered with red velvet, and blue silk *porte-feuilles*; the rows divided by an aisle. At these the Delegates sit. At my side I had Forman, Gife (Belgium) the *Rapporteur*, and Borel, the Director of Bureau International.

"I am always '*Monsieur le Président*', in fact, Mr. Speaker of the Assembly, have to keep order, decide questions of procedure, order, voting, etc., and here my experience of the House of Commons and public meetings at home, comes in very useful. Still it is very difficult; and one's eyes and ears must be everywhere at once, besides watching the import of discussions on the English P. O. and having frequently to speak in my character of Delegate and as representing Canada also. Still I am thankful to say, I got on very well, and we did a good day's work. I send you a copy of my two opening short speeches.

"We left at four; and then we rushed up to Mr. Pope's for an hour and a half's Lawn Tennis, which did us a world of good.

"We then dined at Mr. Petre's, the English Minister, a men's dinner, Mrs. Petre being still in England. There we heard the bad news about Khartoum, which we are hoping is not true. . . .

"10th Feb., Tuesday.

"In the midst of Presidential duties, I can only write a line to-day to say 'All's well.' I've much to tell you about Dinner at the King's last night and more interesting things, but time fails to-day, if I am to get any exercise.

"I am on the full stretch, eyes and ears and tongue, and can hardly get through. Still, I am helped. A door is opened in the Hotel, of which more anon."

"A door is opened —"

Perhaps amongst all the visible leadings of Sir Arthur's life into the "good works which GOD had prepared for"

him "to walk in," there is no more striking instance than that which follows, of a Divine adaptation of means working to an "expected end."

As the details which immediately follow are given from memory, it is possible that they may not be quite correct in some minor points.

Twenty-three years before this visit to Lisbon, the simple addresses given at Wood Lodge, Streatham, had been gathered into the first volume Sir Arthur ever published, "*Forgiveness, Life and Glory.*"

It was several years after this that a stranger called at the Treasury, and told how, on returning to England, he had found that a great friend—an officer in the 78th Highlanders—had been ordered to Tangier, in a dying condition from consumption. He at once followed, resolving to stay with him to the end. Although, as he said, he had not himself been concerned about such things, he was yet anxious about his friend, knowing well enough that he was not prepared for death. He was the more concerned on hearing from a relative that Captain Meiklam would allow no word to be spoken to him upon religious subjects. Amongst his books however his sister, when packing his things, had put in a copy of "*Forgiveness, Life and Glory,*" which she had followed with earnest persistent prayer. Captain Meiklam left the book unheeded. One day however his friend took it up to read when watching by him; and being called away, purposely left it by the bedside. On his return some time after, he opened the door very gently, fearing to disturb him; and saw that Captain Meiklam had taken up the book, and was reading so intently that he neither heard nor noticed his coming. He closed the door, and returned after a time to find the sick man still completely absorbed.

For two or three days he was reading continually, and kept the book under his pillow. He was too ill to

speak save with difficulty ; but at length when several who were nursing him happened to be in the room together, he signed to them to come near him.

Upon the front of the cover of the earlier edition the words

“FORGIVENESS,
LIFE AND
GLORY”

were printed in gilt letters. Holding the book, he traced with his finger the word “FORGIVENESS,” and laid his hand on his heart ; then “LIFE,” and laid his hand again on his heart ; and then, with a radiant upward look he three times underlined the word “GLORY,” and pointed heavenwards.

Not long before he “fell asleep,” he was able to “tell his wondrous story” to those who were with him, in some such words as these :

“I didn’t know that I was a sinner. This book proved to me that I *was* one, and that being a sinner, I needed ‘*Forgiveness*.’ I went to Jesus, and He gave it to me, and everlasting ‘*Life*;’ and now I am waiting to be taken to ‘*Glory*.’”

He signified his desire that copies of the book should be widely distributed, and that the three words,

“FORGIVENESS,
LIFE,
GLORY,”

should be engraved on his tomb, together with some texts.

Soon afterwards he departed to be with Christ.

Photographs of the stone were sent to Mr. Blackwood, and were framed and hung in his room. It had been designed and executed under the sister’s directions.

Upon an altar tomb lies a flat cross—*Forgiveness*. Upon it is a dove spreading its wings for flight—*Life*;

and on the marble below the junction of the arms of the cross are carved rays as from a star—*Glory*. On the slab, below the foot of the cross, are the words,

“FORGIVENESS, LIFE, GLORY.

“*Blessed are the dead which die in the LORD.*”

On the side panels are the texts,

“*GOD so loved the World, that He gave His only begotten Son, that WHOSOEVER believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.*”

“John iii. 16.

“*I am the Good Shepherd, and know My sheep, and am known of Mine; as the Father knoweth Me, even so know I the Father; and I lay down My life for the sheep.*”

“John x. Ver. 14th, 15th.”

On the front panel is the inscription,

“John Robert Meiklam, 78th Highlanders

Born at Rome, February 3rd, 1840

Died at Tangier, April 18th, 1867.”

Mr. Blackwood always understood that it was at Gibraltar that the tomb was placed; and he so endorsed the photographs at the back of the frames. How this mistake arose is not known.

The Cemetery at Lisbon is described by Rev. E. C. Unmack as “a beautiful burial ground, on the heights of the Estrella.” He mentions the names of men of note who rest there, and amongst them that of Dr. Phillip Doddridge, the author of the “*Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*,” who died 26th Oct. 1751, aged 50.

This book has been several times mentioned in connection with Mr. Blackwood’s own spiritual awakening. He does not record having noticed that grave; but when visiting the cemetery in company with another Delegate, a few days after his arrival in Lisbon, he came suddenly upon the tombstone which was already so familiar to him.

Astonished to see before him what he had always believed to be at Gibraltar, he told the story thus vividly recalled to memory, to his companion ; but had no idea that any impression was produced by the incident.

However in a letter to his Wife he says on February 11th :

"I am writing to B. about general things ; and in this deal only with private matters. I said 'A door was opened,' and a most remarkable one too, which I cannot but regard as an answer to prayers at home. On Sunday I had been asking that I might be of use to some. With —— I had had some small talks on certain points, and had told him some stories. . . . Monday, as we were dressing for the Palace Dinner, he came to my room with a telegram just received telling of the death that day of a near relative. . . . He of course did not go to the Palace ; and when I got back at 11.30 I found a note on my table, saying that it would be a kindness if I would see him before I went to bed. . . . I was with him till nearly one, ending by prayer, and left him my Bible. Next morning I went out early to buy a Bible for him . . . and breakfasted quietly with him and had reading and prayer. . . . It is a great mercy to be of use to him."

In a letter, written October 4, 1893, this friend says :

"I feel I must send you one word expressive of my deep grief, and my most heartfelt sympathy. What I owe to him I can never tell. . . . Believe me, that of the hundreds, nay, thousands, who are mourning him and grieving with you, none can appreciate more keenly than myself his perfect nobility of character, whether as a man, a friend, or a Christian. When I was in bitter grief he comforted me.

"19th Oct., 1893.

"I hope you will permit me to thank you very much for your kind letter—and I do greatly appreciate your kindness in writing at such a time, and telling me the account of the last sad days—as well as for the card, which is so excellent, and *just* what he would have liked himself. I shall put it in the Bible which he gave me when I was in great distress, and when he rendered to me the greatest service that man can do to man ; and there it shall remain so long as my own life lasts. How thoroughly one can now realize the beauty of the text, His works do follow him. . . .

"For myself, I feel now, even more than at first, the great blank which he has left. There is no one whom I looked forward to seeing so much, or to whom I can *now* go, as I should have done, for advice and help."

MR. BLACKWOOD TO A DAUGHTER.

"LISBON, 11th February, 1885.

"I send you the account of the Royal Dinner, which was most splendid. The Palace is very grand, though approached, like most handsome buildings here, through clusters of cabins, ruined walls, and bye-roads atrociously bad. Once inside however the profusion of marbles and painting, camelias, and scarlet-coated guards, and thousands of candles is royal. We assembled there at seven, and at eight o'clock the King and Queen came in, the latter conducted by the King's father, who was Prince Consort to the late Queen. In the Banquet Hall, there were two long tables, one presided over by the King, the other by the Queen. I sat at the latter, the eighth from the Queen. There were roast peacocks with their tails, etc., After the dinner the King made a capital little speech, to which the French Ambassador, as highest in rank at our Congress, responded. After we went to the next room, the King and Queen came round and talked to some of us, as well as the King's Father. I had some conversation with the latter, and also with the King, who addressed me in excellent English. I was also introduced to the Pope's Nuncio, a very grand Episcopal gentleman.

"It is splendid for me to have had only two months of winter, but I want to see the trees getting green, and should like to see the crocuses and hyacinths and snowdrops of my native land.

"Friday we are going to have a holiday, as we can't work every day, and besides the Congress work, I have to write long despatches home."

TO ANOTHER DAUGHTER.

"12th February.

"You will like to hear about our reception by the King and Queen, which preceded the dinner at the Palace. We were all marshalled in alphabetical order of countries round a great hall, and then their Majesties came in with four or five grandes of the Household, and the Prime Minister.

"The King is a small blonde man, and was quietly dressed in a Naval uniform. The Queen tall and queenly, a daughter of the

late King of Italy, Victor Emmanuel. De Barros conducted the King round the room, and the Prime Minister the Queen. They each addressed a few words to the Head of each Delegation, in a very low and confidential tone, as if they were playing at cross questions and crooked answers, but I suppose to prevent it being known that they were saying the same thing over and over again. He addressed me in excellent English, and the Queen in French, and I was very gracious and affable in my reply (!) It took about three-quarters of an hour to get round, and then they made us a low bow and courtesy and retired; we of course all bowed low also.

"Yesterday was a most delicious summer's day. We left the Congress after lunch, and took a boat to cross the river to Casillias on the other side, where we mounted through quite the dirtiest and most offensive streets I ever saw to the Citadel, commanding a lovely view of Lisbon and the river. But the country immediately around not being attractive, we embarked again, and rowed another mile, landing then at the seaside Palace of the King's, where we took the liberty of wandering about for the afternoon in some lovely rock-pine woods on cliffs very like Bournemouth, and picking flowers. We then sailed and rowed back. I seemed quite transported back again to Lochaber, and as if the winter had only been a short dream.

"In the evening we had to go to a Reception at the French Minister's. The rooms were very full and terribly hot. There was one very pretty little boudoir, with a conical ceiling, every side of which, ceiling and all, was covered with pieces of china, a net being spread to prevent those above from injuring any one. Rather awkward to be there in an earthquake!

"About eleven the band struck up the National Air, and the Royalties came in. I got into a cool side room with some ladies I knew, and having got some tea, looked out for my colleagues to get away. I saw their heads in the distance, and making a dive into the crowd to get at them, found myself almost tumbling over, and into His Majesty.

"I brought myself up with a sudden start, and made him a profound bow, upon which he shook hands with me, conversing for ten minutes most learnedly upon P.O. matters, and I told him the Congress had been much flattered by his speech at the Banquet. I also told him we had been larking about his woods all the afternoon.

"We see in Telegrams this morning that Gordon is reported

to have been killed on the 4th. Alas! alas! Yet better for him than to be a prisoner, for he was ready to die at any moment, and better for the country than to be hindered in its operations by his being a hostage in the Mahdi's hands."

TO HIS WIFE.

"Sunday, 15th February.

"Just returned from service at Presbyterian Church. A fair congregation, amongst them J. and C. and the U. S. Delegates. Also some people saved from recent wreck of '*El Dorado*'"

19th Feb., 1886.

"At eight gave an address in Sailors' Reading Room, at Chaplain's request. Storm prevented many from coming. . . . Would that all so-called conversions bore such marks of genuineness. Madame —— also came, and some others. I hope good was done.

"I have had several opportunities of conversation. . . . —— is looking forward with great delight to the Communion the Sunday following with me. We are reading 1st Peter together, and enjoying it much. . . .

"The enclosed cutting gives a true and correct penny-a-liner account of our dinner at the Prime Minister's last night. You will like to know that I partook of 'the little fly to wind to the Salpicon,' and of 'the supreme of chickens to the scarlet.'

"Monday, 23 Feb.

"I had a good congregation at Presbyterian Church yesterday, Russians, Swedes, Americans, and Indian Delegates all there. In afternoon addressed Mrs. Pope's Class, and then to Church. . . . Yes, I really am enjoying myself.

"Feb 24th.

"To-morrow I have Drawing-room meeting at Mr. Pope's.

"There are no flowers to send B., or I would with pleasure. Flowers are few and far between. There is moreover no Parcel Post yet between us and foreign countries. That is one thing I am trying to negotiate now. Tell B. that the other day, passing a grand mansion, I saw the front door open, and on crimson carpet, covering marble steps, sat a snow white Pussie, with red collar, etc. It touched my heart.

"27th February.

"We are making good progress, and I have every reason to be satisfied with the result, so far as Great Britain is concerned.

There have been proposals very adverse to us, financially and otherwise; but favourable results have been secured. I cannot be too thankful for the help given to me in the difficult post I fill. If any one had told me that I should have to preside over such an assembly of foreigners, I never should have believed it. But God has certainly given me favour in their eyes. This too has told well on other work; for it has given me a prominence I should not have otherwise had, and awakened a desire to hear the preaching. So I can truly say, 'All things are working together for good.'

"To-day full Congress meets, for first time since opening, and then J. and I are going out to Cintra for the night and whole of to-morrow, if it keeps fine.

"*Sunday, March 1.*

"Mr. —— just started. . . . He came to thank me for all he had heard, and I gave him '*Shadow and Substance*' Just back from Church, where — for first time went to Communion as a real Christian. . . .

"March at last. Spring is here. Hurrah! I am longing to get home again to my well-beloved ones, and to the delicious garden, and lanes of Kent, and the cleanliness of old England.

"*5th March.*

"A good full meeting last night. Several colleagues present. It certainly is a great opportunity for presenting the Gospel to the Representatives of so many nations. . . . It may be that one has 'come to the Kingdom for such a time as this.' GOD grant it.

"We have been most successful in our Postal matters. I have every reason to be thankful for the acceptance our views have met.

"My daily Bible-Readings with — are most interesting. . . . And it is very good of GOD to have given me this encouragement.

"*6th March.*—Tell that impudent B — I do *not* smoke with the others, though on two occasions, to avoid offence, I did accept a cigar.

"*7th March.*—Our actual labours are over, and little remains but formal acts; but these will need ten days to complete. But the Portugese are so dilatory and unbusiness-like, that one can ascertain nothing definitely. Fortunately *nous Anglais* have an excellent and healthy resource in Lawn Tennis, and the grounds are capital. . . . I fully echo a sentiment of Kingsley's, 'I can't work hard, when I don't play hard, and unless I get frantic exer-

cise of body, my mind won't work.' This is exactly my condition. I begin the day's work at home quite differently after hard play, and a four mile walk is not the same thing by a long way. . . . Home letters are my one bright event in the day. Good-bye.

"Sunday, 8th March.

"I am just back from service at Presbyterian Church, where I preached at twelve. A good many Delegates and others there. At two, was present at the Portugese service, where first an old lady of seventy-four was baptized, and we then had the Lord's Supper, after which I spoke a little to them through an Interpreter.

"10th March, Tuesday.

"Received your letter of Friday with all its interesting details, which though not of greatest national importance are yet of the deepest interest to me.

"H. Drummond's last essay has made me more distrustful of his first work, and things come to my mind which did not quite commend themselves to me, but which I regarded rather as slips of the pen, than actual error. I must read it again more carefully.

"There is to be a representation of '*Othello*' to-night, given by the Officers of Portugese P. O. to the Delegates. They regret very much that I cannot be present, but say that they entirely respect my motives and reasons.

"Tuesday, 12th March.

"A great hitch has arisen, and strife has been impending. Diplomats and P. M. G. are fighting. . . . Afternoon tea at Petres yesterday, and grand final Dinner at Foreign Office last night as per enclosed. Just off to Committee—more to-morrow.

"Sunday, 15th March.

"Congress meets to-morrow, and we shall see what the upshot of this deplorable and in itself insignificant difficulty will be.

"16th March.

"After much anxiety all yesterday as to the course of affairs, it was a great relief on reaching the Hall, to find that Portugal would not raise the burning question in public. A general feeling of satisfaction reigns, and I trust things will go smoothly. The French Ambassador has further just assured me that he will raise no objection to the course adopted in Committee at suggestion of England, of giving a vote to our Colonies. This is also good, as I feared opposition in full Congress, and obstruction, if not reversal of our decision. We are all anxious to get through principal Con-

vention to-day, and I have been urging Delegates to sit even till dark, and get it finished. They are willing, but anything may crop up.

"Borel just tells me it will be impossible to get documents printed for signature before Saturday. If so, we can't leave till Monday. This may give me time to go to Oporto. I have again had most urgent appeals to do so, saying that, in anticipation of a visit, and 'at least a week of meetings,' they had been distributing my books widely, and that there was a very great desire for me to come. I would gladly give up Seville and Alhambra, if it be necessary, though I hardly feel it to be right to take the leave the P. M. G. has given me, to be absent from duty a week in order to visit those places, for a series of Evangelistic meetings at Oporto, particularly when my prolonged absence is very inconvenient. If however I can manage a visit this week, it will be all right.

"We sang yesterday in church the hymn, 'Ashamed of Jesus,' to the tune of old days; and it reminded me vividly of a little drawing-room, in a house in Hertfordshire, where a lady sang it at my request very often. . . .

"Proposal just made, and carried by acclamation, that next Congress be held at Vienna! France then proposed ten years after present, instead of five. I made a speech (eloquent of course), strongly against this, and in favour of five, on purely political grounds, and my views prevailed. Hurrah!

"*OPORTO, 18th March.*

"I was considerably disconcerted yesterday, when after finding my way hither made so marvellously plain by the termination of Congress work and interval of four days, I woke yesterday morning at 5.30, having to start at seven, with cold—gone as usual to throat, and much rheumatism. . . . Having telegraphed hither to arrange two meetings for to-day (my only chance) this was very serious. I got remedies, and then met with —— to pray (as we had prayed to have the way opened to come), that strength and utterance might be vouchsafed.

"Started at seven, in an *open* carriage and East wind! and very thankful for your advice to take my sheepskin coat. The train only went about fifteen miles an hour. . . . My cold and rheumatism improved not. But I was encouraged by reading in the chapter for the day, Luke iv., 'I must preach the Kingdom of God to other cities also; for therefore am I sent;' and I felt it was an occasion to exercise faith in God, and to glory in my infirmities that the

power of Christ might rest upon me.' Added to the infirmities already mentioned, I suffered much all day. . . . A weary journey. At last at nine P.M. having travelled two hundred miles in thirteen hours, about as far as to York (five hours) reached outskirts of Oporto, and Mr. Noble's by ten o'clock, thoroughly weary, and in much pain and discomfort of all kinds.

"A nice large English kind of country house, and Mr. Noble most hospitable, a dear old gentleman of eighty.

"*OPORTO, Thursday, 19th March.*

"All is well, and all went well, thank God. Cold gradually improved, and though I was in much pain with rheumatism all forenoon, it went off almost entirely directly after lunch, and I was able to take the service with complete ease and comfort. It was really wonderful, and I trust showed the hand of God. About sixty or seventy present. . . .

"Drawing Room meeting in the house at 3.30 to-day, after which start by night train at 6.30 for Lisbon, to reach it to-morrow at 6 A.M.

"*21st March.*

"Just completed the 10,834th signature, and must soon make one of the closing speeches, so can only write disjointedly.

"*22nd.*—Well, all is finished at last! It was rather sad. We have been thrown so incessantly with our colleagues for six weeks, and have learnt to know and respect each other so much, that everybody felt rather *triste* at separation, especially when we knew that some were there whom we could never see at another Congress. The final speeches were very good, and the Congress of Lisbon ended at 3.30 with farewells, and '*au revoirs*' of a most hearty kind. For my part, I look upon these six weeks with wonder and deep thankfulness. The help that has been given me in the official business, the kindness and regard shown by all, the opportunities to preach the Gospel to many, and to give little books to nearly all, the evident gladness with which the various congregations heard the Word, and the pleasant intercourse day by day with Mr. —— and others, all make me feel that the Hand of God has been upon me for good in a very remarkable way, and I shall ever look on my stay here as a very memorable time. I am sure I owe much to the prayers at home.

"I preached for the last time this morning. Scotch Church nearly full, and deep attention. . . . Just going to tea with —— and try and get an earnest word with ——. Then to evening church.

"Off to-morrow at 7.30. Weather perfectly glorious. A lovely summer's day. Trees beginning to burst forth. Good-bye. May we all meet in peace."

At the conclusion of the Congress, Mr. Blackwood and two of his friends amongst the Delegates carried out the projected tour in Andalusia, which he greatly enjoyed, especially his visit to the Alhambra.

TO HIS WIFE.

"IN TRAIN TO CORDOVA, 28th March, 1885.

"A red-letter day for ever will be the twenty-four hours just spent at Granada. Never have I seen anything that so equalled or exceeded my expectations. If wishes could have brought you all there, you would often have been by my side.

"When for the first time I stood in the Court of the Lions, with its hundred slender pillars of marble, its lovely arches, lit by the brightest sunshine, and under the bluest sky conceivable, a choking sensation came up in my throat. It was something too exquisite to be imagined, and words cannot describe it. The whole scene is unequalled, so far as anything I have ever seen.

"The Alhambra is a great Moorish Fortress, with vast towers and ruined walls, standing above the City of Granada, 2800 feet above the level of the sea, on a spur of the Sierra Nevada, which lies about fifteen miles to the south of it, and in consequence of the severe winter this year, had a vast quantity of snow on it.

"You approached the Castle through the steep narrow streets of the City, and entering by an old Moorish Gateway, came into something like the slopes beneath Windsor Castle—some twenty-five acres of thick woodland of elms and poplars, just starting into leaf, and a thick undergrowth of periwinkles and wild flowers. At the end of one of the zig-zags, and in the midst of the wood, is the Washington Irving Hotel. Just five minutes' walk up more zig-zags in the wood to the great Gate of Justice, on which is marked the *Key*, and above it the outstretched *Hand*, about which the legend ran, that the Moorish rule would not pass away till the Hand came down to take the Key. Then you are in the inner precincts, full of bowers and gardens, ancient gateways, and Charles the Fifth's Palace, incongruously built in the midst of the Alhambra, but never finished. Another gate admits you into the real series of Courts, which it is vain for me to attempt to describe.

But imagine dark recesses, and brilliant open spaces under the dark blue sky, which coming through various openings, looked like a succession of medallions of lapis lazuli—the dazzling whiteness of the alabaster pillars—the delicate filigree work; and then through this and that lattice magnificent views of the white city beneath, or the glorious Sierra Nevada behind—the sound of the rushing Douro, or the murmuring brooklets that run through the grounds. And then all its associations, and you can fancy—No, you can't; you must be there to know what the Alhambra is.

"We were wonderfully favoured in the weather. The cold north wind, which had blown bitterly as we approached Granada the night before, had ceased; the spring was just bursting off, the birds were singing, the crispness of the air was delicious, and we had too an almost full moon. Altogether it was quite perfect. The first evening after supper, (where we met the Japanese and Belgians) the Rooses and my party went up to the Great Torre del Vela, overhanging the city, where a bell is struck every ten minutes through the night. And here we looked over the Vega, the great plain beyond, the scene of many battles between Moor and Christian, bounded by lofty mountains—the snowy peaks of the Sierra casting their bright white over the woods at our feet, and the chimes of cathedrals and churches ever now and again falling on our ears, while the sad wailing note of a kind of cuckoo seemed like the 'Ultimo Sospiro' of the Moor as he quitted his lovely home for ever.

"Yesterday morning we spent in the Cathedral, and quaint streets of Granada. . . . We saw the tombs and coffins of Ferdinand and Isabella, the victorious banner of Castile, and the sword of Boabdil; and I enjoyed immensely dreamily sauntering about, inhaling incense, listening to organ, and taking in as much as I could of the wonderfully picturesque scene.

"Thence to Alhambra, to spend the day in its courts. . . . I enjoyed watching *alone* the sun setting over the Vega, and lighting up the Sierra snows, while the copses below echoed the songs of numbers of birds. It was *most lovely*, and I was glad to be alone; the only sad thought, and it was a very sad one, was that the masses of people in the beautiful city beneath, were lying, with but few exceptions, in darkness, bound hand and foot by Romish Priestcraft. A hurried dinner, and back to see the courts by moonlight, by special permission.

"We were almost alone, and I sat in the dark recesses of the Hall of the Ambassadors, looking at the city and the mountains;

or leaning against the pillars in Court of the Lions, drank in the sight of beauty around me, till it was necessary to tear myself away, glad, intensely glad to have beheld such a scene, but really mournful and sad at the thought that I should never see it again. If the ruins of an earthly palace are so wonderfully entrancing, what will the first sight of the City be whose gates are pearl, whose streets are gold, and from which the inhabitants 'shall no more go out.'

In a short sketch of the spiritual condition of Lisbon which appeared in the *Quiver* of January, 1895, the following paragraph occurs :

"The visit to Lisbon of Sir Arthur Blackwood, who was present as Chief Secretary at the Postal Congress in the City in 1885, seems to have quite marked an epoch in the spiritual life of the colony. Sir Arthur's personal charm, his athletic prowess, and the fervour of his Bible readings, won the hearts of his countrymen in no ordinary degree, and his efforts left lasting spiritual good."

CORRESPONDENCE IN 1885-6-7.

The summer holiday of 1885 was passed at Braemar, whence a visit, which was the last, was paid to the Duchess' father at Castle Dobbs.

TO HIS SISTER.

"CASTLE DOBBS, 3rd Oct. [1885].

"This may reach you on 5th, but whether on 5th or 6th is immaterial, for a thousand years are as one day where she is, who thirty years ago passed from time into Eternity. . . .

"And I daresay, as you and I too feel that our bodies certainly humble us more and more, we are not thinking with sorrow of the days when we shall have some new and incorruptible ones. And it will be a good exchange too.

"We have just crossed in rough, but fine weather. Thursday, 1st, we left Braemar, and crossed the Spital of Glenshee, a thirty-five miles' drive, to Blairgowrie. On 2nd in rain and storm all day by rail to Stranraer, and this morning over here, reaching this at 12.30. Mr. Dobbs very fairly well at ninety. (More than you or I expect to be at that age, unless we mend considerably.) Girls all well, and Pussie too; S. tolerable.

"We had a very nice time at Braemar indeed; but last days were saddened by the very serious illness of our friend, Mr. Fordham, who had been so kind to us, and was doing so much in Christian work there. He seemed dying when we left. They had only just bought a place at Braemar, and he was the centre of much Christian life there."

Mrs. Fordham contributes the following "MEMORIES," written in October, 1895.

"Our acquaintance with Sir Arthur increased very rapidly during the last few months of my dear Husband's life.

"For many years we had known and honoured him, but in the summer of 1885 during our stay at Braemar, we had the much

valued opportunity of meeting him more frequently; and as he and my Husband were greatly drawn to each other by many interests in common, a warm affection ripened between them.

"During the bright days of that summer, they had much enjoyment of the lovely neighbourhood of Braemar, often walking together, and talking on subjects dear to them both.

"The Sunday afternoon Bible-Readings held in the dining-room at Corrie Ferrigie were very happy social gatherings, enjoyed by those who came to them. Sir Arthur generally conducted these Readings: and many who were there must still remember his earnest words in connection with the chosen subject, '*The Service of God—What is it?*' On each Sunday different aspects of this Service were taken into consideration—such as '*The Service of God in Home life: in Social life: and in Public life.*'

"Then came one deeply solemn afternoon when '*The Service of God in the Heavenly World,*' was the subject; and after some most striking thoughts had been exchanged as to the glorious possibilities of nobler service, which might open before God's children in a future state, Sir Arthur closed the conference by repeating the verse:

"My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him."

"Within a month of that time, my Husband had entered into that Heavenly World of which they had been speaking together; and Sir Arthur's kindness during those weeks can never be forgotten. Now we can think of the two who conducted these little meetings, as being together *with Him* Whom they so faithfully loved and served on earth."

To MISS MARSH.

"9 QUEEN'S GATE TERRACE, 2. 3. 86.

"Laid up with sudden and severe cold, at once attacking the throat, and unable to go to Mildmay to-day. It is disappointing, but the LORD had doubtless fitter lips to speak through, and of this I am very conscious. . . .

"S.'s dear old Father entered into rest Sunday morning, at three A.M. His last word 'JESUS.' He would have been ninety next month. He had been rapidly failing. We saw him in October,"

To Miss ANNE WRIGHT, on the death of his godmother Miss CHARLOTTE WRIGHT.

"*SHORTLANDS HOUSE [May, 1886].*

"So our most beloved one has been called up to see the King in His-beauty, and to behold the land that is very far off.

"Oh! how all her sorrows are turned into everlasting joy now.

"Into that joy we cannot but enter, and rejoice with her.

"How much I owe her for all her loving prayers and help none can tell.

"Dearest, dearest Aunt Charlotte! She was indeed 'a succourer of many.'

"And now you, my dearest Aunt Annie, are left alone, 'till the breaking of the day'; and the life-long tie of love and companionship and sweet communion is severed for a while. But it is only 'a little while,' and He Who has never left you yet will be with you during the remaining hours of separation, and comfort your heart.

"Soon we shall all meet in the presence of the King."

The Autumn of 1886 was spent at Tobermory; and in the course of it a very enjoyable visit was paid to his old friend, the MacLeod, in Skye.

To HIS WIFE.

[9th Oct. 1886.]

"*CHILLINGHAM, Saturday.*

"Got your letter at Stirling all right. . . .

"We left Dunira in fog and mist, the fine morning of Thursday having turned to rain, and prevented our tea at the Monument. But it cleared soon, and Edinburgh and rest of journey fine.

"Reached here at six. Found them all at tea, after which Lord Bennet sang, to Miss V. Paget's playing. Princess Mary hid a thimble, and also sang a little. The Duke and Princess May are also here. . . . Pleasant evening. I sat next Princess Mary at dinner, and she was very conversational. B. slipped off to bed at ten, and we all retired at eleven, H.R.H. being tired.

"They breakfast in their rooms, and appear about twelve, or perhaps to Bible Reading at 11.30. . . .

"As to Crayford, I shall see about the work there when I get back, but have no guidance at present."

To Miss DUTTON.

"CHILLINGHAM CASTLE, 9th Oct. 86.

"How mysterious the ways of God are! But we shall know the reason of them all some day: and in the meantime, to say 'Thy will be done,' and to trust Him in the dark is our duty, privilege, and also happiness. But this is contrary to *nature*, and only the Holy Ghost can produce supernatural conduct.

"You are under His special teaching, I am sure, just now; and if 'the chastening be not joyous, but grievous,' there is a '*nevertheless AFTERWARD*,' which will be very blessed, and which it is a great comfort to anticipate.

"I often think of you. But He never ceases to do so. You are on His breastplate and shoulders, and 'cannot be loosed from the ephod.'

To HIS WIFE.

"11th Oct.

"C. C. Monday.

"It's uncertain whether I shall get back the end of this week or on Monday; somewhat depends on movements of P. M. G.

"Lovely weather now. Had a crowded meeting in barn yesterday, to which H.R.H. the mother, and daughter, came. Evening spent in hymns. . . .

"A sorry business that speech of the Dean's, and the prevailing spirit seemed to be in favour of the Stage and dancing. I am getting nice long walks, which give me time for thought, as well as exercise."

On 1st October, 1886, Lord Shaftesbury died. The affectionate admiration felt for him by Mr. Blackwood was great, and he thus wrote to Miss Marsh:

" . . . And *what* a life it was! Even the world cannot repress its admiration of the Christ-like life he led.

"What a wonder that in carping at what they call his 'narrow' theology, they are unable to see that this *narrow* creed was the motive power of what they are compelled to acknowledge was the *widest* charity and the *broadest* sympathy that have ever illuminated the history of our country.

"Strange fruit to come from a narrow creed! Truly paradoxical that so expansive a philanthropy should spring from so straitened a theology!"

MR. BLACKWOOD TO COUNTESS CAIRNS.

"All rights reserved. Registered for transmission abroad."

"My plans! my Lady, you most kindly ask;
 To answer you howe'er's no easy task.
 First, my *position* I must fully state,
 Ere I can on my *plans* expatiate;
 At 'Mary's Well' until September end
 I bide, and wife and children five must tend.
 Then we must separate, since claims diverse
 Our pleasant family gathering will disperse.
 To halls of study one, by banks of Cam
 Must fair repair, and one her head to cram
 With needful knowledge, Belstead's halls will seek;
 While yet another, Jura's far-famed peak
 Behind him leaves, yet Jura's fir-clad height
 Visits to study French with all his might.
 The gentle Wife, with ducal coronet crowned,
 To Shortlands' slopes declares that she is bound,
 And bids me lonely, though with daughters twain,
 Cast myself, wifeless, on the world again.
 What shall I do then? Whither shall we go?
 Here—there—or everywhere? How shall I know?
 In grave uncertainty a friendly voice
 Inclines me willingly to make a choice,
 For from Dunira's castellated walls,
 On grateful ear an invitation falls.
 Past memories now combine with pleasures new
 To lead my steps to friends so tried and true.
 October, then, ere yet its crescent moon
 Has reached its fourteenth night, would suit me best
 Within Dunira's walls calmly to rest.
 Say, gracious Countess, how the plan will suit,
 Whether the bud so fair shall turn to fruit,
 Or whether yet another year must lapse
 Ere I Dunira see. Tell me. Perhaps
 Three are too many for you, if't be so
 To other quarters then we three must go.

"S. A. B.

"TOBERMORY, Aug. 23, 1886."

TO HIS SISTER.

"SHORTLANDS HOUSE,

"16 Dec. 1886, or 28th Anniversary of Wedding.

"Here is something to cheer you. You have taken so much

prayerful interest in young —— that you will be indeed thankful to know what the *Lord* has done for him.

"He told me that he couldn't understand about the Millenium. This enabled me to set before him the truth of the Gospel, that there was no judgment or possible condemnation for the believer in Jesus, (except for his service) for that he was already everlastingly saved.

"It came to him as an entirely new revelation! 'Nobody ever preached this,' he said. 'I never heard it before.' And he seemed to apprehend the whole truth. It was most interesting to see the effect. All in ten minutes.

"I then wrote to him, and this is his reply. Glory be to God!"

To Miss ANNE WRIGHT.

"17. 2. 87, SHORTLANDS HOUSE.

"BELOVED AUNTIE,—Dearest Lucy, who is with us, says that you are no less than lxxxviii. to-morrow; and has asked me for some camellias to send you. Gladly do I send them, and wish I could go with them, and give you a good kiss.

"Eighty-eight! what a long journey! What a crowd of mercies! Yet how many more are to follow! And all through the atoning death on the tree of the blessed Son of God!

"The High Priest of some sect in India prayed that our Queen might live to celebrate another Jubilee. I don't hope that you will do so here. But *our* High Priest, JESUS, the Son of God, has prayed that you may spend Jubilees without end in His presence."

To Miss MARSH.

[In Pencil] "18. 6. [1887].

"It is most sad that I can't see you. But you have chosen, alas! my hardest week in the whole year. The strain of being in the Chair at Mildmay for twelve or fourteen meetings in succession is *very* severe, added to P. O. work, heavier than usual this year, as it is the closing week of Parliament. It is therefore a *physical* impossibility for me to get to Onslow Gardens, great as the spiritual refreshment would be.

"Yes, Ulster is glorious! How I, as an Ulster man, a Protestant and a Christian Patriot, and the husband of an Ulster woman, should like to have been there! It stirs every fibre in one's soul and body, grand—solemn—splendid. 'God defend the right and our priceless liberties.'

Amongst the Jubilee Honours of June 20th, 1887, Mr. Blackwood received that of a Knight Commander of the

Bath. The congratulations of his many friends and connections were very hearty, and were representative of the varied interests in which he so warmly shared. One or two touch points of special interest. Lord Lingen says:

"22nd June, 1887, 13 WETHERBY GARDENS, S. W.

"My observation, from the watch-tower of the Treasury, leads me to think that the Post Office is the most efficient for its purposes (and they are not confined to the delivery of letters) of all the public departments; and I think the cause of this is, that, being constrained to work within relentless limits of time, it works under constant compulsion to do the right thing at the right moment. Delay for an instant, and the country rings with the consequences. . . . But for this very reason, it is an extremely wearing service. . . .

"Your own well-merited recognition, and——'s reminds me that the Treasury itself and in its personal character (if *that* may be said of a 'Department') may not only congratulate you both, but be proud.

"The Treasury is a wonderful school: the years during which you managed the Civil Service Estimates must have given you a firm grip of the whole permanent Service. In all the great Departments of State, there comes, from time to time, something out of the way, to try the Permanent Heads of them. You have had the Parcel Post and come out well. . . .

" . . . You and —— are in the first line of battle; and if it has to be fought, there are no men whom I would sooner see there. I am old, and pessimist, but I should trust you two to fight even a losing game in the public interest against the public."

Another Treasury friend wrote:

"You seem by no means crushed by the *Pall Mall Gazette* stating that we are a job lot. Anyhow, old fellow, I am particularly glad about you. When —— joins us, which I hope will not be long hence, all the Eton and old Treasury band will be dubbed Knights—not such a bad turn out for lazy Eton boys, and men who never went in for competitive exams."

After the expression of her own hearty congratulations, Mrs. Fawcett says:

"I think there can be no breach of confidence in telling you now, that my dear husband wished for this public recognition of your services, and thought it had been too long delayed. This fact will at any rate explain to you how special an interest I have taken in the announcement."

SIR ARTHUR BLACKWOOD TO HIS WIFE.

[To DALMALLY. 1887, 2nd Augt.]

" 12 GROSVENOR SQUARE, 8 A.M. Tuesday.

"Just a word, before starting for Osborne.

"Capital journey yesterday, the hills and valleys lovely in early morning. Over the Pass to Callander. People in Canada have heard by cable that we are coming, and I am receiving invitations to stay here and speak there.

"I can't realise that I have left you all. . . .

" 12 GROSVENOR SQUARE, Thursday, 8.30 A.M.

"After all, I don't know that I've much to tell about the investiture. Special train to Portsmouth with about forty-five G. and K.C.B.'s. Steamer to take us over, and a lot of Queen's carriages at Osborne on landing. Drove us up a couple of miles to the House, where we disported ourselves in various rooms and corridors, writing our names in H.M.'s Book, etc., till lunch was ready in a tent. Very good, but stand up, which was uncomfortable. Guard of honour and band. Then assembled in ante-room, and Queen came in at three, the Prince of Wales bustling downstairs rather late. Two very pretty Princesses of Hesse behind Her Majesty. Then we all advanced in turn, very solitary and very stately, Garter escorting each on Her Majesty's left, and Spencer Ponsonby on her right. Garter carrying the baubles on cushion. Three bows in advancing—kneel—two touches with a sword, one on each shoulder—kiss hand—Collar placed round neck by H.M.'s hands, who then handed one the Star—kiss hand again—rise, bow, retreat backward, bowing. H.M. seemed greatly amused when any old Admiral flopped down on two knees instead of one, forgot to kiss hand second time, backed out wrong way, or tumbled over his sword. . . .

"Then we all decamped in our new glories, of which we speedily divested ourselves, and returned as we came. So that's all."

In the autumn of this year Sir Arthur Blackwood was called by private business to America and Canada. The authorities, finding that he was going, commissioned him to make certain investigations connected with the Canadian Pacific Railway and the conveyance of the mails. This cast over his tour somewhat of an official character.

On 27th July he had accompanied his wife and family to Dalmally, Argyleshire, returned south on 1st August for the Investiture at Osborne, and on 6th sailed from Liverpool, with his younger son, in the *Etruria*.

They visited Niagara; were induced to spend a day at the gathering of the Chataqua Summer Session, and thence went straight through to Victoria, British Columbia. Here Sir Arthur attended to the official business which he had in hand, and gave an address in the Theatre on the Sunday afternoon, meeting here, as in many other places, the grateful hearers of other times and scenes. The return journey was more leisurely, pauses being made at Glacier, Winnipeg, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, and Quebec. In several of these places Sir Arthur addressed large meetings. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were then visited; and two or three days were spent at Northfield, Mr. Moody's home in Connecticut, and one night at Washington, to see the grave of his step-son. On the return voyage he was allowed to address the crew more than once, and also with other evangelists held short services for the steerage passengers. He reached Liverpool again on 17th October.

REMINISCENCES AND LETTERS.

REMINISCENCES.

"Few things were more characteristic of Sir Arthur than his intense enjoyment of country life. The approach of Spring was always hailed with delight. Winter he only endured; but when, after a long spell of East or North winds, gloom and cold, the wind would veer, even for a day, to South or West, he would return home from London, shouting, 'Hurrah! Wind gone to South. Spring is coming!'

"The colour spreading over the hedges and woods was eagerly watched from day to day. The first branch of palm or the first primrose found in his morning walk would be laid on the breakfast-table with the joyful words 'Spring is coming!' And when the soft green began to appear, and the cuckoo's note was heard, and the blossoming of almond and cherry showed that 'Spring had come,' then the longing became irrepressible to get away where he could wander over moors and hills for miles and miles, or on the Surrey Hills, or through the fields and green lanes in Kent, or by the sea-shore in Devon and Cornwall, when Easter or Whitsuntide holidays made it possible. He would secure a companion whose walking powers equalled his own—Mr. Thomas Pelham, Mr. George Savage, or some other friend, or later, his second son—and start as happy as a school-boy.

"From these rambles he would return refreshed and invigorated, ready for any amount of work—recounting in detail for the benefit of those at home the adventures he had had,—telling of friendly chats or more serious talks by the way, of kind hospitality from strangers whose acquaintance he had made, of this person and that whom he had met in the pleasant little inns where the nights were spent.

"In many of these expeditions of later days, and in all his morning walks, his faithful collie dog Laddie accompanied him. Laddie always came to his master's room while he was dressing, and having greeted him, knew that he was to keep quiet till hat and

stick were taken. Then his joyful barking was not to be restrained. Tennis was endured, but ride or walk was what he liked, though he quite understood when the bat was taken that he must be content. He never attempted to follow or to bark when his master took hat and bag for London, and was surprised when specially called. Always when returning home from abroad, Sir Arthur would give orders that Laddie should be shut up, so that when brought in after his arrival, he might have the pleasure of seeing his riotous demonstrations of joy on finding his master, to his surprise, in the accustomed place.

"Sir Arthur never could bear to give pain to any creature, and cruelty of any sort or kind would rouse his indignation."

Portions of some Notes by Mr. Savage give a few recollections of two of these expeditions.

"It was my pleasant lot, as the minister for seven years of the Church which Mr. Blackwood attended at Crayford, to enjoy a special intimacy with him.

"Whilst he was ever the best of listeners when I preached, I was ever a charmed hearer when *he* lectured at his Village Hall.

"When he had a clear few days off at Easter, he planned for us delightful excursions together, he acting as 'Mine Host' all the way.

"The first of these walking tours was through the lovely scenery of North Devon in 1876; the next, in 1878, from Hartland Point down to New Quay and Perran Porth, on the Northern Coast of Cornwall.

"On these occasions he was like a bird for freedom and merriment, and showed points of his character that elsewhere came out less plainly. Here one might trace the effect of his training in the Commissariat service in the days of the Crimean War; and it was with some surprise and amusement that I saw our every day's plan unfold itself without doubt or difficulty. *He* did all the arranging—when to send on our kit by carrier—where to make our resting place for the night—what provision to make for the way, etc.

"It was the same when choice of route had to be made. His practised eye always struck the right direction, and with his light Inverness cloak hanging over one shoulder he would stride along.

"Ilfracombe—Bideford—Clovelly—are names of places which the remembrance of our first holiday walk recalls. We must have spent Thursday before Easter at the last-named place, sleeping at

the quaint 'New Inn,' and taking our evening refreshment in the parlour of that queer house, which has its premises on either side of the stairlike street. So steep is the street of Clovelly that though we went up a flight of stairs to the bedrooms, in the morning we walked out of the bedrooms by a door level with the street.

"The spring was late that year, and the trees as we walked by 'the Hobby' were of a russet brown, with the buds yet unburst.

"On Good Friday morning we turned our steps northward; and about ten o'clock found ourselves at the Post Office of a hamlet, just as the Clergyman came for his letters. A courteous greeting led to our accompanying Mr. —— to his Church for the morning service, and to an invitation to share his hospitality afterwards; and finding in him and his wife earnest Christian people, we were very much at home.

"In the course of conversation a then prominent question was raised,—and our hostess expressing her fears as to the soundness of the doctrines advanced, said, 'And even that good man, Mr. Blackwood, has been led away by them!' Smiling, he bowed, and said, 'Pardon me, I must tell you that I *am* Mr. Blackwood.' A momentary confusion was soon dispelled, and the joke was vastly enjoyed by him. Out of this incident sprang a friendship and correspondence.

"In arranging the things 'wanted on the journey,' no one who knew this Evangelist will be surprised that he included a large supply of little books and tracts to sow as seed by the way. The giving away of these often led to interesting conversations. One incident was of more peculiar interest. It happened that just as we reached the top of the hill above Combe Martin, north of Ilfracombe, we both lay down by a gate, back from the road to rest. Presently, I saw in the distance coming towards us, a gentleman and a young lady. As he drew near, I rose and met him, and saluting him offered a double card, '*The way to Heaven*', which looked like a little *Local Guide*. He thanked me, but said he thought he knew the route without a guide book. I pointed to the title, '*The way to HEAVEN*'! 'Ah,' he replied, 'I wish that were as easy to find!' After a few words more, I bade him good-day, and returned to Mr. Blackwood, who was still lying on the grass. He said to me, 'Do you know who that man was to whom you gave the tract? W. E. Forster!' (Rt. Hon.)

"At Lynton we made our rest for Easter Day; and many a sacred song have the rocks and scenes around heard from his Christ-loving heart and lips.

"He was fond of quoting the phrase in Greek, and its equivalent in English, '*The many twinkling smile of ocean,*' as we walked on the high ground which gave a view of the sea glittering in the sunshine.

"A late Easter week—in 1878—saw us again at Clovelly. This time we took the southward direction by Hartland Point, walking to Bude, for once, in driving rain; but this did not prevent our thorough enjoyment of the walk. From Bude, we made our way to Boscastle, where we spent Easter.

"One thing was always characteristic of my dear companion. He rose early; and many a sweet morning portion—generally from the Bible and Prayer Union chapter for the day—would he bring forth from his treasures of 'things new and old.'

"Those who knew him cannot forget the bright gladness with which he made these discoveries in his Bible. He would actually laugh for joy over them, 'as one that findeth great spoil'; and his art in arranging rapidly what he saw into groups, greatly accounted for his readiness and fulness as a speaker.

"Or again—a text on the bedroom wall would come out into its suggested connections, and a skeleton Bible lesson was ready on the spot. One day at our family prayer he took in this way, 'SURELY, He hath borne our grief and carried our sorrows,' and several other texts with 'Surely' in them, and made lovely comments upon them; welcome to us, but specially apposite to the case of a servant who was there.

"Boscastle, he said, reminded him forcibly of Balaclava, only in miniature, and seemed to recall to him his life in the Crimea. The name of a boat that lay in the harbour at Boscastle suggested to us the possibilities open to faith—"WHY NOT?"

"From Boscastle as our base, we made an excursion to the classic Tintagel; and then our next stopping place was Rock Ferry, Padstow, whence we sent by post a tin of cowslips—the first we had seen for the year—to Miss Annie Macpherson for her Flower Mission.

"Somewhere on this coast we came upon a little village, where we found an Inn, but could get no provision, or attendance. A drunken old woman seemed the only person in the house. Fortunately on going out to forage I secured some eggs, and our repast was forthcoming. Here again, my companion's versatility came out. He asked for a frying pan, some butter and condiments, and himself set to work and made a most splendid omelette!

"The writing of these fragmentary reminiscences seems to

bring the living man again before my mind, and all his kindnesses to me, his favoured '*compagnon de voyage*.'

"After all, what gave the charm to his ever-delightful company was that he was always on the look-out for what spoke of Christ, Who was truly his Lord and Master. . . .

"Surely to all who knew him as I did, it must ever be true that, by his faith, HE 'being dead, yet SPEAKETH.'"

At Whitsuntide, 1888, the companion of another walking-tour in North Devon was his second son. An intense enjoyment breathes in his letters to his Wife. To his sister he wrote :

"ILFRACOMBE HOTEL, 22nd May.

"I must write you a line, my darling old Loo, for I have been thinking much of you at Biddesham, where I spent Thursday night, and at Lynton, where I spent Sunday, and remembered the days in August in 1857, when we were there together, and where yesterday, lying out in the Valley of Rocks, I read over a most beautiful letter of darling Ceci's to Marianne F. written just after Uncle Francis had died, and I had sailed for Malta. It brought back so much, and made me look forward also so much.

"Do you remember Lynton? There I broke a knife of my Father's, cutting a stick; and there, dear old man, though not old then, he was annoyed with me for giving tracts. Thank God he lived to change his mind, and often ask me to give them.

"I must tell you all about our walk when we meet. Never in my life have I had such a combination of perfect weather, lovely scenery, and enjoyment of earth and sea and sky. It has been simply *perfect*. And A. such a pleasant, thoughtful and agreeable companion.

"To-day, the last day of my 56th year, has been one never to be forgotten for all the beautiful gifts of God that can make this life enjoyable; and what a retrospect of mercies, temporal *and* spiritual, does it afford. It has been a little 'lull in life.' . . . I return, D.V., Wednesday, after going to Clovelly to-morrow.

"God be praised for fifty-six years of your love and sweetness."

REMINISCENCES RESUMED.

"Full of energy, and ever buoyant and bright, his children's amusements were entered into with zest. Games of hide-and-seek, etc. etc., were never quite so good as when he could join,

and sometimes 'grave and reverend' evangelists, staying in the house, would take part too, refreshing body and spirit, while becoming boys again for the time.

"Conjuring, in which in early life he had obtained no inconsiderable skill, was often put in requisition at Christmas and other times for the benefit of the children—he disguising himself in attires brought from the Crimea or Constantinople.

"Some surprise or pleasure was being constantly planned for those at home. If in his various wanderings something struck him as likely to afford amusement or benefit to his children, he was sure to try and reproduce it. In this way a swing of peculiar construction, seen at Constantinople, was put up from his notes and description, in the garden at Crayford. Many other contrivances also.

"Tennis, Squash, and other games took the place of these things later. He was always very particular about the Court, and saw to all the details and measurements. Looking after everything about garden and grounds, arranging of flower-beds and various improvements about the place he always found to be a great relaxation.

"He took much pleasure in organizing picnics, in celebration of birthday anniversaries, to Chevening Park, where leave was kindly granted; to Portobello Downs near Farningham, to Downe or Eynsford, and other places. These days live in the bright and happy remembrance of many. He was ever the cheeriest of the party—always up to some bit of fun.

"He delighted in boatings on the Thames or Medway. Sometimes when Whitsuntide holidays permitted, expeditions were planned, rowing from Medmenham to Windsor with children and friends, lunching on the banks and spending a night or two on the way; then revisiting old haunts at Eton, or arranging for a few days at Streatley, where in the pleasant 'Combe Farm' his name is not forgotten; spending happy hours on the River, rejoicing in the songs of birds and the scents and sounds of Spring, pausing constantly to watch the movements of water-rats or of rabbits in the fields; then choosing some place to land and make a fire, enjoying the tea-making and the mishaps attending it, to the full. Then returning to take a meeting in a barn in the evening, to speak to the village folk the words of life, and on the Sunday afternoon in the wood on the hill, where many would assemble.

"It was always Sir Arthur's custom to spend the time of leave

from official work in August and September in some locality where complete freedom and relaxation could be obtained. In earlier years places were chosen near home, such as Aldborough or Hunstanton, or others already mentioned; but afterwards Scotland was always preferred. At Cluny Cottage, Pitlochrie, the holidays of 1879 were passed; and pleasant friendships were formed, and many happy days spent at lovely Bonskied, and round about the neighbourhood. In after years Ballachulish, Braemar, Tobermory, Killin, and Aberfeldy were thus visited.

"From the place where for the time the abode was fixed, he would walk off to spend a night or two at Dunira, or Garth, or the houses of other friends, either alone or with his daughters. Or he would enjoy cruises in his friend Sir William Mackinnon's yacht *Cornelia*, to Skye, and amongst the lovely Western Isles. With those to whom yachting was not agreeable, excursions which were always delightful were made on McBrayne's steamers. Sometimes Sir Arthur would go on trial trips, such as that of the *Dunnottar Castle* round the coast of Scotland, enjoying Sir Donald Currie's princely hospitality, with as many of his family as liked the sea.

"But wherever he went, he did what lay in his power for the spiritual benefit of those amongst whom for a while he sojourned; and though for the most part no record remains save some entries of addresses given here and there, yet often, as he went from place to place, he would be accosted by those who had heard him speak, and who would remind him of words which had been made to them the beginning of a new life. Although entire rest and cessation from speaking was not only desirable, but very often essential, if health was to be preserved, yet he could not be happy unless he had done something to bring to others the knowledge of that Saviour Who was ever to him 'a living bright Reality.' He would often return home from his rambles, and tell of conversations with those whom he had met by the wayside, or in some lonely cottage, or ruined castle. In some cases he would afterwards have the joy of hearing of lives changed and hearts made glad through the words thus spoken. But of the extent of this work it is difficult to give any idea.

"As the years went on, his letters became fewer and shorter; and even those written home were usually only to tell of his doings from day to day, and are of no interest save to those for whom they were intended. When longer, they are of too private a nature for publication. At times the pressure of work made post-cards more frequent than letters."

In the year 1888 the delicate health of his elder son was the cause of much anxiety, and it was deemed advisable for him to go to the Cape, in the hope of regaining strength and tone. Sir Arthur and a sister saw him off from Southampton, in the *Athenian*, on February 8th, 1889.

The DIARY OF DATES from January to December is full of entries of addresses here and there, of meetings of all kinds, of work religious, secular, official and domestic, of records of illness at home—bare statements of facts, but showing how much lay behind, and making very plain how great was the strain upon him, and also how necessary were such breaks as “*March 23. Eynsford, Chevening, Downe,*” or such a rest as “*April 20. Calais with Laddie.*”

The long graphic letters to his Wife during a four days’ cruise in the *Ormuz*, at the time of the Review of the Fleets at Spithead by the German Emperor in August, 1889, show how keen was his enjoyment of the much needed relaxation.

“Altogether,” he says, “it has been a most enjoyable trip to me. As much or as little company as I chose, and a rub up against a number of old acquaintances of all sorts. I don’t think I ever had a more enjoyable four days. I felt quite as if on an Atlantic voyage.”

Soon after his return Sir Arthur was able to go with his family to Killin, and on a cruise in the *Cornelia* to Skye. He returned to full work in October.

Among the many entries in his DIARY OF DATES is one on December 10th of the meeting in Exeter Hall which Dr. Barnardo has already recorded. It was on this very day that Sir Arthur received the news of the dangerous illness of the son then in Africa. Whilst travelling up the country to Natal he was laid up far from friends and medical aid. Little could be done; and it

was with no small relief and thankfulness that better news was received by next mail.

But his own work went on as usual ; and few, if any, of those who came in contact with him in the meetings whose record follows that entry knew how heavy was the weight that lay upon his heart. The next extract gives some idea of the sense of pressure under which he was at this time carrying on his work—pressure arising not so much from the service which he loved, or from official duty, as from the exceptional strain of complicated private business.

“*SHORTLANDS HOUSE.*

“I was so hurried on Tuesday, there was no time for a word. Oh ! when will this pressure cease ? I seem almost bewildered with the drive—drive—drive of work of all kinds.

““Oh ! for the rest of lying
For ever at His Feet !””

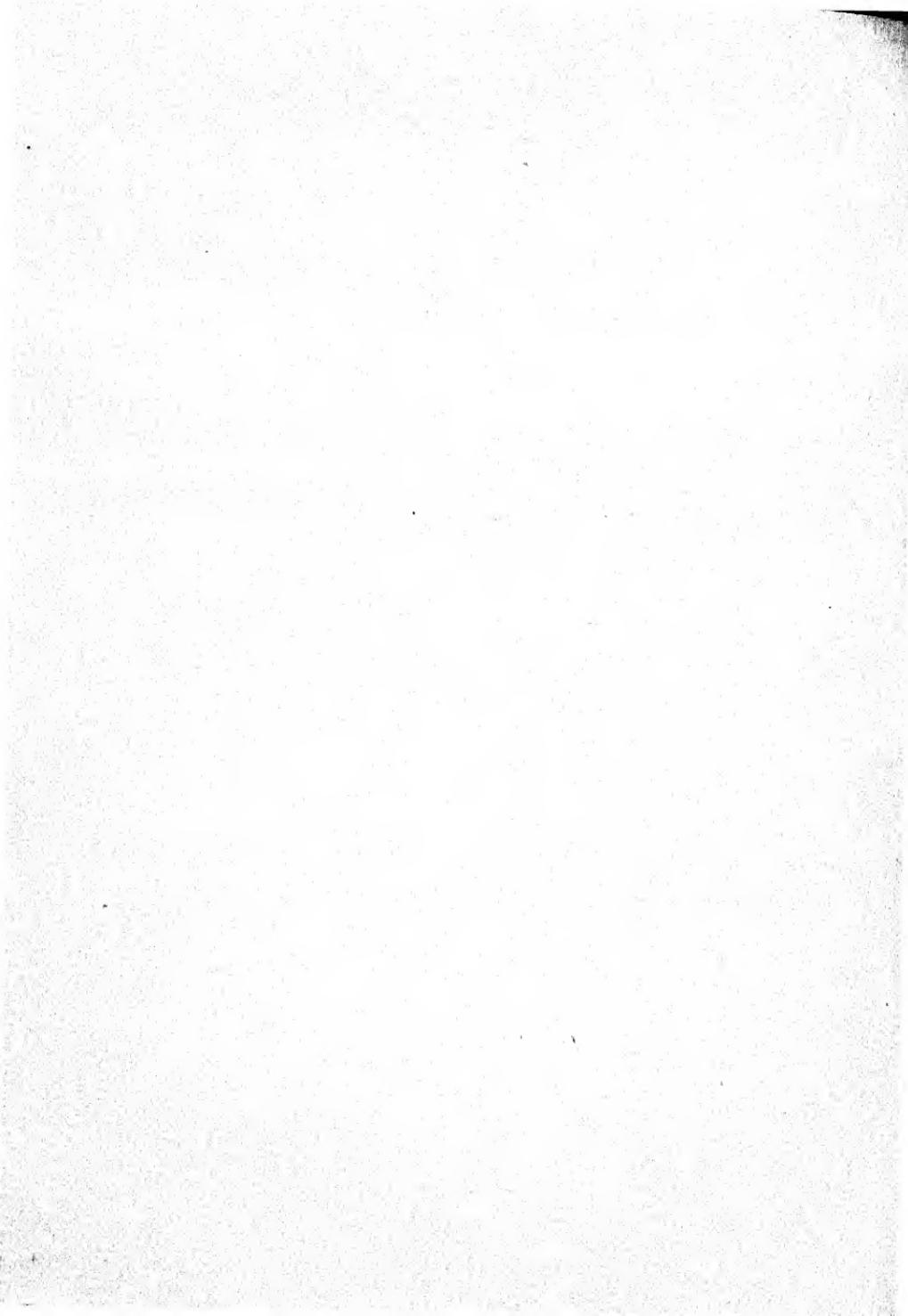
X.

LAST YEARS.

JANUARY 1890—MAY 1891.

VIENNA AND PROSEKEN.

GREAT AMWELL AND SHOOTERS' HILL.



JANUARY 1890—MAY 1891.

The later years of Sir Arthur's life, from 1888 to 1893, were marked by more or less trial of various kinds, which severely tested both strength and faith. His Wife's continued and increased illness, and his elder son's delicate health pressed heavily upon him.

Finding that changed plans now made a home near London unnecessary for his sons, Sir Arthur had for some time been anxious to sell the house at Shortlands which he had taken with this view, and to choose a smaller and less burdensome place. In December, 1889, an offer came rather suddenly, which he decided to accept; and in January, 1890, he left Shortlands House, after nearly nine years' residence. The family moved in May to a place at Great Amwell, Herts, which he hoped would meet these requirements.

But it was not so to be; and he would often say that in all that followed he could see God's method of teaching him, and of preparing him for a Home, whence "he should go no more out."

Necessary alterations had to be made at Amwell; and then a series of peculiar circumstances—amongst them the bankruptcy of a tenant, which threw the house back on his hands—made it imperative that he should return to Shooters' Hill. After his return from Vienna the decision had to be made, and it was carried out in October, 1892.

To those who watched him from day to day, it was now clear that his strength was not what it had been, and

that more rest and a cessation from the pressure of much that he had in hand was a necessity. But it was with difficulty that he was induced to begin to give up some of the work connected with the many interests in which he was engaged.

After his elder son's serious illness in South Africa, it was thought well that one of his daughters should join her brother at the Cape and for the voyage home. Sir Arthur therefore went with his second daughter, in the *Mexican*, as far as it was possible for him to accompany her in the time at his disposal, parting from her at Madeira, to return by the next homeward bound steamer. During the single week of his brief stay in the Island, he was, as ever, "about his Father's business." He at once sought out the most decided Christian workers in the place, and by their arrangement, three addresses were given both to English and Portuguese, in the Scotch Church.

On 10th March home was again reached, and the usual busy life resumed. It was on the 18th April that he saw his younger son off from Euston on his way to Canada, little anticipating then that they would never meet again in this world.

A few extracts follow from the letters of this year.

TO A FRIEND.

"28. I. 90.

"MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—What can I suggest better than Ps. XXV. 14?

"The old designation of a *God-fearing* man or woman is somewhat obsolete. We should do well to seek to revive its reality at least in ourselves. And then we shall be in a position to enter into 'the secret of the LORD,' and to delight ourselves in the further understanding of that wonderful covenant which He will show us, and which is ordered in all things and sure, as well as everlasting.

"May such be your portion and mine.

"Yes! It is a wondrous mercy that we have been kept in the old paths. They are safe and happy—'mercy and truth.'

"The LORD guide you."

To MISS F. GLADSTONE.

"3/5 [1890].

"I shall do my level best to join in the prayers and blessings that will surround you on Thursday," [her wedding day] "even if G. P. O. and the rest of creation go to smash."

To MRS. ROBERT GLADSTONE.

"G. P. O. 10/5.

"Oh! wasn't I sorry to miss it. I tore what few remaining locks I had in despair. But just as the fatal (I mean 'happy') moment arrived, I had to attend a conference of Heads of Departments. So it was utterly impossible.

"But it was a disappointment.

"Where are they gone to? Are you able to trace them? Will the post find them out?

"How did it go off?

"In agonies of moving. . . . A. and B. returned from Cape on Monday. C. is at Venice or somewhere. A. in Canada. I'm in my sponge-bag, I believe. Servants tumbling us into Great Amwell."

To MRS. F. LATROBE FOSTER.

"ASCENSION DAY, [1890].

"The P. O. never confesses itself baffled. Though you have buried yourself in the Devonshire wilds, the P. O. tracks you out, and having been absent at your own wedding, invades your honeymoon presumptuously, and hopes you are enjoying yourself.

"The P. O. knows Chagford, and congratulates that charming spot on its visitors, who have well chosen such a scene in the lovely month of May for their sojourn.

"I see that I *was* at the wedding, according to local newspaper. So it's all right. I suppose I dreamed that I wasn't.

" . . . We move to Amwell Saturday.

"I can't do better than send you the Collect for to-day."

To HIS WIFE.

[1890]

"G. P. O. 5. P.M., 8/5.

"A troublous and weary day—and I must get a little repose to my spirit by a quiet letter to you before going off to get more

refreshment by speaking to the Guardsmen at Miss Daniell's new Home.

"How well it is to pray each morning to be prepared for all God has prepared for us. Out of the *shoal* of letters awaiting me here, three were certainly not pleasant. . . .

"These are some of the 'prepared things' (*Jonah*), 'worm,' 'vehement east wind,' and they must be accepted. . . . May God guide and strengthen.

"A crush of rather anxious work here. . . ."

[1890]

"G. P. O. 22nd May.

"Thank you . . . for sweet letter just received with its encouraging words. You are CHIEF among the many blessings I have to be thankful for—chiefest of all.

"Am so disappointed not to be home early; but the Protestant Alliance was fixed months ago, and then the F. O. came in suddenly.

"Your . . .

S. A. B.

"in his 59th year."

Many of the entries of this year in the DIARY OF DATES relate to the Penny Post Jubilee Celebrations; and on 9th July comes the record of the strike.

The year 1890, it will be remembered, was a period of great discontent and disaffection, which manifested itself in several branches of the Public Service. This spirit, which had been smouldering in the Postal Service, now broke into flame; and during the night of the 9th July, Sir Arthur, who was at Lord Wynford's house in Grosvenor Square, was roused from sleep by the news of a Strike at Mount Pleasant, the head quarters of the Parcel Post. The steps which he took, and the approval which they received are best told in some extracts from the Official Minutes.

"COPY OF PARTS OF MINUTE *re* PROCEEDINGS AT MOUNT
PLEASANT ON JULY 9TH AND 10TH, 1890.

"THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

"The accompanying report was placed in my hands at midnight, the 9th inst., by the Financial Secretary. . . . Mr. Turnor

was accompanied by Mr. Lewin Hill, who was of the greatest assistance to me during the whole of last night. Being convinced that it was absolutely essential to the maintenance of the Service, and indeed in the interests of the men themselves, to deal promptly with the matter, I decided in exercise of the discretion which you had been pleased to entrust me with, upon at once taking the strongest measures to prevent further disturbances, and with that view I judged it necessary to dismiss summarily all the unestablished men who had taken part in insubordinate proceedings, the number of whom at Mount Pleasant I believed to be somewhere about 100. . . . I also sent accompanying notice to be affixed in conspicuous places throughout the Circulation office, and at all the London District offices. I then proceeded to Mount Pleasant, and at 4 o'clock, when a certain portion of the Staff had come on duty, I assembled the men, and announced the dismissal of the eleven refractory officers who were then present, and who were thereupon required to leave the premises. At 6.30 A.M. when the remainder of the force, about 60, had arrived, I again assembled them, and announced the dismissal of the 80 men. Forty of them, having probably heard what had taken place with regard to their comrades at an earlier hour, refused to enter the gates, but this refusal of course made no change in their situation, since whether inside or outside the buildings, they were equally discharged. . . . On visiting the Circulation office during an interval about 5 o'clock, I saw the postmen coming on duty for the first sortation and delivery. They all read the notices on the boards. . . . About 20 extra hands were introduced about 6 o'clock. . . . The postmen . . . went on with their duties, and proceeded with the first delivery in the usual orderly manner. At 7.45 A.M. I received intelligence that 35 unestablished parcel-postmen employed at the Leicester Square Depôt had struck work, and I gave instructions that they should be immediately dismissed. . . . They apparently acted under direct compulsion from the executive of the Postmen's Union, as on being remonstrated with by the clerk in charge, they told him they had no option but to obey the orders they had received. The place of these men is being well supplied, and the same is the case at Mount Pleasant. I have been informed this morning that 81 first-class postmen in the Eastern District, 39 at Holloway, and 25 at Upper Holloway, have refused to work, and they have accordingly been suspended. At the Northern District office, the men at one time showed considerable reluctance to discharge their duties, but eventually settled down quietly to their

work. I am in hopes that . . . the work of the Department will be carried on without any very serious public inconvenience. I was extremely glad to receive during the night the expression of your approval of the measures which I felt it necessary to take, and which I had briefly reported to you by telegram. I desire to add that through the whole of the night Mr. Tombs and Mr. Pamphilon were at their posts, and rendered most invaluable assistance at this most critical juncture.

“(Signed) S. A. BLACKWOOD.
 “*10th July, 1890.*”

“THE SECRETARY.

“In returning this Minute, the Postmaster-General desires to record his high sense of the signal service rendered to the Department, and indeed to the State, by the Secretary of the Post Office, on this occasion. To his promptness and spirit in dealing with the outbreak at Mount Pleasant, the subsequent collapse of the mutiny in the London Postal Service is mainly if not entirely due.

“Sir Arthur Blackwood has rendered so many and such great services to the Department on other occasions that his conduct in this instance has been indeed only in accordance with previous experience. None the less does the Postmaster-General think it right expressly to thank him for the fearless readiness with which he encountered a most serious and embarrassing combination of circumstances, the memory of which will ever serve to encourage the officers of the Department to the performance of public duty even in the face of difficulty and danger.

“(Signed) H. C. RAIKES
 “*16th July, 1890.*”

A strike which broke out a few months later in another department was of but very brief continuance. But the firmness which gave so much to the State also cost him much.

“I remember his telling me at the time,” writes a friend, “how dreadful it was to him to have to dismiss the men; how really agonizing it was to him to get appeal after appeal for reinstatement made to himself individually, not from the men alone, but even from their wives and families. ‘They don’t understand it.’ They think it can be done; and that because I am a Christian I shall recommend it.’ And this was said with a look and voice of pain which I don’t think I can forget.”

It was pleasant to Sir Arthur to receive, just after the close of the second strike, the following letter.

"21. I. 91.

"To SIR ARTHUR BLACKWOOD.

"I have again such a strong impelling sense of duty to tell you how the LORD used you to be such a blessing to me, so opportune, so rich, so good in my dire necessity!

"You may remember you attending a meeting of P. O. *employés* in the Ward School Rooms, Aldersgate St. in the Autumn of 1889. . . . Then you said you had that day been and seen two 'Postmen's Rests,' and expressed thankfulness to God, and gladness that He had inclined the hearts of persons to be so kind to Postmen, and give them such nice pleasant 'Rests.' . . . Then you said there are other Rests needed, and you spoke of Him, our Saviour, as a 'Rest' for all. It so happened that I was there, a quiet listener, but no mortal being knew the extent of the unrest of my inner self. I had been a Christian many years. But I had a new experience for me. My eldest son had done what was wrong, and had brought discredit on himself, and I as his father was thoroughly broken down. . . .

"A poor forlorn one, I went to the meeting, for my faith was not wholly gone from my God, led no doubt of the Holy Spirit. And as you opened up about Jesus as the Rest for all sorrows and weariness, and of His willingness to hear them; the Holy Spirit re-anointed my eyes to see beauty in Him, and His ability and readiness to give me rest in my new fresh trouble; and He enabled me to rest on Him. I came away with peace as my portion, so different to what I was when I went in.

". . . I have thought you would like to know what a blessing the LORD made you to me, and I would thank you with all my heart for your kindness and good-will to myself, and all of us; for I love to hear you speak as you did at the City Temple of the '*Dear Boys*.' It does me good to know you love them, and are not ashamed to own it. You have many *Friends*, as well as enemies, in the ranks.

"As our positions are so different, and the giving of my name might be misinterpreted, I hope you will excuse me in not giving it.

"Again would I thank you very very much, and to God be all the glory."

A somewhat similar letter, also unsigned, was sent in September, 1893, by another postal servant, expressing

his gratitude for a pamphlet which had been issued by Sir Arthur in 1890, called "*For the good of the Service.*" "From an extensive knowledge of my brother officers," said the writer, "I am convinced that there are many who heartily appreciate the kindness and the efforts put forth for their moral and social welfare by those in authority."

Early in August Sir Arthur joined his family at Aberfeldy, going as far as Edinburgh by sea. Later in the month, he was on board the *Dunnottar Castle*, as the guest of Sir Donald Currie, on her trial trip from Greenock to Leith. Amongst others on board was the Rev. James Cameron, formerly Classical Professor in the South African College, and more recently Registrar of the University of the Cape of Good Hope. In writing to one of Sir Arthur's daughters he says:—

"Sir Arthur had spent a Sunday on board before I embarked at Oban. I am unable therefore to speak from personal knowledge of his sermon on that Sunday evening; but I heard from one and another of the impression produced by his fervent spirit and devout eloquence.

"During the week which followed I had frequent opportunity in conversing with him. He mingled freely, yet without anything like effusive familiarity, with his fellow-guests—showing interest in their amusements, and taking part with keen appreciation in discussions on literary and polemical questions. But it was evident to all that his deepest sympathy was with spiritual things, and it was only when the Word or the Kingdom of his Master was the theme, that the full richness of his nature was seen.

"I remember well an excursion one bright morning to the Forth Bridge, in the *Iolanthe*, Sir Donald Currie's own yacht. Sir Arthur and I spent almost the whole morning together. Very soon our conversation took a religious turn, and we spoke together—with a freedom which the brief acquaintance might hardly seem to warrant,—of the things concerning the Kingdom of God. Among other things I told him of the thrilling effect produced on me by the singing in the East Church, Aberdeen, of that fine hymn in the Scottish Church Hymnal beginning,

"‘O Love, that wilt not let me go.’

"Sir Arthur was unacquainted with the hymn, and at his request I repeated it to him. He listened with deepest attention: and when it was finished he simply said, as he grasped my hand, 'Thank you'; and then in deep reverential, almost exulting tone repeated the first line of the last stanza twice over,

"'O Cross, that liftest up my head.'

• • • • •
 "If among the wreaths of affection which lie on his grave, this poor flower from South Africa may find place, I shall be glad indeed to pay my tribute to the memory of one whom a very slight acquaintance compelled me to venerate and honour, and whom longer intercourse would doubtless have taught me to love.

"SEA POINT, CAPE TOWN, 2nd November, 1891."

A letter from Mr. Thomas Pelham says :

"How much I have regretted that I did not see more of him in later years. The last time was in 1890, when I walked over to Dunira from Lawers, and heard him for the last time. '*Mount Moriah*' was the subject.

"(1) Abraham offering up Isaac.

"(2) David's Sacrifice on the threshing floor of Araunah.

"(3) Christ's Death.

"All on the same spot. It struck me as a most beautiful address, showing how 'the shedding of Blood' ran through the whole Bible. The illustrations were very telling, and the language perfect.

"I really think we are only beginning to realize what we have lost. Alas! there seems no one to take his place. His manly presence, his dignity and gentle courtesy combined to make his speaking and all his conversation so very attractive, and recommended his Christianity to many who would otherwise have scoffed."

In October Sir Arthur returned, again by sea, to his work in London.

To MISS MARSH.

"G. P. O. 26. 1. [1891].

"Yes, I did rejoice at Lord Salisbury's utterances about Priestcraft. May many more eyes be opened to see the real origin of Home Rule is Rome Rule.

6 LIFE OF SIR ARTHUR BLACKWOOD

"I did not write '*The Suicide of Liberty*.' It was very good. Petitions are being got up *everywhere* against Gladstone's Bill.

"Great meetings to be held at Croydon, Brighton, and all sorts of places. Am constantly receiving telegrams asking me to go and speak at them. Joseph Parker to preach against it next Thursday at twelve.

"Did you see his admirable letter in *Times* last week?

"Got an anonymous letter last week with Death's head and cross bones, telling me I was to die that Monday at six, by the knife. Was 'shadowed' to station by some of our detectives.

"I have no doubt the LORD had some Angels 'shadowing' too, and was not far off Himself.

"May have been a hoax. But I've had to dismiss so many, some poor man may have gone off his head.

"*Pray for Cambridge* and me next Saturday and Sunday. I go to the Bartons.

"G. P. O. 22/2 [1891].

"Prayers heard and answered, Glory be to God. A good meeting with the Postmen on Saturday, 6.15. A crammed room at the Bartons at 8.30. Subject, *Glorying in the Cross*. Why? It is—

"1. The Measure of Man's Guilt.

"2. The Manifestation of God's Holiness.

"3. The Magnitude of God's Love.

"4. The Means of Salvation.

"5. The Mark of Separation.

"6. The Motive to Service.

"7. The Melody of Heaven, A Crucified and Risen Saviour.

"Hallelujah to the Lamb!

"Bible-reading at Corpus Sunday morning. Fifty men, at least; all in earnest.

"Alexandra Hall packed at 8.30. Never had deeper attention. One man, I trust, came definitely to the LORD, and rejoiced His heart, and mine. So we will thank God."

To A FRIEND.

"G. P. O. 29/1 [1891].

"MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—Forgive the disrespect: but you are an old friend, and a good one too. The only afternoons I could give before Easter are Thursdays, 19th February and 19th March.

"I cannot now make any engagement for April.

"I suggest as subjects:—

"19th Feb. 'Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ!'

"19th March. 'When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers!'

"May I send you,

"God,
Whose I am,
and
Whom I serve."

In the Spring of 1891, in the months of February and March, a series of addresses was given in friends' houses in the neighbourhood of Amwell, and another series in the following November and December at Mr. Robert Barclay's, at High Leigh.

In response to many requests, the substance of some of these addresses was afterwards published, and is contained in the last book he wrote, "*Te Deum Laudamus.*" One at least of their number was also given in a course of Drawing-room meetings which Sir Arthur was holding at this time in the London Soldiers' Home.

This address is thus described by a lady who was present, drawn there by a promise made a year before to her dying mother, that "if ever able, she would go and hear Stevenson Blackwood."

"I went," she says, "to fulfil my promise,—to take and bring me back. What I expected I hardly know, certainly no good.

"When he came into the room he went up to a little chair by the piano, and knelt down. When he stood up and gave out a hymn"—["O Christ, what burdens bowed thy Head!"]—"I saw his face and heard his voice, and all the silly prejudices that had gathered round his name for years were gone and the only impression I had was the expression of the whole man, 'Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?' and I never saw him without that being the pervading thought.

"After repeating the words of the *Te Deum*, 'When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers,' he read the end of the 27th of Matthew, which of course I knew well; but each sentence sounded like a new fact, real, actual, and as though we were present. It seemed

awful and wonderful and glorious. I don't think however that it was his reading, for I quite forgot him, but the Presence of God, in him, and perhaps in the room also. He began by giving us some idea of what the sharpness of that Death was. How, when hanging on the Cross, Heaven and Earth had turned against Him. The wood of the cross—the iron of the nails that pierced Him—the earth that quaked—the sun that grew dark—were made by Him; but the sharpness that we can never know, was when God forsook Him, and said, '*Awake, O Sword, against the Man that is My Fellow*' ; and the sword of His Justice, that had kept the gates of Paradise, and shut us out from the Tree of Life, struck Him instead of us. And then came the 'loud' cry of triumph, '*It is FINISHED*'—not the cry of agony I used to think it, but of victory—the suffering past, the battle fought and won, God's justice satisfied, and Paradise regained. A few hours before, He had sung in the Passover Hymn the words, '*Open to Me the gates of righteousness*' ; and at the moment that God's Hand rent the veil of the temple from top to bottom, to show to men that there was a '*new and living way*' made for them right up to His Presence in '*the Holiest of all*', the shout came from the watching hosts of Heaven, '*Lift up your heads, O ye gates, even lift them up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in.*' And '*the LORD of Hosts, the LORD strong and mighty in battle*', Who had overcome all His enemies on the Cross and made a show of them openly, went in, but not alone, as they swung open. For he had made a *full atonement*, so that He could '*save to the uttermost*', and ALL believers had henceforth the right to enter. And a man, judged by his fellows to be too wicked to live, suffering death, even by his own account as a '*just punishment*' for his offences, had as he hung dying with curses on his lips, at the last moment looked at the One beside him, and had seen the glory of God in the Face of Jesus Christ, and with his last breath prayed Him to remember him when He came into His kingdom. And he was '*taken straight from the cross to the Paradise of God.*' "

VIENNA AND PROSEKEN.

At the end of April, 1891, Sir Arthur was laid up with a severe attack of illness, which obliged him to delay his departure for Vienna, where he was to attend another Universal Postal Congress.

TO HIS WIFE.

[POSTCARD.]

"Tuesday, 12th May, ON BOARD. Noon.

"*Ta lettre aimable et bien venue* reached me at 8. A.M. *Je te remercie du verset applicable.* A satisfactory hour with P. M. G. at H. of Commons. Dinner at G. P. O., Hotel at 9. F.s came at 9.30. *Nous avions de la prière ensemble.* A good night, and much better all round. Up at six. Met C. coming along Holborn, 7.15. An intense pleasure to me to have her to see me off. Breakfast together, when yours arrived. Lovely day. Orchards and woods of Kent enchanting. Deck cabin reserved, and compartment in train. . . . Delicious sea, sitting on deck, surveying 'the many-twinkling smile of ocean.' Found Ezra 8. 31. suitable, 'Then we departed on the twelfth day, and the hand of our God was upon us.'

"Vienna 18th May, Monday morning.—Bright and cold. Found delicious garden to walk and read in close by. Went to Baroness Langenau last evening. A most earnest Christian. . . . Is arranging for me to meet Postmen on Thursday, and Drawing Room address at her house Friday at seven. Large number of English governesses at Vienna. Remember these in prayer. Much encouraged to-day. C. S. P. *Union portion*, Acts iv. 31, 32. *Private Psalms*, Ps. cxxvi. 6, 'Precious seed.' *Bible Union*, Daniel ii. special verse 17. A remarkable combination. Delegates are beginning to call.

"VIENNA, Tuesday, 19th May, 10 A.M.

"Spent four hours yesterday perambulating from Hotel to Hotel, leaving cards, interviewing Austrian officials, who are

remarkably attentive. The Director-General was trying to arrange a tennis court in garden which surrounds Congress Hall!

"Delicious bright day, very fresh. After four hours K. was fagged, so we stopped, having called at Embassy. All gone to Races, which begin to-day, and last on and off for three weeks! To tea at Baroness v. L. Mr. Hediler, Embassy Chaplain, called. He is coming to the meeting at Baroness' on Friday.

"VIENNA, 20th May.

"Preliminary private Conference at eleven yesterday. We met at the Congress Hall, a series of beautifully arranged and adorned salons. Principal Hall of amphitheatre shape, like the Chambers of Assembly in Continental Parliaments, provided with beautiful desks, drawers, portfolios; tribune ornamental with flags and emblems of all nations, and all in excellent taste. Business was soon despatched, and then lunch, but it being only mid-day, too early for me. All over about one.

"I then rested and read '*Universalism*', so strongly recommended by Edna Lyall and Wilberforce. . . . It professes to rest on Reason, the Fathers, and Scripture. *Reason* is man's ideas and feelings of justice, etc. *The Fathers*, it is allowed preached the contrary. But that was because (*a*) they practised the doctrine of 'Reserve,' and really thought differently, and (*b*) because the vices of men required other doctrines. Scripture is wrested and half left out. Human corruption denied, Heaven asserted to be consequent on man's goodness, etc. . . . But supported by Poets, Philosophers, etc., etc., and will deceive many.

"I walked to the Prater, enormous in extent, beautifully wild shady glades, delicious, intersected by a two-mile horse-chesnut avenue in full bloom—the resort of Viennese fashion, and a Rotten Row by its side. At one spot was a collection of Beer and Coffee gardens, crowded with aristocracy and peasantry, where three splendid Regimental bands, and one of Female Violinists played. The 'gets up' were curious. Dress, equipage, fashion reign. The clank of sabres, the *cliquette* of spurs, the saluting, bowing, magnificence of uniforms, 'captains and rulers clothed most gorgeously, horsemen riding upon horses, all of them desirable young men,' 'great lords and renowned princes to look to, clothed with blue,' (the Austrian prevailing Military colour). Yet odd contrasts. Carriages with grand officers and ladies, driven by coachmen in shooting coat and billycock!

"Dined with Baroness L. at eight—a pleasant quiet evening,

ended with prayer. She has asked about a hundred for Friday. Mr. Grant, son of late President, says he will like to hear the 'English Divine' whom she is expecting shortly. It will be a difficult audience. Pleasure is the object of life here. Everybody goes to Opera one night, and to Burg Theatre the next. Races and visits, and no idea beyond it. . . . 'Our sufficiency is of God.' '*The Gospel is the Power.*'

"Congrès Postal Universel de Vienne."

"Met at eleven. Congress opened by Marquis de Baquehein, Minister of Commerce. Uniforms, stars, bowings, hand-shakings, introductions, and speechifyings. Von Stephan, the Founder of the Union, replied to address of welcome. Also Hofstadt, the *doyen d'âge*.

"Committees named. Full Congress adjourned. Lunch. Then Committees met at four, to choose chairmen and presidents, and consider course of proceedings. Germany proposed me as President of Principal Commission, which was very favourably received with much applause, with a V. P. and Secretary and '*Rapporteur*.' Fixed ten to-morrow to begin work. I then proposed Sachse (Germany) as President of another committee, who replied in similar terms. All was arranged, and we broke up at 1.30 with congratulations.

"22nd May.

"Yours of 19th with beautiful Birthday texts just arrived. . . . My chapter to-day, Dan. vi., is appropriate in this Babylon, and curiously so as President of an assembly of a hundred and twenty-one Princes! . . ."

ENCLOSURE.

"Hitherto hath the LORD helped me."

"Three years ago Baroness Langenau, widow of Austrian Ambassador at St. Petersburg, came to an address at Mrs. Edward Trotter's, and from that day never ceased to pray daily that I might come to Vienna. Last year she came to an address at Miss Daniell's, and after it was over said to me, 'I suppose there is no chance of your ever coming to Vienna.' 'I am coming next May,' I replied to her extreme surprise, 'the Government is sending me there to the Postal Congress.' . . . She is working with great zeal, courage, and judgment. Well, yesterday she asked Postmen in all the Districts to come to meet me. On arrival in an upper room at 7.30, to her and my great surprise, we found from fifty to sixty assembled! Such respectable respectful men, all decorated for military or civil service. We sang a hymn to Haydn's 'Austrian

Hymn,' and I spoke to them in German for about thirty-five minutes, being wonderfully helped in thought and utterance, so that I only once lacked a word. I told them all about our P. O. Christian Union, the sympathy of English P. O. people for them, and then preached the Gospel and gave them books. Their attention and gratitude were surprising and very touching. We prayed, and sang one of Sankey's, 'I am coming, **LORD**.' Then went to Coffee. They crowded round me with such expressions of thanks, the wives and children also, and the men beseeching me to get them their Sunday rest, at the Congress. (This is beyond my province, but I may do something, with God's help.) Altogether it was a wonderful meeting, and they wish me to come again as soon as possible. I told the Austrian P. M. G. about it this morning, and he was much interested."

"23rd May.

"In my 60th year! Hurrah! Another decade fulfilled. Will another be completed here? '**LORD**, it belongs not to my care.'

"Fifty-nine years of unspeakable mercies and infinite grace. And 'more to follow,' even 'length of days for ever and ever,' and 'pleasures for evermore.' I liked your texts much . . . they are very applicable and useful.

"Yours of 20th received this morning. . . . We can only pray, and trust and hope. The **LORD** may open a door of relief in His time.

"For whom do you want another fur coat—mine will last *me* my life. You might send me a tea-cosy as birthday present. So glad to hear about High Leigh." [Four hundred Telegraph boys entertained] "So grateful to Barclays.

"A successful day yesterday. Regular business adjourned, and Sub-Committee formed to consider 'Admission of Australian Colonies.' I proposed Von Stephan as President, and France as '*Rapporteur*.' As neither Sir Graham Berry nor Sir Saul Samuel spoke French, it fell to me to explain their views, aided by Forman. I claimed two votes for the Seven Colonies. Storm of objections from whole Sub-Committee, France, Russia, Austria, Germany, Italy, etc. A regular fight. I did my best—contended inch by inch, gradually and diplomatically gave way, till they authorized me in their name to accept *one* Vote for Australia, under condition of approval by their Governments. I delayed till very last, and finally announced their reluctant assent. General congratulations. They thanked me much for fighting so hard for them. Everybody delighted. Half-holiday at once. Broke up at 2.30. (They didn't

know it was my birthday!) Took a long solitary walk in Prater, where I dined in a garden, and got time for thought.

"I am just going to lunch at Prince Reuss', German Ambassador; and to-night we all dine at Banquet of Minister of Commerce. Weather still splendid.

"Yours of Saturday received. . . . I feel half angry with myself for being in such ease, comfort, and enjoyment of health, rest, weather, relaxation, while you are so troubled. . . . I send you some odds and ends to amuse you.

"Friday, 22nd was the day for the Drawing Room meeting concerning which I had been told such interest had been awakened. I went at 7.15, and found two people, one the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar, the other the Dutch Ambassador! Presently a few others came. By 7.30 there were about forty or fifty. We sang a hymn. I then prayed, and spoke for about thirty-five minutes, on 'Eternal Life the Gift of God.' There was certainly profound attention, and at times, I thought great solemnity. I gave each, a copy of 'Eternal Life' in either English, French or German, as they went away; and many thanked me most earnestly for what they had heard.

"Sunday, 24th.—Gave the address at the 11 A.M. service of the Scotch Church, on Jesus the *Receiver*, the *Friend*, and the *Guest* of Sinners. Luke vii. xv. xix. About a hundred present, among them Princess Reuss, the German Ambassadress, and some of her friends. So far as I could myself perceive, from the deep attention, and from my own feelings, I could not but believe that God was in our midst, confirming the Word. At any rate, the countenances of the listeners, and the thanks of some as they separated, betokened great interest.

"At three o'clock I spoke to a hundred German School-children at the Baroness', on Ishmael's Prayer for water in Gen. xxi. She holds this in her own house, assisted by her two deaconesses, and one or two others. At four o'clock I addressed a small English company in the English Chaplain's room, where he read the Litany. Spoke on Leviticus xvi., the completed Atonement, and the removal of sin by the scapegoat. At five, went into the next house, and said a few words, after Mr. Rosch's sermon to his German Wesleyan congregation, on 2 Cor. iv. . . . I again ask earnest prayer.

"ODDS AND ENDS.

"The proceedings of the House are interesting. We meet nominally at ten. I take the chair at 10.15, and as members

file in they salute the Speaker in true Parliamentary fashion by a bow—most formal and profound. Presently I rise and say, ‘*Mes sieurs, la seance est ouverte,*’ and we go to business. Borel at my right as Clerk of the Table, Forman at my left to look after English interests while I govern proceedings. Wöhn (Suisse) as *Rapporteur*, to do the reading, and take votes. The principal speakers are generally Von Stephan, (Germany) de Selves, (France) Saba Pacha, (Egypt) Hofstede, (Holland), Chiaradia (Italy), and Brazil, who will speak on everything, and ends by asking consideration for Brazil. We have many divisions, and fight like fun for a farthing! The questions of order are difficult, but I generally manage to carry the house with me.

“At twelve I say, ‘*La seance est suspendue,*’ and we adjourn to the luncheon room. Greetings, bows, handshakes, and all manner of small talk, *pourparlers*, etc. At one we resume work till four. This two or three days a week. T’other days, when my Committee does not sit, I put in an appearance, and then put it out. Urgent private affairs often call me elsewhere, and yesterday I adjourned myself to the Prater at twelve, where I spent the day under the trees, reading. . . .

“It is not a little difficult as Speaker to name the member who is to address the House, either by name personal or geographical. I have a plan of the seats before me, which is useful, and if I don’t know or recollect the name of the M.P. who catches my eye, I name his country and say, ‘*La Belgique,*’ or ‘*La delegation Belge a la parole.*’

“26th May.

“I enclose cards which may interest you, also account of Banquet, in Vienna paper. You will see that we represented 915 millions of people. It was curious, as we stood up to drink the Emperor’s health, to hear the Band strike up the Austrian National Hymn, the tune to which we sing,

“‘Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, City of our God.’

“I was able to get away at 9.30.

“To-day the Congress ratified the work of our Committee by admission of Australian Colonies, amid general jubilations and congratulations, after which the afternoon was very properly devoted to tennis.

“28th May.

“Nothing to say, except a pleasant dinner of twenty at Embassy last night. . . . I hear that two people who were at

Baroness' last week, confessed to each other, that they felt it very wrong to be at the Races on Sunday, after what they had heard. I hadn't said a word on the subject.

"Have reported twelve pages to P. M. G."

ENCLOSURE.

"Thursday, 28th May.

"I went by wish of Princess Reuss to address a gathering of Ladies at an Institution for Governesses in which she was interested. I understood the address was to be in English. On her calling for me at my Hotel, however, she told me that it must be in German, and further that she had asked *everybody* to come she could get hold of—men as well as women. This was rather embarrassing, as my thoughts and preparation had been in English, and for a Women's meeting.

"On arrival I found all sorts, as she had said—Prince Reuss and most of the Staff of the German Embassy, the American Minister and his wife, Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar, Governesses, Deaconesses, and others—altogether about forty people. It was difficult to find my way in the German Bible, where often the point one wishes to enforce from the English version is differently rendered; and not easy to pray in *Hoch Deutsch*. But I felt much helped, and the attention was certainly very deep. Some responsive faces I plainly noticed; some looked surprised, as if the thing spoken were perfectly new. But above all, what I feel is that the prime necessity is the power of the Holy Ghost to convince of *sin and need*. The truth may be put clearly, and I believe that this ability has been given, but still no truth can possibly enter till He creates the consciousness of guilt. I feel quite at a loss, and helpless to select subjects, and realize that it must be His work from beginning to end. *For this therefore I earnestly ask prayer*, that God the Holy Ghost may Himself move on the hearts of the people. Without this all the meetings and preachings will be utterly useless.

"I paid a visit also yesterday to an Austrian lady, whom I had known years ago. She seemed much interested at hearing what I had to say, which was no doubt utterly new to her, and promised to read attentively '*Eternal Life*.' Pray that this little seed sown may be blessed of God.

"Much encouraged, just before going to the Drawing Room meeting, by getting a note from Princess Reuss, saying that she had just received a letter from a governess, who had much opposed her, but who had heard me yesterday. The Princess says, 'She

wished me to thank you, you and the Bible having given her *all she felt she needed.*

"Those who are praying for blessing with the Word spoken will be encouraged with me, and will I know join in praise. If the heart of one Lydia is opened, or one Damaris in this novelty-loving Athens 'cleaves to the Lord,' what may it not be the beginning of? It greatly cheered me.

"At the Baroness' about twenty-five. Spoke on 'What shall I do with Jesus?' Many again thanked, and all seemed greatly solemnized.

"Never did I see such a frivolous pleasure-loving people. 'The lust of the eye' seems supreme. Paris is nothing to it. Dress, fashion, splendour, swagger, frivolity—reign supreme. It is appalling, and very saddening. But I do believe I have not been sent here in vain. The open doors, and the prayers that have preceded and now follow me forbid doubt."

To HIS WIFE.

"29th May, Friday.

"... A much more important affair was the arrival, during the sitting of the Second Committee, of a magnificent tea-cosy. It did not excite any very deep feeling. The assembly was neither '*ému ni profondément touché*', for the simple reason that I didn't submit it for consideration. It will materially assist the President of the First Committee in his personal arrangements, and he is therefore profoundly touched and very grateful.

"A day of quiet yesterday, except the afternoon address. ... At seven, small dinner at Prince Reuss'; a very interesting evening to me, as —— has been lately converted, and he is the man Princess Reuss spoke of in her note to me. He was full of enquiry concerning Christian life, etc. It is wonderful to see how similarly the Spirit teaches the children of God—often without outward or human agency, and how analogous their experiences are, though in such widely different circumstances.

"June 1.

"Further particulars which may interest or amuse you. Were it not for private work here, I should now be getting weary. But 'the King's business' affords the deepest interest, and constant occupation. . . .

"As to Congress matters. As England is only concerned with the affairs of Postal '*haute politique*', which the First Committee (mine) deals with, my work on other days is very light. I attend,

as a matter of courtesy, and having put in an appearance, then withdraw, and in another room write or read. One great business is that of Handshaking. It is done all round about four times a day in the Congress, and additionally if we meet one another in the street or at dinner, or elsewhere.

"Saturday, 30th, was of course interesting. We all assembled in full uniform (waiters) only with stars, ribbons, medals, in the Ambassadors' Court at the Palace: were then taken in by High Court Functionaries, such as the 'Chief Kitchen-master,' (Lord Steward) Lord Chamberlain, etc., to see our exact places, and then re-assembling awaited the arrival of His Majesty. At four, he appeared at the folding-doors, made a low bow to the company, addressed a few words to Herr Von Stephan, the Imperial German P. M. G. and then led the way to the great Ritter Saal, or Hall of Knights, where the Banquet was spread, and where fifty gold and scarlet footman, Chasseurs, etc., stood ready to serve. As Representative of Great Britain a place of special honour, the third from the Emperor, was allotted me. The dinner was conducted in great state, the Austrian Court being unequalled for its grandeur and ceremoniousness and punctiliousness. . . . And at five the Emperor rose, and re-entered the Hall of Assembly. There we were in turn presented to His Majesty, who conversed good-naturedly with us. I told him that I had had the honour to conduct his daughter, Archduchess Valerie, round the P. O. in London, which appeared to interest him. . . . I then presented the three officers of my staff.

"General conversation with the Prime Minister, (Count Taaffe, an Irish Peer!), and other notabilities. And at six we took refuge in our pair-horse shay, and departed to private life once again, amid the admiring gaze of certain butcher boys and washerwomen who appeared to have the *entrée* to the Palace on such occasions. My companions went to the Opera and Ballet,—in our honour again—and I spent the evening in the deep delicious shady glades of the Prater, only three hundred yards from the surging crowds of Viennese, who thronged the alleys. It was most refreshing to withdraw from the most vivid Vanity Fair imaginable, and listen to the nightingales and cicadas in the green of the woods.

"3rd June, Wednesday.

"A day to be remembered for mercy. . . . Last verse of Ps. 102. . . .

"I'm reading Spurgeon's '*The Greatest Fight in the World*.' I will send it you. It is splendid.

" Such a pleasant afternoon on Monday. Baroness took me out thirty minutes by train to a village in the hills, where she has her two Deaconesses and six or seven poor children in a little house she has taken for the summer. After tea in the garden we all had a ramble. We then returned to the cottage, to which some of the neighbours had been invited, and where I read and spoke on Rev. vii. for about twenty minutes.

" How I wish you could have the mental rest which is mine here. It is a real holiday. Such absolute freedom from care and rush of work is a novelty to me. Something of 'a lull in life.' "

" Wednesday last, (3rd.)—I had another very interesting meeting at Governess' Home. Only seven altogether, one a R.C., but they seemed to drink in the Word. The governess was there to whom I have previously referred as having apparently received help. Certainly her countenance was very bright, and she looked as if she responded in her soul to what was taught concerning the commencement, continuation and conclusion of God's work in the heart, as brought out in Phil. i. 6.—ii. 13.—and iii. 21.

" Thursday, (4th) was again the Postmen's Meeting, smaller than the first time, but much more (apparently) earnest. The men seemed to hang on the word spoken—the subject being 'Jesus, the Sinner's Friend.'

" Friday, (5th) at Baroness Langenau's, a sudden and almost tropical down-pour of rain greatly reduced the numbers, nine in all. I accordingly turned it into a little Bible-reading, and dwelt on the 'Things which God hath prepared.' 1. Cor. ii.

" Sunday, (7th) was a capital congregation at Scotch Church, about seventy. Subject, The Resurrection of Lazarus, an illustration from life of John 5. 24; and the Resurrection Life one of *Liberty*, stripped of grave-clothes; of *Satisfaction*, 'at meat with Him,' and of *Testimony*, 'many believed by reason of him.'

" In the afternoon an address to the English Chaplain's Sunday School; then to his adult meeting."

" 10th June.

" My Viennese friends say that in Vienna high society, or such of it as occupies itself with my character and conduct, I am distinguished, 1st, as the preaching English Delegate; 2nd, The Delegate who does not go to the Theatre; 3rd, The Delegate who has beaten the Champion Viennese Lawn-Tennis player.

" 14th June, Sunday.

" Just returned from second service to-day. It is not worth while to record these separately, as they are all much alike. But who can tell what the ground is on which the seed falls?

"Yesterday we had our excursion to Semmering. Two hours and three-quarters by rail, winding up through the Styrian Alps, lunch and then walks. I slipped away, and took a twelve mile walk. It *was* cold. The mountains were covered with fresh snow, looking beautiful. Dinner at five. I felt I ought as one of the principal and most prominent members of Congress, to do something at festivities, so I proposed the health of the Ladies, which won great applause, and many compliments! Of course I proposed it *in water*, which excited great amusement. Reached Vienna at eleven, and found yours of 10th on getting to Hotel. I open each letter with trepidation, fearing lest it may tell me that the Influenza has touched *you*, and read it with thankfulness as I find it has not. . . . It is very curious that this fresh burden should come on you, when so little able to bear it, but there are mercies connected with it too. . . .

"June 16th,—Nothing to say to-day, except that First Committee just closed, and my hardest work over.

" . . . As you have so much in the way of 'tarrying by the stuff,' you may like enclosed of C. H. Spurgeon. . . . My main Postal work being done, the details and idleness are becoming wearisome."

TO HIS DAUGHTERS.

"June 23.

"I feel that I must give my daughters three a description of this charming expedition [to Gastein] on which I much longed for the company of one or more of them.

"Well, we all met, about a hundred and fifty of all nations in the world, including ladies, from United States, Mexico, Spain, Italy, Germany, Denmark, Greece, Brazil, Austria, Russia, Columbia, and a variety of others, at the station at 6.25 A.M. A train of twelve Saloon carriages, through the whole of which you could walk, was in readiness. We chose our companions, and started. The route was lovely. . . .

"At three we reached Lend Gastein, where thirty Austrian yellow Post waggons, with gorgeously attired drivers, were drawn up. Off we went, horns blowing, whips cracking, up into the mountains, all the villagers turning out to see the procession. Beautiful defiles, broad valleys, then Hof Gastein, when eight or nine of us walked the six or seven miles up the mountain road to Bad Gastein.

"Grand dinner at 8.30 (Hotel Straubringer) with speeches and interminable glass-clinking till eleven, when mountains all gleamed

with beacon fires, even on some snowy peaks, and great waterfall was illuminated with electric light. Next morning delicious early walk up through meadows to village at end of valley, where I had wandered with Aunt Lucy forty years ago.

" . . . We had a splendid seventeen miles' walk, and reached Lend Gastein at four o'clock. Half an hour's rail brought us all to Zell am See, of which you see the picture. A lovely lake, 1500 feet above sea. Snowy mountains all round. Dinner as usual, and then, while some walked in the gardens, others went on the water. Band of music and Male Choir moved on the water, and numbers of boats with Chinese lanterns flitted about, and the hills all round again flamed with bonfires. It was a fairy scene indeed! And then as the moon rose over it all, we turned in.

" . . . Reached Salzburg at twelve, Linz at three, a large town on Danube of 100,000 people. There we created immense excitement. Governor of Province, Burgomaster, and population received us *en fête*. Bands of postmen on deck struck up; and amid cheers of Linz's population, we swung off, and steamed down blue Danube, inhabitants of beautiful *châteaux* and villages all turning out, firing cannons, waving flags, etc. The party was a merry one. They never seemed to tire of handshaking and bowing and congratulating. . . . At last sunset came, and we reached Vienna at 10.30. Three most enjoyable days. Nothing could be more perfect than arrangements. Oh! often did I wish you to be there."

TO HIS WIFE.

"24th June.

"It is strange to me to be here, just at the hour when for last eighteen years I have ascended the Mildmay platform. I am much with them in thought at early prayer meetings, and at other times. They have done well, I think, in getting Polwarth to preside all through. Couldn't do better.

" . . . If, as you say, your place is 'among the pots,' you have a most glorious promise of 'silver wings,' tipped with 'yellow gold'; and this *must* come true, though the process is indeed not instantaneous, and must be a very trying one.

"25th June.—Yesterday the Postmen's Union Band and Male Choir gave us a grand entertainment in magnificent Hall at Prater, hung with flags of all nations and *Tableaux Vivants* of Postmen of the World: a most successful affair. Stephan made them a speech. It was strange to me to be sitting in the middle of such a scene (innocent enough though it might be) while evening meeting was

going on at Mildmay! To-day, I have made a personal tour of all their principal offices, a three or four hours' job in the heat, attended by high officials with medals and swords.

"*27th June.*—A very earnest and solemn meeting at Baroness' yesterday, if one can judge by faces and attention. About thirty-three present, including two Delegates. Tuesday, German, French, Italian, Americans and selves go a private excursion to Pesth, and back Wednesday. I've written to — to meet me there. He received a blessing at Lisbon, I believe.

"*28th June, Sunday.*—I shall have preached some thirty times here by to-night. I wish I had seen thirty souls awakened. But it is a hard soil.

"*29th June, Monday.*—A good day yesterday at Scotch Church, English Chaplain's Room, and German Y. M. C. A. (Five persons at latter.) Just got such a beautiful letter of thanks from a Postman, which has brought tears of thankfulness to my eyes. It does not speak of conversion, but of such heart-felt gratitude, it has done me good.

"*2nd July [Thursday].*—You will have been two days without letters. Tuesday was the steamboat to Pesth. Dear old — met us, and we dined together. Heat at Pesth overwhelming, people sleeping in streets, and whole town out of doors. Wednesday morning F. and Americans went off sight-seeing, while — and I spent our morning quietly under trees by river side in conversation. A dear old man—a R. C., but loving his Bible and Thomas à Kempis, and delighting to hear of Christian work and conversions. . . . It was a great joy to us both to meet, and he was so grateful to me for coming.

"Left Pesth at 2.30, a sweltering mopping journey for four hours and a half to Vienna, through Hungary's broad plains. Grand reception at new Guildhall at eight. Quite an Arabian Nights' Entertainment for beauty. . . . Another such entertainment to-night at Minister of Commerce—the final one—and more than enough for me.

"What a good thing you haven't this 'colossal' heat. It reminds me of Bulgarian and Crimean heat.

"*3rd July [Friday].*—Your letter of 30th is indeed one to make me feel increasingly how full of trouble, disappointment and sorrow the world is.

"I suppose this is meant to make us more earnestly desire our home in the heavens. And if so, it must be well. And it won't be long. Poor —, and —s, and so many others! And all feel their own sorrows most, and think others comparatively happy.

"I hardly like to tell you, in the midst of such burdens and cares, of the *careless* life (so far as one can mentally escape the recollection of these things) which is mine for a little. . . . Final reception last night, but I won't weary you with it. And final Congress meeting to-morrow—uniforms, solemn speeches, farewells. Break up till *Washington* in 1897, for such as may be alive then.

"4th July, CONGRESS HALL. Final morning, 11 A.M.

"Presentation of magnificent Album just made to Austrian P. M. G., le Chevalier d'Obentrant, with all our photos. Plenty of '*vivement ému*,' and '*profondément touché*,' etc., etc., and handshakings. . . . Obentrant has thanked. Then public session for ten minutes, when I claimed right of entry for Cape in next six years. And now we have begun signing the documents, a lengthy and weary business. Then final *official* speeches of solemnity and importance. Alas for me! After our *doyen d'âge* has spoken, it devolves on me, as President of *Première Commission*, to follow him—a task of difficulty, where no one and nothing should be left out, and clearness of expression as regards both subjects and feelings is of importance.

"Closing meeting at Baroness' yesterday, small, but I hope good. . . . To not a few I have given books, and I trust they may be blessed. Many avow themselves Agnostics, Comtists, etc., but listen respectfully.

"Have just presented small Album in name of English, American and Indian Delegations to Chevalier Adalbert de Stibraal—a most assiduous and attentive Austrian official, who has rendered us all very great services.

" . . . Have got through my speech. (1. P.M.) with '*vifs applaudissements*.' Speechifying still going on, but soon over. Then much glass-clinking, handshaking, and '*Adieu*.'

"5th July, Sunday.—Have just preached for last time in Scotch Church. . . . I felt it was a solemn thing.

"Sunday night.—Just off (i.e., 8. A.M. to-morrow morning). Last words spoken to German Congregation. Then Lord's Supper with them. Truly God has given me favour in their sight, 'because of the Word.' Such gratitude and kindness! And in the Congress too, it has been quite wonderful the respect and consideration and regard all have shown . . . and I cannot but be very thankful for it. For such a duffer as I am, and so contrary to many of their ways, to have won their regard is a marvel. And I can only say that God has given me favour in their sight. The

seven weeks have been *filled* with mercies. There is another side to one's life, however, and sorrows and disappointments; these are the appointed weights, 'lest I should be exalted above measure' by the abundance of blessing in Christian work and public life. So it is good."

A letter, written to Sir Arthur the following year by the lady who was the "one person" whom he knew when he went to Vienna, traces the guiding hand of God in the events which led to this friendship.

"VIENNA, 19th May, 1892.

"There are so many things for which I ought to thank you, that I hardly know how to begin. In a chronological order however your kind lines from Haarlem ought to come first. They were very welcome, though they made me feel sorry too, for they put me in mind of what I once thought and said of the Van Doorns. Yes, it is true. I don't think there ever was a more worldly-minded person than I was, when I came to the Hague, thirty years ago, as a young bride; but thank God, He opened my eyes at last, though it must always be a source of sorrow to me, that it happened so late. How different life would have been had I met you earlier!"

When in 1893 Sir Arthur was taken to his rest, Baroness Langenau "laid her wreath upon his coffin" in a touching letter to *The Christian*.

"I owe to him," she says, "all that makes Eternity bright. . . . How unselfishly did Sir Arthur labour here during the seven weeks of the Postal Conference in the spring of 1891! and that in spite of all his official work. But the place where he was the most eagerly welcomed was certainly at the Postmen's Gatherings. They crowded round him. How they listened as he impressed upon them the necessity of deciding for Christ. . . . When I had to tell them of the heavy loss we had sustained, the men sobbed like children."

The love which he inspired in many grateful hearts overflows in the words written by her to Sir Arthur's daughter, on hearing of his departure.

"I can only say that after my husband and son no one will be greeted by me so joyfully on the other shore as your father."

The Princess Reuss wrote :

"VIENNA, GERMAN EMBASSY, 21st October, 1893.

" Dear Sir Arthur was our frequent guest here at the Embassy when he had to stay at Vienna for the Postal Congress. I was happy to meet a Christian. I was happy to be able to follow and to attend the addresses he gave. His presence here is associated with the most blessed episodes of my life. . . . And I reckon it one of the most exquisite privileges of my life, since conversion, to have known intimately Sir Arthur, and to have known him as a dear friend. I owe so very much to him !

" Ah ! and let us praise the LORD and thank Him for all that dear Sir Arthur has been allowed to do for the LORD here ! "

The impress of his character was felt by many during the Congress. One young Austrian official says, in writing to a member of the British Delegation :

" We have lost him, who was certainly one of the purest and noblest men of our time. I have never received from any man a deeper personal impression."

On leaving Vienna, Sir Arthur revisited in Mecklenburg the friends and scenes of his youth which were so dear to his heart and memory. At Neu Strelitz he was the guest of one daughter of the Von Biel family, Madame von Bülow, and at Pinnow of another, Baroness von Maltzahn. Thence he wrote to his Wife :

" 11th July, [1891].

" The affection, kindness and interest in me and mine, for old days and present times are amazing. And so pleasant to find such true real and deep Christian life. It is quite beautiful. The primitive German life in the country, as well as in the Grand Ducal town, is wonderfully interesting and attractive.

" Years seemed crowded into my short days here. Soon things will be gone, but the memory will live, and lasting interests have been either renewed or formed."

At Güstrow he spent two days with his old friend, Frau Blockmann, the widow of the former pastor at Proseken, in whose house such happy days had been spent forty years before.

"Oh! how pleased we were to see each other," he says in his Journal, "after forty-three years of friendship, and twenty-four years' absence! But she was much altered; so that, but for the voice and bright eye and movements which I remembered so well, I should not have recognized her. She was as affectionate and hearty as ever; and as we sat down in her little ten-feet-square drawing-room and drank tea together, I felt as if the old days had come back."

On 13th he reached Wismar, and with great delight traced out the familiar features of the old city.

"And then I tramped on along the old well-known *chausée*, bordered by accacias, limes or poplars, but all much bigger . . . than they were forty-two years ago. Passed Vendorf Farm, where I spent so many evenings with the Schwabes, and Madame S. painted my picture—till I left the high-road at the turnpike, and branched off a quarter of a mile to Proseken, with its massive tall Church-tower, the old cottages, the path by the pond, along by the Rectory garden railings, to the gate into the garden itself. There stood the dear old house, unchanged itself,—the only change being in the taller growth of trees all round,—the window of the drawing-room in which I used to sit, the back-door where I ran in and out—all exactly the same. Presently as I stood and looked through the railings and shrubs, some one came to the window, and pulled the blind up and down, and went away; and the servant maids and farm yokels about the back door, congregated and looked at me, probably wondering why I thus stood and gazed.

"After a good long look, full of recollections of all sorts, some bright, some the reverse, and thankful thoughts for all the mercies that forty-two years had seen, I strolled into the church-yard, where the dear old Pastor and his sister lay, his tombstone bearing the words, 'To our true soul-carer, from his grateful parish,' and where I saw the names of others whom I had known.

"Then I marched on along the pretty valley through the deep woods to Zierow, about a mile and a half. . . .

"The door was opened by Johann, footman of more than fifty years' service, who had lately received the Grand Ducal medal for continuance in one place for a Jubilee, and then the Baroness, the other daughter, and the son at home, came out to greet me. They had only just received my card from Güstrow, saying that

I should come earlier in the day, and wished to walk out from Proseken, alone with my thoughts.

"After lunch the Baroness and I drove off to find Charlie at Weitendorf. There all was unchanged—just as it used to be, when I so often ran up and breakfasted with Fischer, and there still stood the tree under which I smoked my first cigar, and was very sick. While the Baroness drove about to look for her husband, I sat in the porch, and at last up came C. Our greetings were most hearty, and taking my seat beside him, and the ladies behind, we had a charming drive all over his farms, a lovely hot evening, to see the hay being carried, the cattle pasturing, etc.; and then along the sea-shore, where in summer I used to bathe, and in winter to skate back to Zierow. On the road we passed an old man whom I recognised as the Pastor's former farm-servant Jochem, who had married the housemaid Anna. At first he hardly knew me, but presently he exclaimed, 'Why, Mister! where are the black curls?' and then was quite moved to tears at seeing me again. His wife, Anna, still with quite brown hair, came up to the house to see me. She was most affectionate, full of recollections of my works and ways, of the Pastor, and of the old Baron, whom she had nursed in his last illness. . . . Finally she went off weeping, to think she would never see me again here.

"After dinner we sat out on the steps leading to the garden, in the sunset, till past nine, a delicious evening. A long talk, mostly on Christian subjects, finished a very happy day.

"Tuesday, 14th.—After a morning stroll to beach to see Jochem again, and have a short crack with him, prayers at 8.15, when C. read a short exposition, breakfast, and then he and I went off on foot in the rain to Proseken to see the Pastor, who received me with great cordiality, and showed me all the rooms in the dear old home I cared to see—all just the same as in other days. Then we went into the church and saw the tablets to the old Baron and Baroness, and Wilhelm von Biel.

"Then back to Zierow, lunched, gave books to all, and then off, driven by C. in blinding rain and wind."

A night at Baron Thompson von Biel's, at Kalkhorst, made "the fifth visit in the seven days."

"Thus ends my week's North German tour, full of many reminiscences, recalling a multitude of mercies, and crowded with kindnesses from all."

When, in little more than two years, Sir Arthur had passed away, Baroness von Bülow wrote:

"Yes, we can think of him standing 'radiant' near the throne of his LORD Whom he served and loved so truly. Radiant he almost looked when talking and explaining the Word on earth.

"12th Nov., 1893.

"Words cannot express with what *deep* interest I read those lines, every word of which were new proofs of Sir Arthur's true Christian love and grand character.

"I sent the paper and elegy to H.R.H the Grand Duchess, and she told me just now that she had been so touched in reading it last night, and said, 'He was one in a thousand.'

"I see him still when here the last evening, when he had read and explained the Bible, which he did with such clearness; one felt as though all was light, and he stood up erect, and said looking at me, 'How splendid it will be when we see our LORD, and are with Him,' his beautiful face almost radiant.

"6th January, 1894.

"I never knew any one who had the light of God so imprinted in his face, and whom one could trust so completely in all he said and did. Heaven was brought so near one by his words, such a reality the ever nearness of our Saviour."

FROM BARONESS VON MALTZAHN.

"PINNOW, 15. 1. 94.

"I shall never forget the happy peaceful days we had the pleasure of having him here; the serious and the merry talks we had together, our rambles near the river-side in our pretty wood, the hymn-singing in the evening. When he talked of things eternal, it was 'as if an angel shook his wings.'"

FROM BARON C. VON BIEL.

"It is now two years ago, after the Conference in Vienna, that we had the pleasure of a visit from my good old friend, and enjoying the recollections of days passed more than forty years, since when I have had occasion to be thankful to him as a means by which I was drawn to my Saviour, and hope through the grace of God, that I shall keep the work He begun in my soul until my end."

GREAT AMWELL AND SHOOTERS' HILL

Shortly after Sir Arthur's return from Vienna, Mr Cecil Raikes died—the second Postmaster-General who had passed away during his term of office. Sir Arthur attended the funeral of his Chief at Mold on the 27th August, afterwards joining the Duchess at Whitby. He then accompanied his daughters to Scotland, and after a short time spent in Ireland, returned to Whitby.

To MISS MARSH.

"R. Y. S. *Cornelia*, SOUND OF MULL, 18th Sept. [1891].

"I have had such a happy week with my darling three girls in their little cottage on Loch Slapen (six miles from Broadford in Skye) which Sir William Mackinnon has lent them, and where they are picnicking all by themselves, sketching and sailing and bathing and fishing, and enjoying themselves intensely.

"I ran over to Ireland for a few days to see Dufferin and Bangor, and had a glimpse of Roden at lovely Tullymore, and am now *en route* to rejoin S. at Whitby, who has Arthur with her. She is much the same, certainly *no better*. . . ."

In writing from Whitby on 6th October to the Misses Odell, Sir Arthur says in reference to the transfer of the British Workman and Hall at Crayford :

"I have now, as you know, carried it on for about eighteen years; and you also know, or have a very good idea, of the labour, expense and anxiety it has cost me. And I can truly say, that without your constant, self-denying and earnest co-operation, I should have had to relinquish the work long ago. I thank God who has enabled us to work together for so many years in such happy fellowship, and has permitted us to see some of the fruit of our labours in His Service. We shall have joyful memories of it through eternity, shall we not?"

"I can't help a pang in writing you this. But 'necessity' (as I deem) 'is laid upon me.'"

To HIS SISTER.

"Dec. 15. Ceci's Birthday [1891].

"I have been thinking much of you, occupied, I fancy, much in going over dearest Sophie's papers and affairs." [Miss Plumptre.]

"I should so much have liked to have been with you that Saturday afternoon, if not at the grave, yet afterwards for a little. But, as you saw, the train-service did not make it practicable.

"This is dreary weather, but

"The leaf may fade and perish,
Not less the Spring will come.
Like wind and rain of winter
Our earthly sighs and tears,
Till the golden Summer dawneth
Of the endless YEAR OF YEARS!"

"Then what a blessed reunion !

"I was able to read and pray with poor F., and he liked it."

In the last days of 1891, Sir Arthur was taken ill with Influenza. The attack was a slight one, and apparently he quickly got over it. But he returned to work too soon, and could not be persuaded to cancel engagements. He went for a few days to Norton Court, to see a dying cousin ; but he complained of weariness in the limbs, and was surprised to find himself "so down." At last he settled to go to Eastbourne, where he improved considerably ; but the stay was too short, and the benefit was only temporary. Now, on looking back, this attack is seen to have been one of the first messengers sent to call him home to his Father's House on high.

Of these few days at Eastbourne, a friend gives some reminiscences, as told by himself. Mrs. Travers writes :

"One day in February, 1892, our hearts were rejoiced by hearing from dear Sir Arthur that he would breakfast with us on his way from Bexley to London. So on the 17th he walked round by the Wood, delighting in the early singing of the birds, and all the

sweet loneliness of the Wood paths. I asked him if he did not find it a good opportunity for repeating Scripture. He showed me his little Testament he carried in his pocket, and said how it talked with him by the way. And I saw, when he arrived, how it had made his face to shine, and he seemed so intensely happy in the **LORD**.

"One of the subjects of conversation which interested us so much was his little run to Eastbourne. I think it was a postman from London, told one of the waiters in the Hotel who he was, and what he could do, if he was asked. So a deputation soon came to his room from the servants of the Hotel, with the owner's leave, asking him to give them an address in the Servants' Hall, which he joyfully agreed to do. They entreated him to give them another, which he did; and he said he never had a more attentive congregation. He had many interesting talks with one and another afterwards, certainly thinking the **LORD** had opened some hearts to attend to the things that were spoken. On leaving, the owner of the Hotel thanked him for his kind interest in his servants; and their own warm hearty thanks gave him great joy.

"Dear Sir Arthur used to say, when entering our home, 'Well! how is the Church in the House?' One Sabbath day in 1893, he was very weary, and I shall never forget the answer he gave to my enquiry about his health, "'He hath weakened my strength by the way, He hath shortened my days.'" But oh! how soon was it to be 'length of days for ever and ever.' Alleluia!"

The weeks which followed Sir Arthur's return from Eastbourne were as usual crowded with engagements. For instance, on the 10th February he spoke at the Memorial Service for Mr. Spurgeon in the Metropolitan Tabernacle; on the 12th took part in the meetings at St. James' Hall of a Day of Humiliation and Prayer. On the 20th and 21st he had meetings at Cambridge—his last—for the Postal Christian Association and for University men. On 29th March he gave his last Address at Crayford, on "The Glory of the Cross of Christ," and on the 31st closed the 15th Session of the Night School. When Easter came, he used the few days' leave for a trip to Holland, but the weather proved most unfavourable, and he gained but little, if any, benefit.

To a friend, dying in great suffering, he wrote on 16th February 1892 :

"If He says, 'I have created the waster to destroy,' He also says, 'Oh Death, I will be thy destruction.' And His tender heart and hand that sent the suffering will assuredly apply the sweet balm of His support and love."

To Miss MARSH.

[IN PENCIL.]

"GREAT AMWELL HOUSE, 22nd May, 1895.

"Sitting in the garden, I write to thank you from the bottom of my bad heart (for it's a bad one still) for the loving words and wishes which reached me *so thoughtfully* yesterday; for the prayers which reached me, in their results, round by the way of the Throne, even before; and for all the love and prayer, sympathy and interest, which have been towards and for me for now (within a month) thirty-six years. *How much* do I. O. U. God be praised for such a true and constant and loving friend. How often has the thought what *you* would say (and more) *how* you would say it, inspired my feeble utterances to poor aching empty hearts, you can never know here!

"If therefore there is anything in *Te Deum*, of which you speak so partially, which strikes a chord in your heart (though not *quite* Miltonian in its rhythm) you know how much it is owing to your blessed influence, specially in those early days when my young soul was capable of being moulded.

"For this I praise God, and shall through all Eternity!

"Getting on for seventy now am I. Hurrah! Oh, that I may bring forth fruit in old age, that now when I am 'old and grey-headed, I may show forth His strength to this generation,' and thus, though at a great distance, tread in the steps of my loved and honoured old Marny.

"Pray for me at the Conference, and for the Conference itself. Also for the meetings at Miss Daniell's, of which I shall send you a card to remind. . . . Best love to all the dear ones from a Sexagenarian.

"S. A. B."

The entry in the DIARY OF DATES for this day stand thus—

"May 22. lxth Birthday! Psalm 107. 1, 2 and 71. 18."

To Miss ODELL.

"7th Aug. 1892. GREAT AMWELL HOUSE.

"1. . . . 2. As to Lincoln Judgment, I hardly know what to say. It is most saddening. One thing is clear, that it will lead to an advance along the whole line of Romanizers.

"England will soon be covered with Mass-houses.

"What is not so clear yet to me is the path of Evangelicals—To stay or come out?

"Our position remains the same. Nothing is imposed upon us. I feel like staying—protesting—fighting for God's truth. But are we made participants in false doctrine by remaining in membership with a Church which 'suffers' (*tolerates*) the teaching and practices of 'that woman Jezebel'?

"This is a question for individual consciences.

"We must pray for light—grace—wisdom—courage."

When the time came for the Autumn holidays Sir Arthur acknowledged that he felt "*very tired*." The Duchess being no longer able as in previous years to bear the journey to Scotland, he accompanied her to Ore, purposing to spend the time with her there. But this was felt to be very undesirable for him; and it was hoped and believed that yachting and the free life in Scotland, which had always done him so much good, would re-establish his health, and that he would return invigorated for the winter's work. He yielded to his Wife's wishes, and on the 8th September left for the North.

To MISS MARSH.

"TOBERMORY, I. OF MULL, Sept., 20/92.

"Well! if this isn't the biggest disappointment I've had for many and many a day. Here have I been cruising about the Sound of Sleat with my three girls in a splendid yacht," [the *Iolanthe*, kindly lent by Sir Donald Currie] "lent to me to do what I liked with for several days, when I could have taken you all about with me, and entertained you and gone up and down lochs and everywhere else!

"Oh! you blessed Marny, if you had only written one day sooner!

"What I would have given to have seen you and yours!

"I passed and repassed Loch Alsh; preached three times on two yachts on Sunday within a few miles of you.

"How delicious it would have been.

"But I believed you were in Banffshire. Only to-day I parted from my darling three daughters, whom I desposited in their charming little hut, and came south hither *en route* for Oban—then Dunira, Kinnairds', Tankervilles', and back to London! . . ."

TO HIS WIFE.

"GLAMIS Oct., 6/92.

"I am glad that so far all seems to have gone well." [The move to Shooters' Hill] "Your saying it was fine at twelve yesterday, makes me hope you had fairish weather for the long drive. Here it poured from morning till night, a regular deluge. Lady K. C. and I left Rossie at three, she for Edinburgh, and we were going by a slow train to Glamis. But Lord Strathmore was in Perth, met us there, and had quick train stopped at Glamis, so we got there by five.

"I have King Malcolm's room, where he died. C. a bright sunny room, high up. . . . We had no nocturnal experiences. We leave to-morrow at eleven o'clock, and hope to reach Chillingham about six.

"Anniversary of Ceci's death."

The return of Sir Arthur and the Duchess to Shooters' Hill in October, the change from Great Amwell having been made in his absence, was welcomed with joy by such as remained of those who had known them in the years from 1868 to 1871. A letter from a warm-hearted City Missionary unites many recollections of both periods.

"PLUMSTEAD, March, 1895.

"About thirty years ago Sir Arthur and Her Grace had some two or three hundred from Miss Macpherson's at Whitechapel, to spend a day at Wood Lodge. My wife and myself were invited to meet them, and render a little assistance to the helpless ones, and so became 'eyes to the blind' and 'feet to the lame' as I led them about the gardens and grounds. Some well up in years said to me, 'I have never seen a gooseberry bush in my life.' I had much pleasure in showing them a real gooseberry bush.

"About that time much distress prevailed in Plumstead,

Thousands were discharged from Government works, and the people were in great straits. One morning, after family prayers, I was requested to wait behind for a little consultation, and Sir Arthur asked me, 'What is the best to be done for the people?' My reply was prompt and decisive, 'Emigration.' I gave as my reason, the urgent request of many of my people. This plan was accepted, and some hundreds of pounds were raised. Many told me, 'Mr. Phipps, if it had not been for Her Grace and Mr. Blackwood, both me and my family would have starved; but they saved us. God bless them for it.'

"These emigrants were sent out in batches of from fifty to sixty, and I had the pleasure of seeing them rigged out, and made to look so smart that I used to say, 'Why, you are so improved in your looks that I hardly know you.' Before each batch was sent out, they assembled at Wood Lodge, had a good tea on the lawn or in the Servants' Hall, and a kind loving word for Christ given and prayer offered by Sir Arthur. A few were helped to other countries, as Australia and America. One Irish woman said, 'If you only gave me a letter to that lady and gentleman, I know it would send me over to America spinning like a top.' We were glad to hear of their doing well in their adopted country.

"Another feature was the outdoor and indoor services. . . . What numbers used to flock to hear him! These labours bear fruit to this day.

"When the family removed to Crayford, we felt we had sustained a great loss. But now Crayford became attractive to us, as always in the early spring we received an invitation to the Crayford Conference, where we had royal dainties in the Presence of the King. And so thoughtful, kind and considerate was Sir Arthur, remembering we had bodies as well as souls, and charging the manager of the 'British Workman' to look well after us, and so making the day complete.

"Then in the summer I was favoured to take my people in brakes and vans to the Manor House, and afterwards to Shortlands, year after year. We were always made to feel 'at home.' We always looked upon the crowning of the day's visit to be a word of address from dear Sir Arthur, in his own happy style, and his subject matter most refreshing to our spirits. Very many of my people who have, like himself, gone home, mentioned to me on their dying bed 'the good they got from that dear gentleman.' . . .

"And now when the family returned, one attack of illness after another 'brought down his strength in his journey,' and laid him

low in death. Being on my way to the house to make enquiries, I was told, 'He is dead.' This sudden surprise overwhelmed me with grief. I found relief in tears, for we loved him. These acts towards myself 'for the Master's sake' were then precious. But now they sparkle as diamonds. They 'remain.'

Another recollection of those earlier days is thus given :

"One Sunday evening, as Sir Arthur was preaching in the open air as usual, we heard him say how the **LORD** can bring every sin to remembrance in a moment. He illustrated this by the case of a man who was saved from drowning, and acknowledged that the guilt of his whole past life had come in review before him in a few seconds. Sir Arthur applied it most strikingly, asking how it would be with us, if unforgiven. It needed but that touch, 'Son, remember,' and all our sins would rise up and condemn us.

"A young man, in full health and vigour, was standing by, listening most attentively, who the next afternoon was drowned by the upsetting of his boat in the Thames. Perhaps he may have learned by that faithful discourse, how to look and live."

Colonel Travers says :

"Some years ago I told Sir Arthur of a circumstance which took place during the time he first resided at Wood Lodge. A lad belonging to the Sunday School of which I was superintendent was anxious about his soul ; his great difficulty was the fear that if he came out as a Christian, after a while he might fall away. One evening he attended the open air service, when Sir Arthur was enabled to speak on this very point : saying that such fear arose from not understanding the Gospel, *viz.* that our life is not in our own keeping, but is hid with Christ in **God** ; Colossians iii. 3. This address set my young friend at liberty ; and he has continued to walk as a believer ever since ; a period of very many years.

"When I told this to Sir Arthur, he expressed much thankfulness, and added the remark that the same text was the means of his own conversion.

"One evening, after the service, Sir Arthur gave a paper to a soldier, who putting his hand in his pocket asked, 'How much is to pay ?' I could not be but interested at the ready reply of Sir Arthur, somewhat in these words, 'My dear fellow, it is like the mercy of **God**, without money and without price.'

"Sir Arthur manifested much Christian sympathy with the Sunday School Bible Class of which I am superintendent. He allowed us the use of his fields annually for our School treat. . . .

"The three last addresses in this place were to the Cadets, to the Sunday School and to the Postmen. He spoke so suitably to all."

When Sir Arthur returned home in October, 1892, and began to take up again the threads of his usual work, it became evident that the hope of permanent benefit from his holiday had not been realized, and that his strength was small. He spoke at the National Protestant Congress at Portsmouth on 17th October, and returned from it exhausted. The arrangements for the Uganda Retention meeting held at Woolwich on 18th November, wearied and tired him, and the daily journey to town became a great burden. The news of his younger son's serious illness was also a cause of much distress and anxiety.

To COUNTESS CAIRNS.

"G. P. O. 30/11. [1892].

"We are much grieved at seeing in to-day's *Times* the tidings of the further heavy grief that dear Neville, and you, and all his and yours have had to bear in the ending of that sweet little earthly life.

"How very, very sad for him and all who loved the lad, and delighted in his presence here. But if the LORD Jesus has made him a Page of honour in the Palace of glory, you will rejoice at his promotion, and think of his bright face and heart as

"All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight."

"May this knowledge comfort all your hearts.

"Tell my dear Brother how deeply I feel for him in this re-opening of wounds.

"Yet 'HE is *very pitiful*, and of tender mercy.' . . .

"My heart aches for you all."

To MISS MARSH.

"Written at P. O.

"18. 11. 92.

"Your kind words of enquiry, beloved Marny, were very cheering. I am perhaps mending a little. A liver attack, which

is depressing and weakening. That is all. But I hope to preside at a Uganda Retention meeting to-night at Woolwich. May God defend the right, incline our Government to retain the country, and thus abolish the slave trade, and preserve the native Christians and our noble missionaries.

"Oh! when shall I ever see you? It is ~~YEARS~~—almost centuries—since we met! . . ."

Miss Marsh's last visit to him was paid, to Wood Lodge, in December.

It was difficult to induce Sir Arthur to have medical advice; and it was not until his powers began to fail very decidedly that he realized the necessity for such aid. The advice was to give up all work and go to Cannes. This was determined upon, and his kind friends Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Barclay were waiting to receive him at their lovely home, Ville Urié.

It was under these circumstances that the following letters were written.

To HIS SISTER.

"29th December, 1892.

"As I may be unable to write to-morrow, I send you my best New Year's wishes to-day, my darling Sister. Whatever way the LORD leads will be the right one. May we have grace to discern and follow it. How well it is that we don't know the future.

"I have not improved. All is in a loving Saviour's hands.

"I trust, if it be His will, to be better soon.

"So no more, my darling Loo, with every good wish for thee and thine from thy loving brother."

To MISS MARSH.

"SHOOTERS' HILL, 31st December, 1892.

"May all the blessings invoked for 1893 come to pass for thee and thine and me and mine. We will *trust* for them in Him Who is so worthy to be trusted. . . .

"I saw my M.D. yesterday, who prescribes entire rest at once, and to go to Cannes in about a week. So D.V. I shall go; and probably C. will go with me.

"I trust things may mend soon,—if it be the LORD's good pleasure.

"Meanwhile I am very deficient of breath and strength.

"I have a most careful and wise home M.D. in S., who thinks of everything.

"Best love to all the dear ones at Feltwell. I am deeply grateful for their loving prayers."

To MR. ROWLAND SMITH.

"THE WOOD LODGE, SHOOTERS' HILL, NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1893.

"I am so grieved to hear that Mrs. Rowland Smith is very unwell.

"Your New Year opens with anxiety, I fear. May our gracious LORD relieve them and heal her.

"I am very far from well, an attack of heart having brought me low. I am ordered absolute rest, and if possible to go to the South.

"But—'By these things men live, and in these things is the life of my spirit,' Is. 38.

"These things worketh God oftentimes with man.' We can look back on many years of mercy, can we not, my dear Friend? Ps. 23. 6. still holds good, and Jesus never changes. May He be with your dear wife in the time of weakness, and comfort both your hearts."

With these words ended a correspondence of thirty-seven years.

To HIS SISTER.

"1st January, 1893, NEW YEAR'S DAY.

"So distressed to hear of your suffering. May you speedily be restored, and I too, if it be the LORD's will for us.

"It has been a year of no little trial to me, in many ways, and to you also,—yet what mercies have been mingled all the way!

"What will '93 bring? Who can tell? But we can go forward trusting, knowing that Ps. 23. 6 holds good, and that our blessed loving God—Saviour, Father, and Friend, *never* changes.

"Thy loving old Brother."

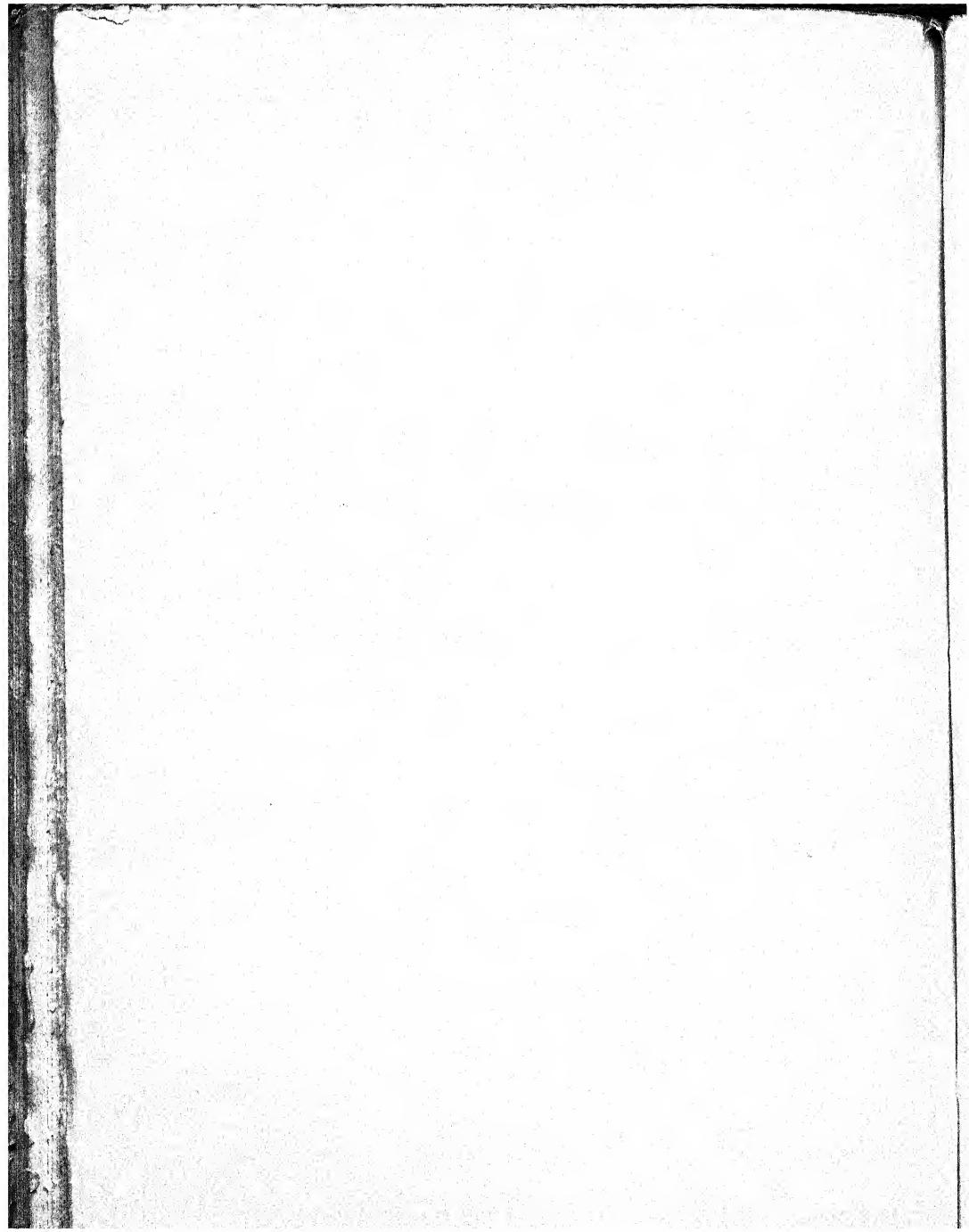
XI.

“TOWARDS EVENING.”

SPRING AND SUMMER, 1893.

CAMPFER AND EMS.

HOME.



SPRING AND SUMMER, 1893.

Thus the New Year opened. But Sir Arthur seemed so unfit for the journey to Cannes, that on 2nd January further advice was sought, with the result that the departure was postponed, and he was ordered to remain at his own house. A week later permission was given to go to Bournemouth; and his old friend Lady Cairns offering to receive him he went there on 11th January, believing that a few days' change would enable him to start for the Riviera. But this was not to be the case.

It soon became evident that as the result of taking insufficient rest after Influenza, Sir Arthur's condition was much more serious than he had believed. He was ordered absolute rest, even from writing and thinking; and on the 17th the doctor insisted on his remaining entirely in bed. A time of great exhaustion and weariness followed; but after a week he began to rally. By the end of February he was able to return home; and the improvement was so decided that hope grew strong that years of renewed power were before him.

His letters home, written or dictated, naturally contain but little beyond the record of the daily fluctuations of illness. "I feel very depressed," he said a few days after reaching Bournemouth, "not being conscious of one lift upwards for past two months, only steady down hill comparing week by week."

"20th Jan. Friday noon.

"Dear Radstock was very nice. . . . Stayed about half an hour. Clearly the LORD has a message for me. 'I was brought

low, and He helped me! In His own time He will give the upward lift.

"Little I thought, when I read Ps. xxxi. at Prayers on 1st January, what 'my times' were going to be.

"*Tues., 24th January.*

"A gorgeous A.M. Light—pine trees—sunbeams—birds. The view from my window, as I lie, reminds me so of the lovely days in February eight years ago, when James and I walked and lay in the Pine woods of Cazcaes, the other side of the Tagus, and spoke of the new life.

"What mercies I have! This is being ill in luxury indeed. Such kindness and attention from Lady Cairns and K.—and Humphries.

"Certainly stronger. Can cross room quite alone with ease.

"When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.'

[*26th January.*]

"*Thursday noon.*

"Much worried this morning by two letters about — matters, and couldn't get them off my mind till after a refreshing talk with good Lady Cairns, and then Dr. N.'s visit, which changed current. But I am concocting letters to lawyers half the night, and the mind swings back to it like a pendulum. It is very trying. But I won't write about it to-day.

"I can't stand talk yet—a very little and very tame exhausts.

[*3rd Feb.*]

"*Friday.*

"Not a single symptom anything but favourable. This is God's goodness. And an additional enjoyment is to feel that it is in the lovely lengthening days of Spring, instead of in November's deepening gloom, that vigour is returning.

"I hear of prayer on all sides. I ought to be grateful indeed.
[About 5th February.]

"I am so enjoying the '*Winter Walk at Noon.*' Never read it fully before, certainly never in such absolute quietude. I like to think that you like it. . . .

"You will be interested in The Triplets in my paper in *Christian* this week. It is the only one that, so far as I know, is strictly original. Whether my suggestion be true or not, anyhow the fact exists,

"Such a beautiful account of Mrs. Pennefather's last days, in 'Service.'"

The Paper to which Sir Arthur refers is No. III. of his "*Apocalyptic Scenes*," which appeared in *The Christian* of 2nd February, 1893. Its subject is "The Twelve Triplets," and its opening words are these :

"A very curious phenomenon arrests us in the opening chapter of the Apocalypse. . . . The fact is clear that the statements contained in that section of the Book . . . are arranged in a series of Triplets, twelve in number.

I.

"'The Revelation—which God gave—and He sent and signified it.' (ver. 1)

"Divinely Given—Divinely Sent—Divinely Signified.

II.

"'John—bare record of the Word of GOD, and of the testimony of Jesus Christ, and of all things that he saw.' (ver. 2)

"The Word—The Witness—The Wonders.

III.

"'Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep these things.' (ver. 3)

"The Reader—The Hearer—The Keeper.

IV.

"'Grace and peace from Him which is, and which was, and which is to come; and from the seven spirits which are before His throne; and from Jesus Christ.' (ver. 4)

"The FATHER—the SPIRIT—the SON.

V.

"'From Him which is, and which was, and which is to come.' (ver. 4.)

"JEHOVAH eternally existent in

"Past—Present—Future.

VI.

"'The Faithful Witness, the First begotten from the dead, the Prince of the Kings of the earth.' (ver. 5.)

"Prophet—Priest—Prince.

VII.

“‘Unto Him that *loved* us, and *washed* us from our sins in His own Blood, and *hath made* us kings and priests unto God and His Father.’ (ver. 5, 6.)

“Loved—Cleansed—Consecrated.

VIII.

“‘Behold, He *cometh* with clouds; and every eye shall *see* Him, and they also which pierced Him: and all kindreds of the Earth shall *wail* because of Him.’ (ver. 7.)

“The Advent—the Vision—the Wailing.

IX.

“‘The Lord which *is*, and which *was*, and which *is to come*.’ (ver. 8.)

“Christ eternally existent in

“Past—Present—Future.

X.

“‘I, John, who am your brother and companion in *tribulation*, and in the *kingdom* and *patience* of Jesus Christ.’ (ver. 9.)

“Tribulation—Triumph—Testing.

XI.

“‘I am the *First* and the *Last*; I am He that *liveth and was dead*, and behold, I am alive for evermore! Amen: and have the keys of hell and of death.’ (ver. 18.)

“The All-comprehensive One—

“The Dead and Risen One—

“The Omnipotent One.

XII.

“‘Write the things *which thou hast seen*, and the things *which are*, and the things *which shall be* hereafter. (ver. 19.)

“The glorious Vision—

“The then existing Condition of the Churches—

“The Prophetic History of the Future.”

The extracts from letters are now resumed :

“Feb. 8, Wednesday.

“The ways of God are wonderful. One can recognize and acknowledge this when they fall in with one’s desires. What a lesson to trust Him when we can’t trace them clearly, and when they go contrary.

"4 P.M. Scrumptious. Started at 2.30. Nurse Theobald and I. The sight of sea, Isle of Wight, Swanage cliffs, delicious,—'opening Paradise.' Balmy air, but fresh. Drove for an hour. No breathlessness on mounting stairs.

"Heartily do I thank God for all His mercies.

[Feb. 22.]

"Wednesday.

"Thankful to say I believe a subject for Mildmay has been given to me in my long sleepless nights, and I've just worked it out and sent it off. It is such an intense pleasure feeling strength and power returning. I only wish you knew it too. Looking forward eagerly to a speedy return.

[Feb. 24th]

"Friday.

"Stayed up for prayers last night for first time for many weeks, and led in prayer. A great mercy and joy to be again permitted. Departure drawing very near now. Sorry—yet glad.

"Sunday.—Glorious day, after night of rain. Hurrah! coming home, but for so short a time!"

On 2nd March, Sir Arthur and his eldest daughter started on the long-deferred journey to Cannes, where they became the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Barclay at Villa Urié. Unfortunately the daily letters written home to his Wife have been mislaid; but the remembrance is of a cheery report of ever upward progress, and hearty enjoyment of the glorious sunshine, of mountain and sea, of flowers and olive groves, and of the invigorating atmosphere, which at first acted like a charm. He chronicled with delight a ten-mile walk, taken without any real fatigue, and an expedition alone to the Isle Ste. Marguerite, where he spent most of the day. His DIARY OF DATES duly records many other expeditions and walks with friends, one "to the *Observatoire* with H. Tritton."

Of this walk Mr. Tritton says:

"I well remember the walk to the top of the Observatory Hill at Cannes. It was a lovely spring morning, and as we mounted we stopped occasionally and looked back over the wealth of colour in the flowering trees, the mimosas and lilacs through which we were climbing, down to the deep blue of the

Mediterranean beyond. We were talking of heaven, and being with Christ, 'which is very far better.' He reminded me, I think, of the change in the R. V. in this verse, and of the immensely increased powers of observation we should enjoy, when our delight will be to learn ever more and more of the glory and of the love of Christ in His creative as well as in His redemptive work; when suddenly he turned and asked me if I remembered the meaning of the word '*manifold*' in that text in the Epistle to the Ephesians, 'The manifold wisdom of God.' (iii. 10.)

"He quoted the Greek, which literally is '*the extremely variegated wisdom of God.*' The scene was so full of colour, so full of light, so full of warmth, so full of perfume, that the aptness and beauty of the quotation made a great impression upon me. It was as if we were on the Delectable mountains, and essayed to look through the perspective glass at the Celestial City afar off, as old John Bunyan quaintly puts it, adding, 'They thought they saw something like the gate, and also some of the glory of the place.'

"I shall never forget that walk; it all seemed so real, and he seemed so near to the gate of the City."

Mr. C. Arthur Barclay writes :

"We all look back upon the time which Sir Arthur Blackwood spent with us at Cannes as a specially happy and bright experience.

"What stands out most vividly on recalling the past was his extraordinary power of meeting all persons with whom he came in contact; and though bold in the extreme in the Master's Service, he offended no one. His courteous manner and exquisite tact were unequalled, at rate unsurpassed in my experience; and coupled with the deep ripened spirituality of his life, bore a constant testimony to the practical power of vital religion.

"He had a remarkable way of throwing himself into the interests of others, enjoying all that was beautiful and bright, not only in nature, but in everything around him. The glorious sunshine and scenery he revelled in.

"He had a true appreciation of all that was lovely, with the true perception of an artistic mind, and a capacity of apprehending it in a high degree; but often when we were mutually enjoying some scene of unusual beauty, he would break out into a glowing ascription of praise to Him Who created it all, and express his deep thankfulness in being endowed with a love for the beautiful.

"He spoke twice in our drawing-room. I can never forget the deep solemnity of the time, and the manifest Presence of God with us. I am convinced it was used to His glory. Sir Arthur's face was a tribute to the reality of the peace on which he dwelt with such eloquence and power.

"We often think of him as we occupy a favourite seat in a woody part of the garden, where he often went with his Bible in the morning. We always call it 'Sir Arthur's Seat,' and think of the times we used to sit there together, and speak of Him Who was present, unseen, but not unfelt.

"Of course I can never forget that it was from his lips that I first heard the Gospel in its glorious reality; and more than any one else was he used of God in leading me to the Saviour."

A passage in Mrs. A. R. Simpson's little book, "*Dried Rose-Leaves*," gives one or two recollections of this time.

"During summer days in Switzerland and bright days near Pitlochry, at Perth Conferences and in our Northern capital, Sir Arthur Blackwood's friendship has brightened life; the last sight of him especially remains. Longfellow's lines were true of that visit at Cannes.

"'The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.'

"We little thought that spring day, when our kind friend climbed the long hill to our hotel, that it was to be our last talk with him. It was a wonderful spring in that sunny land, and all the vegetation was far forward. The flowers were very fragrant, and the landscape lovely; but as we look back and recall each incident, we see how his soul was ripening for heaven, and had caught even then the glory of the early eternal summer. He had a little impromptu tea, read and prayed, and talked of heaven. After he had written in our Bible, he said, 'Will you look at it again?' It now has a strange meaning, and the page is no longer one of the common interleaved ones. The words he wrote were these—

"'Still Upward.
'Still Upward.
'Still Upward.'

"S. A. BLACKWOOD. (Ezek. xli. 7)"

and opposite Rev. xii., the book where he has been lately gathering so many rose-leaves for us, he wrote—

“Rev. xii. 11. The three-fold secret of Victory !

1. ‘The Blood of the Lamb.
2. ‘The Word of GOD.
3. ‘Self-surrender.’”

In a letter to his sister, Sir Arthur wrote :—

“ 22nd March, 93. MENTONE.

“ BELOVED OLD SISTER,—I am here for two days, and return this P.M. to Cannes, which I infinitely prefer to this place. There I am staying with your connection, Arthur Barclay, and my son in the faith. A lovely spot and most enjoyable.

“ The delicious Mediterranean, with its gentle ripple, and sweet air and sunshine, reminds me so of our days at Sorrento, Capri, Amalfi, etc., thirty-six years ago. Oh! how happy they were ! ”

“ He went to Mentone,” says his Wife, “ for a couple of days about March 20th, and on the 26th the news of his elder son’s serious illness reached him, and was a great anxiety. The daily reports became less bright. Early in April symptoms reappeared which made Dr. G. feel that he had better return to England at once, lest he should become worse so far from home, knowing that for me to go out to him was impossible. It was with great difficulty that a *wagon-lit* was secured, as the trains were so full at that season. But Louisa, Lady Ashburton, hearing of his renewed illness and of the failure to procure the bed, most kindly gave up what she had secured for herself. He reached home much exhausted on 15th April, Beatrice accompanying him, and a lady-nurse who was coming home.”

This—his last earthly Home-coming—was thus entered in his DIARY OF DATES :

“ April 15th. Shooters’ Hill, 9.45, P.M. Very tired. Home! Thank God ! ”

“ But after a few days at home,” continues the Duchess, “he began to gain ground rapidly; and so much did he recover his usual habits, that one began to lose the sense of anxiety. He returned to G. P. O. on May 11th, and not till July did he begin to show signs of failing.”

To MISS MARSH.

"SHOOTERS' HILL, 2nd May, [1893].

"Getting along nicely. . . . I returned from Bournemouth last Wednesday. Doctor is satisfied with progress; prescribes *extreme* care, mental and physical—Engadine in July or August—and what is a most severe trial—*silence for twelve months!!!*

"I can only say, 'The Will of the LORD be done,' and be deeply thankful for the privilege of nearly thirty-seven years of testimony to His Grace. God be praised for this. . . ."

To HIS SISTER.

"22nd May, 1893.

"Thank you, my darling Loo, for your loving and pleasant words. You know the feeling of having entered one's 62nd year, so I will not expatiate thereon. But I can truly say that Ps. 103. 1-3. is more than ever my song.

"Soon my journey will be ended,
Life is drawing to a close;
I shall then be well attended,
This my Father knows."

"How this quotation," says his Wife, "carries one back to the early years, when this hymn was such a favourite with Sir Arthur, and when he was constantly whistling or singing it. The recollection is vivid of a tour in the English Lakes in 1864, and his singing the words as we drove along, and continuing when he had got out of the carriage to walk up the Pass by Honister Crag. The driver kept watching him; and presently said to my maid, 'Well, that is a good man'—an impression which was deepened by a talk, and still further confirmed by finding, when we reached Keswick on the Saturday evening, that an arrangement was made by which, instead of having to start on the return journey next day, he was able to spend a quiet Sunday with his wife and children, who, as Sir Arthur ascertained, were living at Keswick."

[Letter Resumed.]

"I really don't want anything." [Alluding to an enquiry as to what he would like for a birthday gift] "Indeed I have much more than I need, and am daily striving to relieve myself of superfluous articles, for 'a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things which he possesseth.'

"I'm 'inchng along,' slow—but I hope sure. But I feel the need of extreme care and caution. So no more to-day from your

ever loving Brother, who is thankful that you have been a Miriam to such an unworthy Moses for no less than sixty-one years."

"5th June, 1893.

"What matters our earthly age, when we have Eternal Life, and shall soon have everlasting youth and vigour, and constantly growing powers, increasing in the knowledge of God, and delighting more and more in His blessed service?

"I do hope He will give you and darling Ceci and me some little odd jobs to do together in some corner of His Dominions; when we can fly together from star to star, and then with our dearest Father and Mother hold sweet communion, and recollect all the way the Lord our God hath led us.

"Oh! that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful!
Oh, that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more."

[This was the favourite hymn of his old nurse, Kempster.]

"And the dear Aunts, and Sophie and a multitude of other loved ones. Oh! the delight and glory!

"So every day brings us nearer to that blissful consummation when above all, we shall see Him, and be like Him, and sin no more.

"So I can wish you many, even never-ceasing happy returns of the day. And so I do."

In the meantime Sir Arthur had been enabled to meet the most necessary ordinary claims upon his time and strength, and evidently had no forebodings as to the reality and permanence of his recovery. He spoke at the unveiling of Mr. Fawcett's statue at Lambeth, and besides other official engagements, was able to go about a good deal with his daughters.

On 27th, 28th, and 29th June, he presided for the last time at the Mildmay Conference. The subject which had been "given to him" during his long sleepless nights at Bournemouth, was

"The Coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and our Gathering together unto Him."

Thus the last meeting at which Sir Arthur was allowed to speak was on Thursday morning, 29th June, 1893—just thirty-seven years, to the day, from that hour at Barnet in which the light from on high had shone upon him.

He had been forbidden by his doctor to attend more than the one large meeting in the day, or to speak for more than five minutes. The words which he spoke were these :

" Let me for the briefest moment ask you to turn to the Word of the LORD in the Epistle to the Ephesians.

" Ch. I. ver. 5 'The good pleasure of His will.'

" " 9 'The mystery of His will, according to His good pleasure which He hath purposed in Himself.'

" " 11 'The purpose of Him Who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will.'

" 'For who hath been His counsellor?' The Almighty needs no adviser. He works all things 'after the counsel of His own will'; and He is going to do it, for He says, 'My purpose shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure.'

" Now turn to Romans. 8. 28. 'And we know that all things work together for good to them that love GOD, to them who are the called according to His purpose.'

" 'For whom He did foreknow, He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son, that He might be the First-born among many brethren.'

" 'Moreover, whom He did predestinate, them He also called: and whom He called, them He also justified; and whom He justified, them He also glorified.'

" And the purpose of it all is this—

" 'That in all things He might have the pre-eminence.'

" Our lately departed poet sings :

" 'I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.'

"The thoughts of men may be widened, but '*the thoughts of the LORD*' are not widened by the process of the suns. He has from the beginning of the world hid all things in Christ. His will is in Himself, that wonderful will of God, that blessed will of God, His own purpose which shall stand. And it is this—that *Christ may have the pre-eminence*.

"That is our subject to-day.

"Just one reflection upon the passage I have read. How the purpose of God comes out there! '*For we know that all things work together for good to them that love GOD, to them who are the called according to His purpose.*' Yes, we know many of us, looking back at past days, how things that seemed to be against us have all been for us.

"We have been lately reading in the Bible Readers' Union how God turned a curse into a blessing. He was behind the scenes, though His Name is never mentioned in the book of Esther. He was working all things after the counsel of His own will. And so we find, in our own little sphere, that God turns the curse into a blessing.

"But that does not exhaust the passage. '*All things work together for good to them that love God*'; but do not we often restrict the meaning to something like this, 'I know that all things shall work together for *my* good'? Yes, but that is a very little bit of it. '*My good*' may be in the purposes, but it is not *the* purpose of God. We sing of, and we enjoy sweet peace, and sweet rest, and glad joy, and that is all very good, and very gracious of God; but that is only a little bit of His purposes. Look at it here, '*For whom He did foreknow, He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son.*'

"*That is the good*,—not your temporal welfare; it is not just getting your money back here or there, or your reputation back, or your comfort, or your family prosperity. All that is good, it may be; but that is not *the* good. The good to which all things are working for the glory of God is, that we may be '*conformed to the image of His Son.*' That is the purpose.

"What then is the purpose for which all things are working for good to them that love God? '*That He, not we, might be the First-born among many brethren.*' It is working for His glory! Mine may be wrapped up in it, thank God, and yours; but the great end of the dealings of Jehovah, the purpose of the Eternal, is the exaltation and the manifestation of the glory of His dear Son.

"To that end the glorification of His people will marvellously conduce. As we watch on a summer's morning the dew sparkling on the grass, and we admire the many colours that are reflected there, we do not stop at that, but we think how wonderful is the sun whose full orb is reflected on every sparkle of dew. As we look at the colours on the flowers, so variegated, so lovely, what do they tell us? Not the glory of the flower, but the glory of the sun that gilds them and imparts his virtue, his life, his colour to them. We look at the rainbow; but we think beyond that of the sun that makes the rainbow. And so dew and flower and bow all reflect the glory of the orb that God has made the centre of our system.

"And so, beloved friends, as to the purpose of God. The great purpose to which everything shall be subservient and conduce is '*That He might have the pre-eminence, that Christ may be the First-born among many brethren.*' It is the glory of the Divine character manifested in Christ, reflected in His people, and then traced back to the great source. Oh, that we may be more lost in that contemplation! Do we not get weary and sick as we find how we are seeking our own glory? We speak of 'My work for God.' 'My work' indeed! It is poor work if it is 'My work.' Christ never spoke of His work; He spoke of the Father's work. Paul never spoke of 'My work' He spoke of '*The work of Christ.*' Let us get away from all that. Let us contemplate God's work. Let our little purposes and plans be all lost sight of, merged and brought into captivity and to obedience to Him '*Who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will, according to the eternal purpose which He purposed in Christ Jesus our LORD.*'"

Miss Cooke says:—

"MILDHAY, 25th December, 1894.

"You asked me to write something about my last interview with dear Sir Arthur. I recollect clearly that he seemed peculiarly solemnized, and asked so much about dearest Mrs. Pennefather, and liked to hear all the details I could give him. He referred to his first knowing them; and to all the subsequent meetings, and the great love that grew up between them; and then *her* asking him to preside at the Conference in 1873, and how she had helped him with advice. He said that the brightest bits of the Conferences afterwards, to him, were the times he had with her in the library before the meetings, when they seemed to take hold of Heaven. She had such a deep love and reverence for dear Sir Arthur,

"Then he prayed most beautifully for me, and for the work, and everything and everybody. When he rose from his knees, he grasped my hand and said, 'Good-bye, dear Friend. I hope God will raise you up again for future service'; and then he went out of the room. But before he quite closed the door, he put his head in again, and with that smile we all know so well, he kissed his hand, and pointing up said, '*Au revoir*', and so he went! I thought at the time that he meant generally that 'up there' was the sure '*Au revoir*'; but I thought afterwards, could he have had a presentiment that *there* would be our next meeting?

"God is calling home His choicest servants. May it be that the Master is soon returning, and must have His body-guard of the holiest and the best to come with Him?"

Another recollection of those last Conference days is supplied by Miss Dean :—

"We were much touched after our late Conference by a visit from Sir Arthur Blackwood, who, although evidently weak, came to ask God's blessing upon *our* household and family, and to express his kind appreciation of Nurse Theobald's services. We then little thought those services would be so soon again required. It will always afford the Mildmay Nursing House much sorrowful satisfaction that one of its members was so privileged as to attend upon Sir Arthur Blackwood."

The following letter from Captain Chapman, written when the bright course was ended, refers not only to these latter days, but also to its beginning.

"LIPWOOD, WINDERMERE, 27th Oct., 1893.

"As I look upon the card which lies before me, so simple and so beautifully appropriate, for which allow me to thank Your Grace, my mind goes back to the first and to the last occasions upon which I had the happiness of meeting my beloved friend and brother. Many a time between the first and the last occasions have we met, and whenever it has been my privilege to be in his company, it has been a time of refreshing from the presence of the LORD; but the first and the last occasions stand out with peculiar prominence.

"Some thirty-five years ago I was at home on furlough, and meeting one day a friend in the neighbourhood of Trafalgar Square, he asked me if I should like to accompany him to a Bible Reading which was held in an officer's rooms in rear of the Square. I went,

and there I met a party of young men, the most marked among them being your beloved husband, with their Hebrew Bibles, Greek Testaments and English versions, deep in the critical and spiritual study of the passage before them. It was a sight I shall not forget. My friend told me that the object of the meeting was first their own personal edification, and secondly they agreed to take the portion thus carefully and prayerfully studied, and make it their subject for ministry among others until they met again the following week to discuss another subject. Who can tell the amount of blessing which has resulted from the early efforts of these young soldiers of the Cross?

"The last occasion of our meeting was on Sunday, 2nd July of this year. My young clergyman-son was to preach his farewell sermon at All Saints', Shooters' Hill, and Sir Arthur was present. . . . In the afternoon I found him resting on the sofa. We were quite alone. He spoke with deep thankfulness of the Mildmay Conference, and said that he felt the tone to have been high and deeply spiritual. He referred to the LORD's goodness in having spared him to be present; and I gathered, although we did not dwell at any length upon his state of health, that he anticipated restoration in the LORD's good time. . . .

"Oh! that I had known then that it would be my last talk with my friend on earth—how much more tender and loving I would have been—and how I would have treasured up every loving and faithful word!

"After perhaps an hour spent in such converse and sweet communion we joined you at tea on the lawn. When it was time for me to go, I rose to bid farewell. 'Let me go with you to the gate,' said he. He then pointed out a grass-plot with trees on it, and said, 'I cannot do any open-air work now, but these illuminated texts' (pointing to two) 'are hung on Sunday afternoons on these two trees, and they testify for Jesus, though I cannot.'

"Again I held out my hand to say Adieu. 'No, no,' said he, 'let me go with you up the lane,' and together we strolled slowly along, the felt presence of Him Who joined the two on their way to Emmaus being with us. When we reached the Dover Road, I rather insisted upon his return, and with a fervent and solemn mutual committal of each other to the LORD's keeping, we parted 'until the day break, and the shadows flee away.'"

Perhaps one of the most engaging features of Sir Arthur's character was the permanence of his friendships;

and many are the letters which, like the foregoing, speak of him in this particular relationship.

General Noble, another friend of early days, says :

"REIGATE, 5th Oct., 1893.

"It is a great gratification to look back to a friendship dating from 1857, when we first met at Chatham, when he was revelling in his newly found joy; and from that time I had an affection for him which has been shared by few other of my friends.

"Separation came through foreign service, but our friendship was never affected; and when in course of time, Gravesend and Woolwich became my stations, there I felt what a help he was to me; and in that happy home at Crayford, how many days of blessing, of encouragement and of sympathy under terrible trial I enjoyed with Your Grace and him."

Captain the Hon. Reynolds Moreton, who superintended the Conference Hall for some years after Mr. Pennefather's death, writes :

"I know no man whose public and private life have been so grand and noble, and so exemplary. My own fellowship with him for seven years can never be forgotten. I loved him dearly."

"The dearest, tenderest, best of men," are the words in which another man spoke of his friendship.

"To me," says another, "he seemed to have caught more of his Saviour's spirit than almost any one I knew."

"Colonel Legge had known him for forty years," writes Mrs. Edward Legge, "and loved him very much. I think I have known him for nearly twenty years. He was a true friend. Colonel Legge said to me, on hearing of his death, 'No one knows what he has done for me.'"

On the Saturday before his departure for the Engadine, Sir Arthur and the Duchess drove over to Crayford, to see his old friends and fellow-workers, the Misses Odell.

One living in the village, to whom he had shown unfailing kindness "for over twenty years," writes :

"When he called to see me before he went away, I thought he looked very ill, but he hoped it would do him good. He could not spare me many minutes, as he had been detained on the way by people stopping him, and he had promised to meet you. When he left me, he went into the Workman; he did not stay many minutes. I stood at the door and watched him. He stood in the middle of the street, and looked up and down. I shall never forget his look. He just turned and waved his hand, and I watched him round by the Bear."

The week of the Duke of York's wedding was one of many engagements, official and private. He was present with his daughters at the Garden party at Marlborough House on July 5th, and on the 6th went with them to witness the wedding processions from the roof of St. James' Palace. But he felt his strength was overtaxed.

The following characteristic letter was the close to a correspondence which had lasted for seven and thirty years.

To MISS MARSH.

"[9th July, 1893] Sunday evening.

"THE WOOD LODGE, SHOOTERS' HILL.

"I must write you a line, most beloved Marny, for I am sure it will please you, to tell you what a refreshing and profitable afternoon I have been spending in the company of two greatly valued and beloved friends, with frequent glimpses of others—some still with us, and some gone before 'through the gates into the City.'

"The two friends in particular who have been so sweetly conversing with me, evoking many blessed memories, and stirring up my sluggish spirit, are none other than that blessed and honoured saint and servant of the LORD, the Rev. Dr. Marsh, (I will not say 'the late,' for is he not living among 'the spirits of just men made perfect'?) and his gifted and greatly-loved daughter and biographer.

"I need not discant upon their beauties, virtues and excellencies, to you; I will only say what a pleasure it was to hear them discoursing to me of the things touching the King and the Kingdom.

"But how pleasant will it be to meet soon face to face, not under the horse-chesnut at dear old Beckenham, or on the lawn at

Beddington, but under the shadow of the Tree of Life in the midst of the Paradise of God! WHAT a talk we will have then! Hallelujah!!

"A. and I start in three weeks, Deo volente, for the Engadine.

"I had such a nice chat with the Archbishop of Canterbury at Marlborough House last week. I commended to him Archdeacon Farrar's most glorious paper in this month's *Contemporary* on '*Undoing the work of the Reformation?*' Also Paton's massive and splendid historical work, 2 vols. just out, '*British History, and Papal claims.*'"

"He spoke hopefully of what he believed to be 'The sound Protestant heart of England, which had spoken out at the Reformation, and was still the same in its hatred of the Papacy.' I ventured to tell him that I believed Ritualism was giving the people all the doctrines of Romanism, and doing deadly harm. . . .

" . . . A thought from Mildmay.

"'HE must be lifted up'—The Past.

'HE must increase'—the Present.

'HE must reign'—the Future.

"Ever thine in the kingdom of grace and glory,

"Most affectionately,

"S. A. B."

CAMPFER AND EMS.

After the middle of July a change for the worse took place in Sir Arthur's condition, and it became clear that immediate rest was imperative. But arrangements at the Post Office pressed much upon his mind, and he could not be persuaded to give up and go abroad, until he had got matters settled.

"Less and less," says his Wife, "did one feel that the journey to the distant Engadine was desirable for him, particularly as it was impossible for me to accompany him, and in the recollection too that previous experience of high latitudes in Switzerland had been unsatisfactory. But his conviction was strong that high mountain air was the thing that would restore him, and medical opinion upheld him in this view. It had been arranged before the last fortnight's failure, that as the others had been with him at Cannes in the spring, A. should go this time, accompanied by her friend, Miss Richardson; and he thought there was no necessity for more experienced care. It was with many forebodings, and yet with hope also, that I saw him start. The expectation of benefit was perhaps even stronger than the fear."

Shortly after Sir Arthur's departure, the Duchess moved to the seaside at Weybourne, in Norfolk—an easy journey.

Extracts from the daily letters written to her during the succeeding sad and anxious weeks, will give, better than any other words, their own painful story of the gradual decline, the hopes so often raised only to be disappointed, the long conflict with the weakness to which actual suffering was now to be added, the extraordinary vitality and hopefulness which to the very end were so deceptive, the "hope in Him, so bright and clear," which

made even a death-warrant to be but the call to a Father's Home, and at last the brave but hopeless struggle to reach home—only to die on his native soil.

To the trial of separation under such circumstances was added all that was involved in the length of time which elapsed before letters could receive a reply. The prompt action which might have prevented much that was distressing was thus rendered impossible; and Sir Arthur's confirmed belief in the restoring power of the air made him cling on day by day to the hope of the benefit it would produce, until at length it became only too sadly evident that the one object must be his removal before the cold weather should set in. Most of the letters were of necessity dictated, and this made it difficult to ascertain the exact condition of things. How much he would have written while still able, had he realized that he was as ill as others knew him to be—how much those who watched and waited at home would fain have heard, is known only to the merciful Heart of God, Who permitted all in wisdom and love.

"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

It was on Tuesday, 1st August, 1893, that Sir Arthur left home. He spent the afternoon in settling up affairs at the G. P. O., slept in town at a friend's house, to be ready for the early start, and on 2nd left Victoria at 8.20, travelling by Queenborough and Flushing.

To HIS WIFE.

"[August 4.] MAYENCE, Friday, 9 A.M.

"Your texts received in London before starting were very welcome. I trust all things will be ordered for us, scattered as we are. F.'s gave me a sweet button-hole. We had the splendid big ship almost to ourselves—only five at dinner. Charming voyage. I lay down all the way.

"[August 6th.] RAGATZ, Sunday.

"The first verse I read this A.M. was, 'He remembered us in our low estate, for His mercy endureth for ever.' 'He brought down their heart with labour,' and 'They are minished and brought low through oppression, affliction, and sorrow.' Ps. 103. 14.—Ps. 145. 14.—Ps. 146. 8, are very good indeed. Love to the beloved 'damosels.'

"CAMPFER, August 8, Tuesday.

"I was certainly *out and out done up* yesterday—could hardly get upstairs, but have picked up a great deal."

FROM HIS DAUGHTER.

"August 9, Wednesday, CAMPFER.

"Here we are at last, and very glad to have done with all the travelling. I am afraid it has been too tiring for Father. . . . He is going to see Dr. G. (from Cannes) who is at Pontresina. I suppose it's chiefly the fatigue of so many days of travelling. Today he seems less bright.

"The drive from Ragatz was most lovely. We had a lovely day for it, almost too brilliant—a great glare, and the dust was choking. We had an accident with the carriage coming up from Coire, had to turn out and sit by the road side, while the driver tried to mend it, but it wouldn't be mended, and we were getting very nervous when happily an empty carriage passed. But we had to stop at Tiefencasten. I'm afraid it rather upset Father, as of course for a time it seemed like being stuck there."

On 11th August the dictated letters began; but as it was Sir Arthur's habit to dictate his letters whenever possible, this fact at first caused no anxiety.

"[12th August,] Saturday, 3 P.M.

"It will clearly take time, and perhaps not a little, to regain lost ground. When I compare what I was the week of the wedding—when I went gaily about without sense of fatigue, and enjoyed my work—with what I am now, I see what a fall there has been.

"This A.M. I drove over the three miles to St. Moritz, to see Dr. Holland. . . . 'How old are you?' said Dr. Holland. 'Can you retire?' said Dr. G. From the way these questions were put they sounded rather ominously to me. And certainly the fact of a second relapse and complete break-down after so short

a spell of work, and that so easy, tells something. I have little doubt that I shall soon pick up here, and get back a good deal; but the question is whether the regained strength will stand the strain of autumn and winter work, with November fogs. *Dieu sait* —and that for the present is enough. But there is no doubt that my post requires a man in possession of full vigour and energy, and increasingly so every day, and it would not be fair either to the State, or oneself to hang on when unfit to do the work.

“August 15.

“How I wish you could enjoy the deliciously refreshing breeze that comes to me from the snow on the opposite mountain as I lie on my sofa in a pine wood 150 feet above the Hotel, looking down upon a foreground of green meadow, and then upon the azure blue Silva Plana Lake!

“This morning your youngest daughter, with that acuteness which distinguishes her, suggested that the little Hotel garden, which lies in a hole, and which though shady has but little air, was not the best place for me. She accordingly sallied forth with Mrs. Bothamley, to see if there was any place above in the woods, to which I could be transported. They found a lovely one, and having devised with Mr. Bothamley’s assistance a *chaise à porteur*, I was brought up hither, by a ‘pair of boots’ (not my own), to the delight of all my friends, and the amusement of the travellers in a passing *diligence*. I felt better the moment I got up here, and though still utterly feeble, have enjoyed the morning immensely, enlivened by a visitor or two, and have just walked 400 yards with occasional rests.

“It has been a depressing seven days to start with; but I trust the worst may have now passed, and that with God’s blessing I may pick up, even though slowly.

“PINE CAMP, 19th August.

“. . . . I had begun to think that in this very prostrate condition I had better get some medical help, Dr. G. having gone, when the card of Dr. Wolston of Edinburgh was brought up to me. He is staying at Pontresina for three weeks. I regard this like everything else, as quite providential. . . .

“Strange to say, I was able to dictate a couple of pages on Rev. xiv. I think I have got some fresh thoughts on the Everlasting Gospel there mentioned which will interest you. The week has gone wearily, as you can imagine, but very rapidly. I have the kindest helpers, and lack for nothing but breath and blood.

"20th August.

"Dr. Wolston called. . . . He would have been inclined to recommend me to go to Ems before coming here, but middle of September will not be too late.

[DICTATED]

"23rd August.

"How I wish you were here for my sake; though you could not help me by hand or foot, yet your presence would be an unspeakable cheer. But that can't be! I have a number of mercies. First, that I am in this air instead of the unending heat elsewhere. Second, Dr. Wolston's opportune arrival. He is so kind and cheery. . . . Third, I lack for nothing. Every convenience which I can possibly want is mine; and Fourth, in A. an admirable, most attentive and loving Nurse.

[DICTATED]

"24th August.

"I hope I am not murmuring; it would indeed be disgraceful to do so with such a trifling trial of patience, and surrounded by such numerous and unspeakable mercies. But of course I can't help feeling weary . . . but all must be well, and all is well. After a life of such unbroken health, prosperity, happiness and success of every kind, it is a small thing to be ill for three weeks. Nevertheless, 'No affliction for the present seemeth to be joyous.' I only trust I may hear the voice, and understand the lessons taught with such gentleness and love. 'God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not.' He has spoken three times—pray that I may be taught of Him.

"After all this, you will be pleased to hear that I do believe there has been a slight, very slight betterment to-day. I hardly dare speak of it, lest I disappoint you and myself. . . .

"I was greatly cheered by the enclosure you sent me about the '*Apocalyptic Scenes*.' Curiously it was only yesterday that a kind friend, Mr. Gosset Tanner, had been praying with me that I might be comforted by hearing tidings of God's blessing upon the work He has given me to do, of different kinds. So here is another cause for praise."

A letter from Mr. Tanner, written in the following October, speaks of Sir Arthur's "happy frame of mind, and his entire submission to the will of GOD. We had," he says, "some profitable converse together on the things of the Kingdom." Mr. Nevile Sherbrooke, who also saw

him at Campfer, recalls the same happy cheerful spirit. "He never said anything about death, but spoke rather of life. I am so glad I had the privilege of seeing him then."

"DICTATED.

"PINE CAMP, 25th August.

"'Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.' I am sure the angels and heavenly hosts, with whom I am permitted to converse every morning of my life, in the language of Ps. ciii., must have been surprised when they heard my little penny trumpet chiming in with their great diapason at seven o'clock this morning, when A. came into my room. The fact was I had had a very bad night. . . .

"We are anticipating your letter of to-morrow, which will tell of your delight at hearing of Dr. Wolston being providentially here. But whither I ought, or even wish to move, it is utterly out of the question. If I travelled at all it would be to that City for which no return tickets are issued." [Referring to urgent requests from home that he should get away from the Engadine.]

"26th August.

"Can't understand your not getting letters. Swiss P. O. immaculate. British P. O. effective. Lucy says J. B.— is dead. I'm so glad *for him*. What a good thing for him. Should like to be where he is.

"PINE CAMP, August 28.

"At last distinct improvement, thank GOD—at least, I hope so. I hesitate to write or even believe it.

"I wired Nurse really not wanted. . . . There is absolutely no necessity. Kind E. R. too is an invaluable companion, rubs my hands which are cold. . . . So that except yourself, there is no one in the world I want."

Through all these fluctuations the Duchess had been pressing Sir Arthur to have a Nurse, but this, with his accustomed buoyancy and independence, he strenuously resisted. However, though unable actually to send one against his wishes, she had arranged to secure if possible the services of the Nurse who had attended him at Bournemouth.

And then was made one of the most touching

sacrifices which could be offered. Nurse Theobald was in attendance on a gentleman who was dying of cancer ; but when he heard that it was Sir Arthur who was suffering and in a foreign land, he at once gave her up, in order that he might have the comfort of the services of one to whom he had been accustomed. He then got out of bed, and prayed for Sir Arthur, knowing that he himself could probably live but a month longer. Of the two sufferers, Sir Arthur was the first to reach the happy land ; but it was only a little longer until, in the month of December, his brother and companion in tribulation followed him—surely to receive the King's commendation, " Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Thus the only thing wanting was Sir Arthur's consent.

A chill, probably taken in the " cold " and " rain " of which he spoke in one of his letters, now brought on very serious symptoms, together with severe and continued pain, and the necessity for a Nurse's care became urgent. By the Doctor's order a telegram was despatched to the Duchess ; and Nurse Theobald, being ready, was able to start without delay.

In the dictated letter of 29th August Sir Arthur, after referring to the increased illness, says :

" It is of course again a disappointment, but ' By these things men live.' If it be ' a messenger of Satan to buffet me,' I have the comfort of knowing that it will be worked into the cure which is, I believe, on the road ; and so the Devil's poisons became the great Physician's potion."

Then in his own handwriting.

" I may say to you,—for it relieves me a bit, and you know exactly what all this implies and must entail, that I never *felt* more abjectly miserable in my life. . . . I know perfectly well that this is a natural result of the condition . . . and though momentarily wretched beyond description, that it will speedily

pass away. 'When men shall say, There is casting down, then thou shalt say, There is lifting up.' . . . I know you pray for me."

"Friday, 1st Sept.—Dr. Wolston told me what he had done. Of course I know that a Nurse was not a *necessity*, but as he says I *must*, it's a different thing. . . . Above all you will be relieved. . . . So I am content and happy.

"Two other cheers he gave me: 1st, That I was to prepare to leave by Monday week, 11th. 2nd, That he would go with me to Ems or wherever best."

"Sept. 3.

"I don't know what *you* may have to learn, but it seems to me that mine is a new lesson in the way of patience and acquiescence in the will of God. I'm sure I've an immense lot to be thankful for. . . .

"I am much cheered by the thought of leaving on 11th. But My times are in Thy hands.' How I long for a wee bit of strength, and to be *away*.

"3rd Sept. Sunday.

"'My heart in joy upleapeth ;' and I rejoice thinking of the answer of relief and thanksgiving this will evoke in your mind on Wednesday morning. The encouragement I feel is immense. Dr. W. hints at a possibly earlier day. He undertakes everything, carriage, mattress, rooms, going *all the way with me*. Is it possible for things to be more wonderfully ordered ? . . . The goodness and tender mercy of God are amazing. I know how relieved you will feel, and trust you will have no more cause for anxiety on my account. Still I recognize James iv. is the precept, and the past has shewn how a day may alter everything.

[DICTATED]

"7th Sept.

"'Yes, it comes at last.' Another twelve hours or thereabouts, and D.V. we shall be gone. It seems most strange to be lying here utterly helpless, and then to think of seeing the Italian lakes in two days, crossing the St. Gothard, and travelling a thousand miles. But I haven't a care. . . . You suggest returning by water. We shall go down the Rhine to Rotterdam, a two or three days' voyage, which I last took forty-four years ago. . . . I earnestly hope that you may be at Weybourne then, as I should immensely enjoy a week or fortnight there with you, and it would probably do me good before going back to Shooters' Hill. . . . But you have of course all known that humanly speaking there was no danger. . . . I can only conclude by saying

For mercies countless as the sands which daily I receive,
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands, my soul, what canst thou give ?

"Good-bye. I haven't felt so cheery for five weeks. I hope this will cheer you."

Thus ended in thanksgiving and hope the long dreary weeks at Campfer.

Amongst those whom Sir Arthur had found on arriving at the Julier Hof was a lady whom he had known since her girlhood. Some of her recollections follow.

"23rd October, 1893.

"I had four long quiet talks with him, which I shall always remember. I had seen him very seldom of late years, and it was so true a pleasure to meet again on exactly the old footing, and with the added sympathy that the further experiences of life had brought. As he said one day, 'You and I have both learnt a great deal since those days at Streatham.'

"I was so struck by his extraordinary sympathy in the affairs —great or small—of others. About ourselves, it was no ordinary 'kind inquiries,' but asking, and really liking to know every particular. The first evening, he left the *table d'hôte* early, and when we came into the *salon*, he was resting on the sofa, and called me to him, and began a long talk, which he would not allow to be interrupted, asking about my sisters, remembering each by name, and wanting to know fullest details about the circumstances of each.

"Early on the Monday morning after he came, I met him, walking very feebly with a stick, between the *Dépendance* and the Hotel. He took my arm, and we went slowly into the little garden, and he let me get him his chair, and make him comfortable. . . . When we were alone, he began to talk about old friendships, saying how close they were to him; and that pleasant as new ones were, none had that hold on him that old ones possessed. He couldn't quite understand the cause, but the fact remained. I suggested there might be something in the keenness and freshness of one's own feelings in early life. 'Undoubtedly,' he replied; and went on to talk of Wood Lodge, specially mentioning the Garden meetings. 'I can see it all now, and your dear Mother sitting there. ALL was new then;' and his manner seemed to say that he was thinking of his own new spiritual life, and new married life, as well as of the novelty, then, of such gatherings. 'Well,' I

said, 'there are the new friends that come to us in our children, and that place must always be apart from all others—new or old.' He seemed quite pleased with the thought.

"During this talk I happened to say how terrible the results of a mistake often were in this life. 'Ah,' he said, 'you will generally find that mistakes which bring apparently excessive punishment are only another step in a long continuance of self-will.' From that I said, how one must hold to the belief in the absolute justice of God through all, or one would be lost. This seemed to touch him almost painfully. He responded to it most emphatically, repeating two or three times 'That Thou mightest be justified in Thy sayings, and be *clear*—CLEAR—when *Thou art judged*.' That this must and would come out one day, above all the mystery of life. Then with great emotion he said more than once, 'Oh, the mistakes of my life! Oh, the mistakes I have made!' and then spoke of those whom he might have led wrong in former time. From that, we got to a good deal of talk upon the awful gift and responsibility of free-will. 'But,' he added with eagerness, 'you and I would never have come, if we had not been drawn.'

"The next day, when he was first carried up into the wood, I was watching in the Hotel verandah to see him pass from the *Dépendance*, and he waved his hat over his head, shouting Hurrah! again and again. Afterwards, when we went up to see how it was answering, he was like a boy in his delightful admiration and enjoyment. The following day he said, 'But with all its beauty and softness, it hasn't the *spring* of a Scotch moor; and I've just been writing to the Duchess that I think that would have done more for me.' One day he gave a long account of a trip he had taken in an American Liner round the Scotch coasts.

"Once he was comparing the Revised Version with the Authorized; and whilst fully allowing the scholarship and critical value of the former, said that his whole heart and sympathies were with the old one, mentioning particularly the rythm of the language.

"One lovely morning, when he was very low, he talked a little about the exquisite beauty of all, and then said, 'I have been lying here, trying to drink it all in; and do you know the words that have been in my mind all the time?—"To know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."'

"Another time he repeated four or five texts about mountains.

The great snowy Corvatch was just opposite to him, across the green lake, with a foreground of pines. 'This illness is very good discipline,' he said once.

"Another day we were talking about the Will of God, and I quoted what had just been written to me about serious trouble . . . —that our aim must be to accept that Will, not with submission merely, but with one's whole heart, lovingly, and *as the best*, believing that God saw perhaps that only as the body was broken, the spirit could be saved. This seemed to touch him very closely.

"He had asked so particularly about our children, that one day I brought up their photographs for him to see. He would not be hurried over them, but commented most closely on each. . . . He talked about the conversion of children . . . and quoted the verse, 'The children of Thy servants SHALL continue, and their seed SHALL be established before Me.' It would be impossible to exaggerate the solemnity with which he said this.

"For myself I can only add how thankful I shall always feel to have had that time."

"It seemed," she said elsewhere, "as though he were solemnly reviewing his whole life"; and that, it would appear, with deepest abasement and self-abhorrence before God.

The journey to Ems was thus hopefully begun on 8th September.

Again Sir Arthur's own bright happy letters give the best history of these last weeks on earth. However greatly his strength had been reduced, the exuberant hopefulness remained, and it seems almost impossible to believe that these are the letters of a man in so critical a condition.

To HIS WIFE.

[DICTATED] "GRAND HOTEL, MENAGGIO, 10th Sept., 1893, Sunday.

"Lying out in the garden, on the parapet, looking across the lake,—a delicious cool breezy day—under the shade of trees and acacias. Everything most enchanting.

"But I will go back.

"Thursday night [7th] last at Campfer, was one of the worst in one way. . . .

"Dr. Wolston came punctually at ten on Friday. In half an hour I was carried down. Rainy day, the first for six weeks—quite providential, like everything else, for no dust and no glare. . . . At 4.30 reached Promontogno—not a little weary, as you may imagine. Best night's rest I have had.

"Saturday morning started at nine. Crossed the frontier, and then down very pretty valley, which perhaps you may remember. The first hour fearfully jolty, which exhausted me a good deal. However I must tell you that Dr. W. had had constructed a most excellent stretcher on two poles, which were fastened up by the side of the carriage, and had had made a mattress, on which, with the aid of your boards, I lay most comfortably, and am travelling thus the whole way.

"After Chiavenna, where I saw the inn where we stayed and the little white-washed convent opposite, it became very sultry. In about an hour's time we got some wind, which was reviving. . . . Reached Colico at two. Little did I think, when we disembarked there in that storm thirty years ago almost to a day, that the next time I should embark would be carried on a stretcher and 'borne of four.' The next half-hour was excruciating, for there was no movement of air. I felt that time worse than all. At last the boat started, and then the breeze was delicious. Reached this at four. Dr. Wolston's forethought and kindness not to be exceeded. . . . Oh! the mental relief of the change! and now each day is full of hope, and will be full of change.

[DICTATED]

"CENTRAL HOF, MAINZ, Wed. 13th Sept.

"Ps. xxxiv. is indeed applicable to me to-day, if ever, for 'I will bless the LORD at all times, His praise shall be continually in my mouth. This poor man cried, and the LORD heard him, and delivered him out of all his troubles. The angel of the LORD encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them.'

... "I have no more strength than the rags I ordinarily wear. You will moreover be gratified to hear that my long sojourn in the sheets has prevented my wearing out my light brown shooting-jacket, which will therefore have to do duty another summer."

This was in reference to a joke upon the old clothes he loved to wear.

"But to go back.

"I was carried from the Hotel," [Menaggio] "to an airy open carriage standing in a siding at the station, on Monday

morning at 9.30. The train was to leave at ten. Twenty minutes of the half-hour that had to elapse were spent in a furious altercation between the station-master (who had been very disobliging) and the head waiter. They jabbered and they gesticulated, the subject of the whole matter being that I ought to pay for five seats, because the ends of the poles on which my stretcher lay just projected over the back of the seat. Dr. Wolston remained splendidly calm—not understanding a word. At last I obviated all further difficulty by suggesting a change in my position. At length the little mountain train from Como arrived, on to which we were hooked, and which took us over the delicious breezy mountain pass to Porlezza, on the Lake of Lugano. There embarking, we had an hour and a half of shady breezy steam, reaching Lugano at twelve. I was then carried another stage into the tram-car of the Funicular Railway. . . . In three minutes we were at the station of the main line from Milan. . . . But the change from the quiet journeyings of the previous days to the rush of an express was certainly pretty severe, as you may imagine. . . . I did not at all recover till about three o'clock, when we entered the Tunnel. We had meant to sleep at Fluelen, but found it better for me to be carried on board the steamer at once, and had a refreshing afternoon's steam, stopping at Seelisberg, etc., and finally at Brunnen, just opposite, where you remember the Stepneys brought that sweet Babe to meet us, on our return from the Engadine. It was getting dusk, and I could not get a glimpse of the Seelisberg Hotel. What a contrast to the last time!

"Next day we didn't start till two; and of all the beautiful scenes I have witnessed nothing surpassed that morning's view, as I lay under the shady trees in the garden, looking across the rippling lake to Seelisberg, the mountains enveloped in silvery clouds, and above Seelisberg those fine glaciers. A delicious cruise of two hours to Lucerne, though I was in a good deal of pain. . . . Carried to train. Reached Basle at 7.30.

"To-day at four sharp we reached Mayence. It has been a wonderful improvement in strength upon every previous day. . . .

"When Dr. W. was telling me to-day the very minute and apparently accidental circumstances by which he was led to ask for me at Campfer, I could only again wonder at the exceeding mercies of God towards me. . . .

"I cannot say what an intense comfort it is to me to be able to write to one who understands and knows what weakness and

suffering are. To me it has been of course something entirely new —after a life of freedom (with the exception of sciatica twenty years ago) from anything worthy to be called pain. . . .

"To feel therefore that one must be so more than understood —sympathized with—has been a source of unutterable relief. What a lesson it teaches of the far greater sympathy of Another. Good-night.

"EMS, Friday, Sept 15.

"Through the good hand of God upon me, here I am at last.

"Dr. Geisse came at eleven, and they both pummelled me . . . and he is to prescribe to-night the course he thinks fit. . . .

"Dr. W. quite agrees that nothing will be more desirable for me than a few weeks of Norfolk sea air, and he says that on no account must I return to work this winter."

Up till Saturday, 23rd, the favourable condition was maintained. When on the 16th, Dr. Wolston had been obliged to return to Edinburgh, the parting was a very cheerful one. The doctors however had felt it right to speak more gravely to his daughter.

Still from that time there was continued improvement in all the most important symptoms, and Sir Arthur's own letters had many plans for the future.

"I do hope," he dictated on 20th, "that it will be possible for us to be together a little at Weybourne. Anyhow I long to be there myself. . . ."

"I am really on the mend," he dictated next day, and on the same date his daughter wrote :

"Father looks better this morning. He also shows symptoms in conversation of returning vigour. I really think the waters are doing him good. . . ."

Mrs. Wolston also wrote to her husband :

"The doctor came in to see me this morning, and told me that Sir Arthur was getting on so well, he was quite in spirits about him. *Every* symptom was better; . . . strength returning, everything better."

Thus were those at home somewhat comforted and

encouraged, and the strain of the two past sad months appeared to be lessened.

The discipline of uncertainty—the heaviest perhaps of all the LORD's wise and ever good and merciful dealings had been long meted out to the parted husband and wife.

"For Thou wouldst have us linger still
Upon the verge of good or ill,
That on Thy guiding Hand unseen
Our undivided hearts may lean."

And it was upon One long tried and trusted that in the darkness both had learned to lean.

HOME.

"Father, I will, that they also whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am; that they may behold My Glory—"

And the messenger that was to bid His servant prepare to go in to see the King, was sent on Saturday, 23rd September.

During the night of Friday, Sir Arthur was attacked by severe pain and cough, and Dr. Geisse was summoned.

His daughter wrote:

"23rd Sept.

" . . . Dr. Geisse has just left. I must tell you what he says, and may God help me. I feel I must prepare you. . . . He fears that pleuro-pneumonia has developed. . . . You will know what this means in his present weak state, for he is feebler this morning than he has been, though better in every other way.

" Dr. G. has very grave fears, but he says Father may get over it . . . it is only in its beginning. He will be better able to tell in twenty-four hours . . . but he has thought it right to tell me. . . . The complication is entirely unforeseen. . . . Don't lose hope . . . this letter is only to let you know what is feared. . . .

" I am not telling Father that I am writing to you. Dr. G. said he had better not know . . . but he told me to write to you at once."

By the same post she wrote to her brother :

" I am sending you a telegram . . . but I don't know what to do, or how to write. . . . The doctor says if Father is not better in twenty-four hours, it will he fears only be a question of days. . . . He says the suddenness of the thing makes it worse, and that it's short sharp work. . . . As far as I can repeat his words, he says it's 'embolism'—a clot thrown off, which has caused the

inflammation ; and that if it remains where it is, and does not disperse, there is great danger. . . .

"All who *can*, must be prepared to come out at a moment's notice."

On the next day, 24th, after sending a more favourable telegram, she writes :

"The doctor said this morning he was a little more hopeful. . . . Father does not know how dangerously ill he is, but he has begun to wonder at his extreme weakness. When I am with him, I can hardly believe he is so bad . . . he is so cheerful about himself. Oh ! if only Mother could be here !

"The pain and cough are better. . . . The doctor says if the pain had gone on, as it was yesterday morning, the heart could not have borne the strain, and he could not have lasted two days."

"I asked if I should wire for you," she adds to her sister, "but he said, 'I think not as yet.'"

The following day Dr. Geisse thought it right that Sir Arthur should be told of his dangerous condition.

His daughter wrote :

"25th Sept.

"When I had to tell him this morning what danger he was in, he bore it most wonderfully ; but I knew he would. . . . It has soothed him rather than otherwise. The only thing he said when I told him, was expressive of the deepest sorrow for you. He is feeling so dreadfully for you—that's the only pain that he has. . . . I am so thankful that he has (now) no pain. That is such a mercy."

On the Nurse's return to his room, the first words he said were, "O Nurse, I have had glorious news to-day."

"When he asked me," says Dr. Geisse, "'Is there any hope of my recovery after this severe attack ?' and he looked at me in such a penetrating way, I read in his face that to such a man nothing but the naked truth could be spoken, and that it was of no use to try and get round a straightforward answer. I said, 'No, there is not.' His face was as unmoved by my answer, as if I had told him something very simple. He said simply, 'I thank you,' and gave me his hand with a warm pressure. The tale of the

Nurse that Sir Arthur said after our conversation, 'Nurse, I have just had some pleasant news,' is perfectly true."

To HIS WIFE.

[DICTATED]

"Monday afternoon, 25th Sept.

" . . . Ada and the Doctor have told me all this morning, and of what she has wired to Arthur and written to you and to him. After a long consultation with Dr. Geisse we both agreed it would be well, and for your comfort, if Dr. Nankivell were to be summoned. I therefore did so. I need not say that I am doing all I can to keep up strength for all your sakes. . . .

" . . . This is all I need say about my physical condition. I am of course unpleasantly prostrate and somewhat thirsty, but I have no pain.

"And what shall I more say? The announcement made to me to-day, did not in the least surprise me, for I was beginning to feel that it was impossible that strength could long be kept up by such means. Nor need I say anything to you concerning my spiritual condition. I cannot say that the possibility of departure awakens any very deep emotion, such as I had always thought it would. I do not feel at present much power to realize, or to praise or pray; and it is an unspeakable comfort to know that this is not necessary—that '*It is finished*' includes everything, right to the end of the chapter. All must be well. . . .

"The doctor says that you already know that all depends upon the strength being maintained, and that it is perfectly possible for me to pull through. . . .

"But—after all the Lord may see fit to 'lift me up from the gates of death, that I may shew forth all His praise in the gates of the daughter of Zion,' even here below. So do not give up hope till you hear that such must be the case. . . ."

On the 26th his daughter wrote:

"8. A.M. Tuesday.

"I wish you could see his face—it is beautiful. He is perfectly restful and peaceful. The only thing that pains him is thought for you. . . .

"3.30. P.M.

"The report is decidedly satisfactory and encouraging. As our telegrams will have told you, there are no urgent symptoms."

And again on 27th September :

"Wednesday.

"A. arrived last night at 5.30. It was a great relief to see him. Dr. Nankivell has not yet come, but we are now going to meet the train. Dr. Geisse called this morning at 7.45. Said he was *distinctly* in a more satisfactory condition. . . . The clot has dispersed, the inflammation subsided, cough much better. . . . Isn't this an unspeakable relief?

"Concerning C.'s coming out, Father said of course he would be enormously pleased to see her; but he thinks it unnecessary, as he thinks he is coming home next week.

"He got your letter this morning (yours in mine) and says it gave him unspeakable pleasure. He will not write by dictation at all to-day. It seems most wonderful how he has rallied. He has marvellous recuperative powers. At his low ebb of strength . . . it seems miraculous."

"He was very pleased to see Dr. Nankivell this morning," she writes later, "and his report has cheered him."

With the first sense of improvement had come Sir Arthur's earnest desire to be taken home, and he was most urgent in his entreaties to the doctors to give their consent.

"28th Sept.

"The doctors had a very long consultation this morning, and finally decided on bringing Father homewards, *at his urgent desire*. They can neither of them feel justified in *advising it*; but as it seems that it will be Father's best chance, they have consented to allow it. He has enough strength, they think, and on the other hand, they would never think of his attempting it, if there were not *equal risk* in staying here. . . . They are sure that the tension being so great, if he is not got away, he must give way very soon.

"So we hope to leave to morrow morning from Oberlandstein. . . . Father is very anxious to go to Weybourne."

Thus the decision to start was made. The intelligence, conveyed by telegraph, came as a shock to those at home.

In speaking of these last days at Ems, Dr. Geisse says:

"Later on, Sir Arthur asked me, 'Can I reach home alive?'

and I answered, ‘There is a chance.’ He said at once, ‘Then we will try it.’

“On leaving he thanked me very warmly, tears in his eyes, for all I had done for him, (little as it was) and said, ‘*Au revoir yonder*,’ pointing to heaven.”

The start from Ems was made on Friday, September 29th, to catch the Harwich steamer at Rotterdam on Saturday evening. At first on leaving, it was feared that the journey must be given up; but Sir Arthur rallied. At Oberlandstein the Rhine steamer was an hour and a half late, and many and trying delays followed. Rotterdam was at length safely reached, but not until about five o’clock on Sunday afternoon. Here it was found that, owing to the changes which took effect on October 1st, that day’s steamer had already left her moorings at two o’clock, and gone down the river to the Hook of Holland. The tug which had been ordered, to take them from the Rhine boat to the Harwich steamer, did not arrive for an hour or more; and it became necessary to consult Sir Arthur as to remaining at Rotterdam until the next day.

By this time the vigour which he had gained in the first pleasure of feeling that he was “going home” had ebbed away; and the doctor was already convinced that he was only kept up by the longing to reach England, and that, this desire accomplished, he could not hold out long. The shadows of unconsciousness had closed with sad frequency about him. But when asked his wishes, he understood the situation, and said again and again, “Get on—get on.”

The run down the river to the Hook of Holland, the tug going full speed, took till half past eight. The night was clear and fine, but cold; and when the Harwich boat was reached, and the longed-for shelter was within a stone’s throw, a fresh difficulty arose. Cholera had

been prevalent on the continent ; and although Dr. Nankivell had provided himself with a certificate from Dr. Geisse, sworn before the Mayor and officially stamped at Ems, the Dutch agent refused to allow Sir Arthur to be taken on board without a certificate from a doctor at some place five miles away ; and he was thus kept waiting, exposed to the cold night-air.

At length, in response to earnest appeals from his son, the Captain of the Harwich boat took the responsibility upon himself, and Sir Arthur was received on board, where every kindness and attention was shown him. The long delay, exposure, and agitation, however, had been all but immediately fatal.

At half-past ten the boat left. The passage was both calm and rapid ; but throughout the hours of that last night there was apparently no interval of consciousness to the things of earth.

In the early morning, about four o'clock, as daylight dawned and England was sighted, his Nurse said,

"We are getting very near home now, Sir Arthur."

He looked up and answered,

"Yes—getting Home."

At about eight o'clock in the morning of October 2nd he was carried on shore at Harwich, to the Parkeston Quay Hotel. God had given him his heart's desire, and had not withholden the request of his lips.

After many and most trying delays, caused by confusion in telegrams, letters received too late, and finally by the changes in the trains on the 1st of October, those who had been anxiously watching and waiting in uncertainty at Weybourne, reached Parkeston Quay. All the family, excepting his son in Canada, were then gathered round him ; but he remained unconscious. Once, for a moment, he understood that his Wife was there ; and he turned to her and spoke her name.

" But though to earthly things his senses seemed to be sealed, I knew that there was One with him in the valley of the shadow of death, and that 'the Voice of His Words' would reach him, when earthly voices failed. And I repeated slowly at intervals some of those Words of life which had long been his comfort and stay; and the slight restlessness subsided, returning when the voice ceased.

" At last, at twenty minutes before eleven, P.M., just after I had repeated the words, '*Thanks be to GOD which giveth us the victory through our LORD Jesus Christ*'—there came a change. The breathing which had been rather laboured, ceased—a look of such quiet rest and peace settled down over his face—a gentle breath or two—and then all was still; and we knew that the Home so long desired was reached at last, and that, beholding 'face to face' the LORD 'Whom having not seen, he had loved' so long, he was made 'most blessed for ever'—'exceeding glad with the light of His Countenance.'"

" Now just as the gates were opened . . . I looked in, and behold, the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal. And they answered one another saying, 'Holy, Holy, Holy, is the LORD.'

" And after that they shut up the gates; which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them."

"Until the day break, and the shadows flee away."^{**}

Stevenson Arthur Blackwood.

Entered into rest October 2, 1893,

Aged 61.

"Thou hast made him most blessed for ever: thou hast made him exceeding glad with thy countenance."^{**} Ps. xxi. 6.

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament: and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."^{**} Dan. xii. 3.

Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ!
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ!
And while eternal ages run
Rest in thy Master's joy.

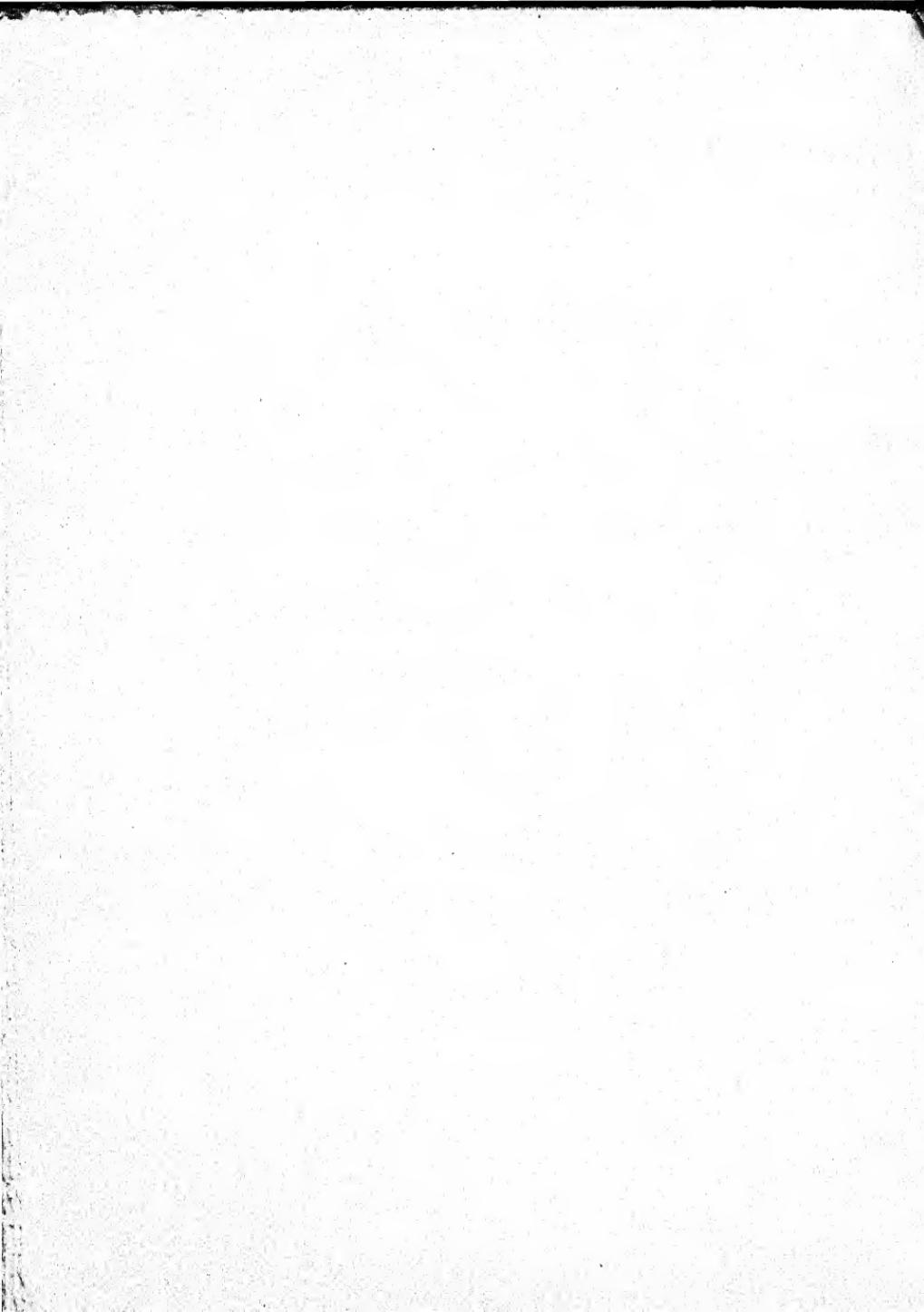
"Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."^{**} I. Cor. xv. 57.

We "asked life of Thee, Thou gavest it him,
Even length of days for ever and ever."

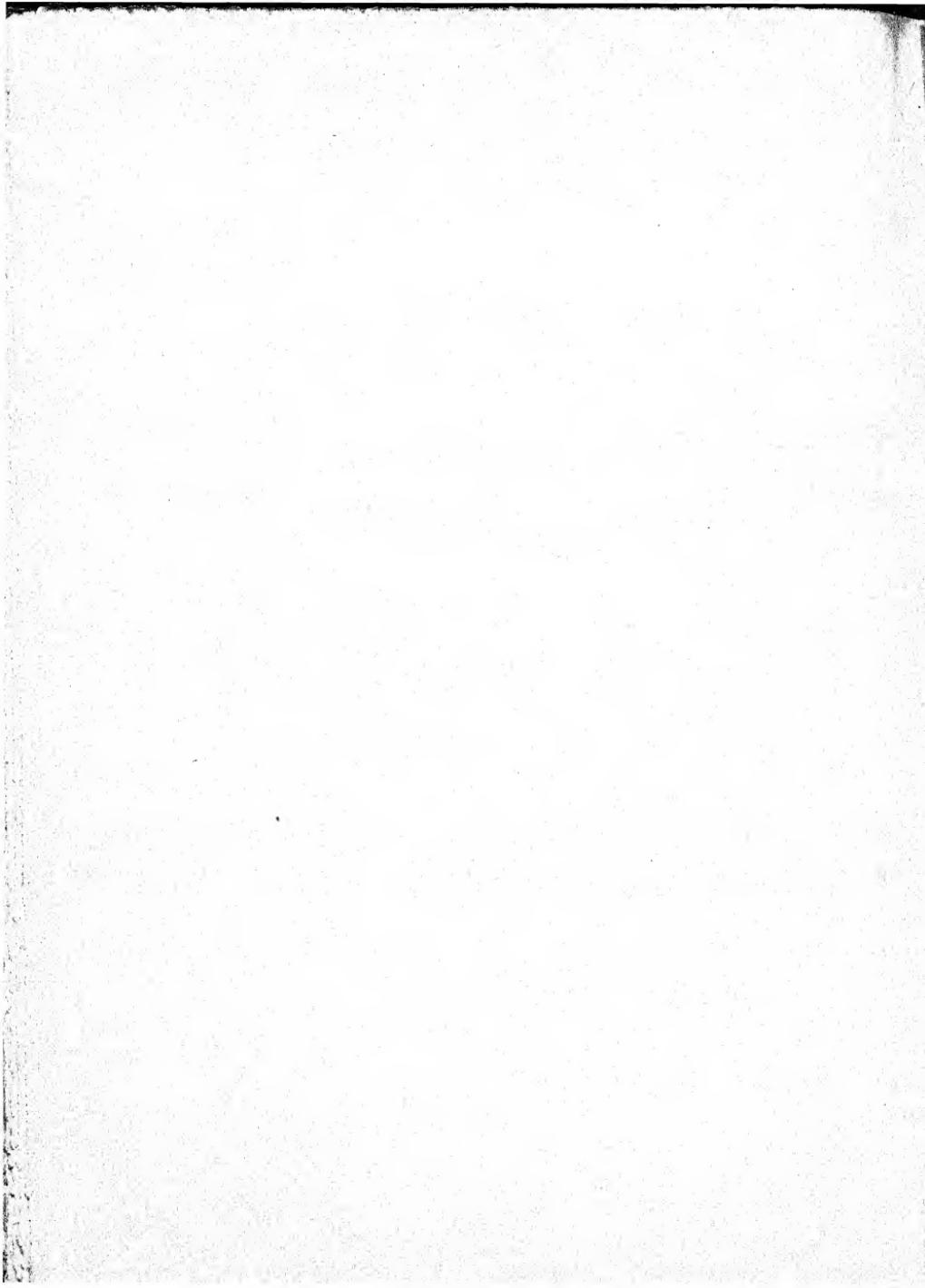
Ps. xxi. 4.

"Not here,^{**} but ponder, * * * * *
* * * * * Of his Saviour's side,
Behold him now, in glory glorified!
Death is behind! and on the shining shore,
Which never hears the wild waves' distant roar.
He stands with Christ * * * * *
And we would not, had we e'en the power,
Expose that precious soul for one short hour
To breast the billows, and to feel the lash
Of angry waters * * * * *
We would rather strive in heart to rise
And dwell with him beneath unclouded skies,
And with him sing the blessed song of Heaven,
Jehovah glorified, and man forgiven.

W. P.



"IN SURE AND CERTAIN HOPE."



"AND DEVOUT MEN CARRIED STEPHEN TO HIS BURIAL AND MADE GREAT LAMENTATION OVER HIM."

In the Memorial Hospital at Mildmay—the shelter for which the difficult and trying circumstances called—all that was mortal rested until the day of burial ; and on Monday, 9th October, Sir Arthur was laid to rest beside his Father and Mother, close to the grave where his beloved sister lies, in the Cemetery at Kensal Green.

Besides those who were connected with him officially, and who represented the Postal Service in all its Departments, members of multitudes of religious and philanthropic societies were there. But it was the vast crowd of unknown mourners which was most impressive. "What has *he* done to have all this?" said a woman standing by. And the answer, "Ah, it's because he cared for our souls," gives the key-note of this spontaneous burst of grief.

One, describing the numbers, says :

"Many, many—a great crowd of sorrowing men and women. I wish you could have seen how many loved him, and how his work was following him."

But those who stood by his grave were only a fraction of the great company of mourners, all the world over, who have wept for him.

Another writes, in October, 1895 :

"It *was* one of the members of my Y.W.C.A. Bible Class who told me that while in an omnibus, going to, or returning from the funeral, she heard one gentleman tell another that 'Sir Arthur

Blackwood had been the means of his conversion.' A second sitting opposite, leaned forward, saying, 'And of mine also'; and then a third added, 'And of mine too.'

"When she got out at the station for Kensal Green she met a number of postmen on their way there, and offered to show them a short cut. The man who walked with her was in tears all the way, speaking of the good he had received, and *how* he mourned his loss . . ."

As soon as Sir Arthur's death was known, telegrams of sympathy and sorrow came pouring in from Post Offices throughout the country. Alike from some obscure country postmistress, or from the head of some great office came such words as those in which the G.P.O. deplored the death "not only of a most considerate and just Chief, but of a kind and true friend." All were appreciated and most deeply felt. Many of the letters which followed were signed by every member of the staff of the offices which sent them; and no one could read these letters without feeling them to be the expression, not merely of a respectful sympathy, but of an affectionate sorrow for the loss of a personal friend. "There is a death," said one postmaster to a casual visitor, "in every office in the Kingdom to-day." "We all feel," said one in a London office, "as if we had lost a friend in Sir Arthur Blackwood."

Many other letters were sent by the various Societies connected with the Postal Service. "We fully realize," was said by one Branch, "that we have lost the *Father* of our Society;" and one of the many Resolutions of sympathy closes with words which express the tone of all, "They feel that they have not only lost their Chief, but one who was a real friend to every Telegraph Boy in the Service, who never spared himself to aid in what he believed to be for the good of the Service, and who always kept before them a noble example of a Christian Gentleman."

Such manifestations of regret and sympathy can never be forgotten.

From the mass of Official Telegrams and Letters from abroad, a single illustration is selected.

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE POSTAL CONGRESS OF VIENNA TO THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL OF GREAT BRITAIN.

"In the discharge of my official duties as President of the Postal Congress of Vienna, I have received the most valuable assistance at the hands of the deceased, and may consider myself entitled to bear testimony to the important and valuable part which fell to the share of the deceased in the work of the Congress, and especially in its most important success, the entrance of the Australasian Colonies into the Postal Union. The high and universal esteem, which the uprightness and high loyalty of the late Sir Arthur Blackwood were sure to win from all who saw him in the discharge of his official functions, the feeling of true attachment, which the great and kind qualities of his character could not fail to produce in all those who approached him personally, will assure him a lasting memory in the Postal Union; and in its future meetings there will for a long time to come rise again in the members of the former Congress the mournful feeling of the loss of the President of the first Commission who has so prematurely been cut off from his work.

"It is in this sentiment of an universal loss and of a personal bereavement that I present once more to you the expression of my deep-felt condolence, and beg that you will also convey to the Family of the Deceased the respectful sympathy in their great and just sorrow.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your obedient Servant,

"(Signed) OBENTRANT.

"Director-General of Posts and Telegraphs."

The estimate of Sir Arthur's character shown in the many official letters and telegrams might be summed up in the expressions employed by the Chief of the *Bureau International* at Berne, when he speaks of him as,

"Cet homme si distingué à tous les points de vue, qui a joué un rôle si eminent dans les divers Congrès de l'Union Postal Universal, et dont

l'aménité de caractère était si appréciée par tous ceux qui ont eu le bonheur d'être appellés à collaborer avec lui."

In the succeeding January Number of "*St. Martin's-le-Grand; the Post Office Magazine,*" Mr. H. BUXTON FORMAN, Assistant Secretary and Controller of Packet Services, paid to the memory of his Chief the tribute which he has kindly allowed to appear in these pages. In this abridged Edition a few paragraphs which record the general events of Sir Arthur's life have been omitted.

"SIR ARTHUR BLACKWOOD.

"THE loss sustained by the Post Office in the death of Sir Arthur Blackwood is one which it is more than ordinarily futile to attempt to gauge by the number and importance of the purely departmental matters associated with his name. Comparatively few of us fully realize that, whenever our turn comes to fall out of the ranks, the great machinery in which it is our pride, pleasure, and profit to bear a hand will go on practically as well without us. So vast and far-reaching is the work of the Post Office that disaster would be the necessary consequence of a defect of organization whereby the part taken by any one man could not be done worse than he does it without serious and noticeable detriment to the commonweal. There must be no indispensable unit in the Post Office. A succession even of Rowland Hills is unnecessary; and the apes of that great reformer and organizer (generally outside the service) are mischievous rather than useless. It is partly on this ground—the ground that no man is indispensable to the continuity of our composite undertaking—that the Secretary of the Post Office is necessarily to the majority in the official army rather a mythical than a personal identity. In the very centre of our existence, in the brain and heart of the Post Office, so to speak, in St. Martin's-le-Grand, on both sides of the street, there are men and women who came and went for nearly twenty years while Sir Arthur was among us, and yet never so much as saw that splendid specimen of manhood. Scattered throughout the land there were thousands of his subordinates who, without any reproach on either side, knew little of him but his name,—and hundreds who, perfectly aware of many important functions which it was his to fulfil, identified him rather with certain accidents

of his life. To such he was not merely or even mainly an official theory, but also, and chiefly, a religious and social theory. On that side it was an accident of his life that the views with which he became identified are associated in the popular mind with extreme austerity; and hence it came about that, while his personality was less widely realized in the service than might be expected on a superficial view, the conception of him prevalent among those who had no good means of judging was in many essentials a false conception. It is the feeling that in the ranks of my hundred and forty thousands of colleagues this false conception is at large, though probably not actively prevalent, that has induced me to set down for the readers of *St. Martin's-le-Grand* the facts of Sir Arthur Blackwood's life as far as they are accessible to me; and prominent among those facts are, and must of necessity be, the leading features of his personal character. For those who knew him there is no need for one of their number to address himself to such a task. It is undertaken for those who did not know him; and many indeed who think they knew him did not.

"In 1874 the Lords of the Treasury saw cause to create a new appointment in the Post Office—that of a Financial Secretary, to be appointed by the Postmaster-General, with the concurrence of their Lordships, to watch the Finance of the Department from a Treasury point of view, and to be responsible for it to the Treasury Board and the Committee of Public Accounts. When we heard that a gentleman known about town as 'Beauty Blackwood,' a notable figure in London society, and especially associated with certain well-known workers in evangelical and temperance propaganda, was to come among us and fill the new post, we were not surprised, for the new official had been Estimate Clerk at the Treasury, and was a person of distinction. But that we were pleased, who can suppose? No body of men likes to be told, especially on account of the misdoings of one headstrong man of genius among its number, that it wants looking after as to its money matters; and there was no very keen desire to be helpful to the new Financial Secretary. On the contrary, the natural resentment was current for a while. One bitter-tongued wag went so far as to let off through a Civil Service newspaper the ribald jest that the Lords Commissioners, having tried everything at the Post Office and found it incorrigible, had determined to test the efficacy of prayer. As far as I ever heard, Blackwood took the joke as

good-humouredly as he took most jokes; for the rest of us, the humanizing work we are daily engaged on has more or less humanized most of us; and we were shortly won over by the manly and genial qualities of the new Financial Secretary, by his evident sincerity and habitual self-sacrifice, and his clear determination to foster and institute movements calculated to improve the tone and condition of the service. Hence, when he succeeded to the Secretaryship (with a Companionship of the Bath) in 1880, he had already a good following of hearty admirers and staunch adherents ready to navigate for him the great ship of which he was sometimes called 'the magnificent figure-head.' More than that—much more—he certainly became; but, as the present occasion is not one for attempting to settle his place in the history of the Post Office, and I desire not wholly to shun a home question sometimes asked, I would record briefly the conviction that, as compared with other Secretaries of the Post Office, he had less gift for watching and drawing together and dominating the many movements of a vast and complex machinery, less disinclination to trust sectional chiefs with enormous issues, less apprehension of evil from possible conflicts of policy within the Department, and *per contra* a higher sense of the need which such a Department has for dignity, popularity, and unbounded presentableness in its Chief, and more—infinitely more—of the desire to influence for good the great army of workers entrusted to his charge.

"From the opening of his term of office as permanent head of the Department the late Secretary took a particular interest in its foreign and colonial work; and he had here an early opportunity of striking a true note. In 1880 the Postal Union was alive with the determination to set up an International Parcel Post; and a Conference was summoned to meet in Paris and discuss ways and means. The British Post Office was of course invited to send delegates to the Conference; and, notwithstanding the absence of Inland Parcel Post arrangements, and the slenderness of the chance that we should be in a position to adhere to any Convention which might be framed, the new Secretary unhesitatingly recommended that we should be represented at the Conference. He urged that, whether we could or could not set up an Inland Parcel Post and then join in the International one, it was well that we should not seem indifferent to what was being so warmly discussed by other powers, that our counsels should count for something in the affairs of the Postal Union of whatever kind, and that there was at all events something for us to learn as well as

teach at the Conference. The Postmaster-General of the day, adopting this view, delegated the Secretary and the late Mr. Arthur Benthall, who, as Assistant Secretary and Inspector-General of Mails, was dealing with the question of setting up a Parcel Post in this country. It was in the capacity of *attaché* to the British Delegates, at the Parcel Post Conference of 1880, that I first came into intimate relations with the late Chief.

"It is when you travel with a man, especially if you pass weeks in the same rooms with him in a foreign country, that you learn infallibly what he is made of; and, before I had been many days at Meurice's Hotel—with that man, I knew that he was a man indeed, and reckoned him as a friend. There were reasons best forgotten why I was disposed to resist any inclination to come into other than strictly official relations with the Chief; but within a week I was a helpless captive to the charm of his companionship, the broad sunshine of his beautiful, cheerful disposition, and the genuine unselfishness of his character. To the best of my belief there were few men old or young at the Conference who were not similarly captured; and, while I found myself devoting my whole energies to mastering the technical and diplomatic work we had in hand with the added zest of the feeling that I was doing all I could to help a Chief whom I liked and respected, I contemplated with the pride of a common nationality the easy and princely manner in which he made the work go smoothly by the personal regard which he inspired. He did not at that time speak or write French really well; and all our proceedings were of course conducted in French. His speeches and conversations in that brilliant medium were perfectly easy and fluent, but with a prevailing sense of translation and a frequency of English idioms which indicated that he did not really think in French. There were many foreigners there who spoke worse, and many who spoke better; but there was this distinction which the Chief enjoyed,—whatever he said the Conference wanted to hear; and to the best of my belief they always understood him, even when his idiom was most English. The idiomatic mistakes of other speakers were sometimes laughed at—Blackwood's never; none ever laughed at anything he said unless he meant them to laugh.

"The introduction of Postal Orders into our internal system in 1880, the institution of an Inland Parcel Post in 1883, its extension to our colonies and to foreign countries, and the reduction of the charge for inland telegrams to 6d. in 1885, though matters of which he had necessarily to leave the execution in

other hands, all drew upon his energies as permanent and responsible head of the Department; but up to that time he certainly retained extraordinary vigour. During the first four months of 1885 I saw more of him, almost, than in any other equal period; and it was then that I first had an opportunity to be struck with the notable eloquence and tact which marked his extemporary praying. 'Tact' will be thought a curious word to employ in this connexion; but it is the right word for what I mean. Not only were his pleadings earnest and eloquent; but, with a delicacy difficult to over-praise, he would use the opportunity of family prayer to deal with the case of any one present who might be in trouble, even if that one were a 'hardened unbeliever' with whom he could not find, *tête-à-tête*, a common platform for discussion of religious questions. It was in this early part of 1885 that he revived with great zest and enjoyment his experience of Postal Congress work. The third Congress of the Universal Postal Union was held that year at Lisbon. As senior British Delegate the Chief renewed many of the friendships he had established at the Conference of 1880, and at once made many more. On this occasion he was voted into the important trust of presiding over the First Committee, a task fulfilled with that unassailable impartiality which distinguished his administration at home. It is on the First Committee of Congress that the important work relating to the world's mail services is done, the settlement of almost everything in the international code relating to postal work proper; and it is reckoned no small merit in a President to leave a colleague to argue and vote for the country he represents and submit to exactly the same chances as other delegates. That was Sir Arthur's method; and, if that colleague wanted a hearing, he had to wait his chance with the rest; whether he had to deal with financial problems of grave import, or to support principles involving large issues, the ruling from the chair was delivered with the same inexorable indifference as to what country gained and what lost. But, once out of the presidential chair and moving among the congressists or sitting as a simple delegate in the full Congress, and the inexorable indifference was merged in strenuous support of his colleague or in quick, vivacious initiative, as the case might be. During the many weeks that this went on he kept himself in health by plenty of exercise, mainly lawn tennis and long walks, and yet found time to hold services and deliver religious addresses, to be at all the public functions held in honour of the delegates, and even to seek out specially those who were in trouble, and

bring home to them the comforts of that religion of the genuine profession of which he furnished so rare an example. In after years the Chief wore on many occasions, not without relish, the handsome star of a Commander of the order of Conception, conferred upon him by Dom Luis in 1885; but it was of course to the friendships which he made at Lisbon that his mind turned; and he always contemplated with pleasure the probability of attending other such Congresses.

"On the 2nd of August, 1887, Her Majesty invested him with the Order of a Knight Commander of the Bath, a distinction to which he was by no means indifferent; and four years later, when he again came among his Postal Union friends from all parts of the world, his personal influence carried, I think, more weight than ever by reason of this open appreciation of his services shown by his own sovereign.

"In the meantime, in 1890, Sir Arthur had an unusual opportunity of giving the Post Office and the public the benefit of his rare gifts in rising to a difficult occasion. Professional agitation had brought about a state of disaffection in the minor establishment, or wage-earning classes, which threatened most serious consequences. A strike among the London letter carriers and the men engaged in the Parcel Post was in an advanced state of organization. At midnight on the 9th of July, the very night when a strike among the policemen of London was imminent, word was brought to the Chief, in bed, that a large body of disaffected men of the Mount Pleasant Parcel Depôt had molested some temporary substitutes whom they were instructed by their wire-pullers to call 'blacklegs,' and that a grave state of affairs prevailed. Without a moment's hesitation he rose and dressed, and proceeded with Mr. Lewin Hill, to the scene of the disorders. As soon as the refractory men put in an appearance at Mount Pleasant, the Chief, in the exercise of his own discretion, summarily dismissed some sixty of them. Mounting on a table, to obtain a hearing, he spoke to the assembled staff in the most earnest, severe, and appropriate manner, and in the name of the Postmaster-General expelled them from the premises as well as from the Service. The dismissal of these men he caused to be immediately announced among the St. Martin's postmen; and he followed up his notices by personally superintending at the central office the necessary introduction of some extra hands ('blacklegs') there. While watching the progress of events he was apprised of another incident of importance: thirty-five parcel postmen at the Leicester Square Depôt had struck;

and of these he unhesitatingly ordered the instant dismissal. At St. Martin's-le-Grand the result was that the men went out to their deliveries ; and, although the agitators kept up a smouldering fire for a day or two, 'the plague was stayed.' Mr. Raikes, who certainly cannot be accused of overrating Sir Arthur, confirmed all he had done, and put upon record his high sense of the signal service rendered to the State by the Secretary on this occasion. 'To his promptness and spirit in dealing with the outbreak at Mount Pleasant,' wrote Mr. Raikes, 'the subsequent collapse of the mutiny in the London Postal Service is mainly, if not entirely due.' And, in appropriate words, which none knew better how to choose, the Postmaster-General thanked the Secretary for the 'fearless readiness with which he encountered a most serious and embarrassing combination of circumstances, the memory of which will ever serve to encourage the officers of the Department to the performance of public duty even in the face of difficulty and danger.'

"I was not an eye-witness of any of the strike incidents, and cannot say how the Chief showed, physically, to a close observer. But by 1891 his forces were, I think, perceptibly on the wane. Again at the Vienna Congress of that year he was voted by acclamation to the presidency of the First Committee; again he brought to that task the old inexorable impartiality; again he played most admirably the social part of senior British representative on all public occasions, won the hearts of old and young by those manly and noble qualities already dwelt upon, and followed up old and new advantages in his beloved mission work; and again he was ready, no matter how long before breakfast, to take his place in the tennis courts, or to perform stiff journeys on foot when others were riding in carriages. Still he had that fine, buoyancy and hilarity that were so striking. Still he had the humour, the raciness, and the *aplomb* to stand with a glass of Apollinaris water in his hand for ten or fifteen minutes at one of the banquets, and, in proposing the health of the ladies, deliver an admirably appropriate and amusing speech in that bright, fluent French of his, picturesque with British idiom, and, while perfectly intelligible, full of his own nationality. Still, when occasion offered, he could enjoy a practical joke better than any boy there—on one occasion going so far as to get first out of our rooms at the Imperial Hotel on his way to dine at the Embassy, switch the electric light off from the outside, and go off up the corridor with a hearty guffaw while his colleague was left to grope helplessly after him in the dark. And still, when occasion required his serious intervention

at the Congress, he could tower up in the might of his six feet three and sixteen stone, in all the dignity and command of his personality, and indignantly beat down factious opposition and injustice to the interests which he represented. But as a rule the *timbre* of his laugh and speech were not so ringing as of yore. He had minor ailments that indicated decreased vitality; and the strength of his 'drive' and 'smash' at tennis had sensibly decreased. He had a great physique for a man of near sixty; but it was not the gigantic strength that we had seen in 1885 on Pyrenean slopes outside St. Sebastian, when, stopped by snow on our way to Lisbon, we amused ourselves by a little mild mountaineering.

"After the Vienna Congress the British Post Office was enabled to realize at length the long-cherished policy of a uniform postal tariff in this country for all parts of the world; and in regard to that policy as opposed to the 'Imperial penny postage' heresy the Chief held the strongest convictions, and did not spare to support them through thick and thin.

"An attack of influenza in the winter of 1891-2 left Sir Arthur considerably weakened; and after that he astonished some of us by avowing, though with great cheerfulness, that he had to pause halfway upstairs for breath. His autumn outing in Scotland did not set him up as usual; and in the early part of 1893 he went to Bournemouth to recruit his strength. In May he returned to duty, but only for a few weeks; and even so he overstayed the time named in his doctor's mandate, in order that he might settle the reorganization of the Secretary's Department. On the first of August, the day before he left us for the Engadine, he had been through a series of harassing interviews, much of the time reclining on a sofa, and evidently very ill. In the evening, when all was done that he could do, I saw him for the last time. He was to start early in the morning; and hearing that I was in the building, he sent for me to his room at about 7.30. There was a complete transformation. The pressure of grappling with a difficult subject in a shattered state of health being removed, he had sprung into an almost boisterous hilarity; and, though his face was flushed and thin, I little thought the farewell was the last.

Such are the main facts of a life remarkable for its unity, integrity, and unselfishness. As hinted at the opening of these remarks, and as evidenced throughout their course, there is really

more to be said about the characteristics of his personality than about the external circumstances which were its medium ; and the analysis of a man's character is always a difficult and delicate task, especially when he has been so recently among us.

"The emotional side of Blackwood's character was the source of his real strength. He was a man of impressions and awakenings. He did not trouble himself about subtleties. Fully competent as he was on the intellectual side, he was a living example of the true and wholesome subordination of mere reason to moral conviction and righteous impulse; and I never met a man who had a gigantic physique and keen tastes under more absolute control. It is easy to preach temperance and practise it too if you do not like alcohol. It is easy for those who have feeble passions and are unimpressionable to lead moral lives. If you cannot sit a horse or handle a gun it is no privation to refrain from sport. It is not difficult to do without good cigars if the very smell of tobacco offends you. To be economical in your expenditure on dress is no privation if you do not know the difference between a good tailor and a bad one. To get up early is a relief rather than a sacrifice for those who, like the hungry Cassius, cannot 'sleep o' nights.' To go through life treating every one you meet frankly as an equal, entitled to your consideration and help, is simple enough if you are so stupid as not to really know where or what help is wanted, are not afflicted with a harassing sense of distinctions between man and man or between woman and woman, and do not know the difference between good manners and bad; and to keep your temper among all the frets and provocations of life is no hard task if your temper is that of an average cauliflower.

"Now how was it with Sir Arthur Blackwood in regard to these everyday matters? I doubt whether there was ever a total abstainer of a quarter of a century's standing who knew better the difference between good wine and bad; he abstained because convinced that thousands were not strong enough of will to take no more than was good for them. The ills of drunkenness pressed upon him like a nightmare; and so far as he was concerned, once convinced that his example might help others to resist, there was an end of the pleasures of drink for him. As to his relish for good wine, those who have travelled with him can bear testimony. Voyaging up the Rhine from Coblenz to St. Goar on the way to Vienna, the Chief was sitting apart at the stern of the steamer; the rest of us, having ordered luncheon forward,

invited him to join us. 'Presently,' he said, 'but just now the people at that table to windward are having some wine of which the aroma, blown across my face, is most delicious.' And at the Vienna restaurants he would say—'If you take my advice you will drink Apollinaris or Giesshübler; but if you must have wine, give me the card and I will tell you which.'

"The allurements of fast life in London were not unknown to Blackwood; but I was never able to discover that the suspicion of a taint had passed into his character. From his most intimate conversation you might have thought that all 'fleshy lusts that war against the soul' had been expelled from his being in some former state of existence. I never heard so much as an unseemly expression drop from him. In his youth he had been a sportsman, but he abandoned the pursuit upon conviction. I recal the account he gave me of that awakening. In 1885, when we were studying together at Shortlands House the programme of the Lisbon Congress to which we were about to go as joint delegates, we had walked out into the picturesque grounds for a little fresh air, and were noticing the birds,—especially, I recollect, the rare incident of a hawfinch perched at the top of an elm-tree. I asked him whether he ever carried a gun about the grounds. 'No,' he said; 'once I was very fond of shooting; but as I grew more thoughtful I gave it up. It came about in this way—I had shot a rabbit but not killed it; and, as I came to pick it up, the poor maimed creature turned the gaze of its beautiful eyes up at me and drew up one foot as if to protect itself. From that moment I determined that I would never again wittingly hurt one of God's creatures.' Those who have seen him with the devoted collie 'Laddie,' or the old white cat that ranges the house and grounds at Shooters' Hill, can guess how well he kept the vow of that 'awakening.'

"As to smoking, the story was virtually the same as that of the drink. He enjoyed a good cigar—I have seen him do so, certainly once, I think twice. But he gave up the habit, long before I knew him, as a superfluity and an indulgence, the abuse of which 'might make his brother to offend.' He was too proud and self-respecting to do in secret what he would not do before others, and there are but few people in this country who could witness that he ever indulged in the use of the weed which he habitually discountenanced.

"Although he was always a well-dressed man, I am certain that he was not extravagant; that, in fact, he was economical of set purpose to transfer sums from his personal expenditure to the

benefit of others. At the same time I could never discover that he fully realized how absolutely independent he was of personal adornment. This point is not wholly trivial as a note of character. He was not naturally without what is termed vanity; while his sense of humour was unusually strong: and it is just such a combination that makes a man particular about his clothes. No one knew better when those about him were well or ill dressed.

"As to his habitual early rising for purposes of study and work, I recal a conversation of many years ago which comes home to me across his grave with a sad significance. We were comparing notes on the subject of early rising, and he turned round, in his bright convincing manner, and said, 'Do you know, Forman, I once calculated how many years I had added to my working life by getting up at six o'clock in the morning': he stated the number of years; but it has escaped me. 'Do you like getting up early?' I asked. 'Well, I can't say I particularly like it,' he said. Pushed as to whether it was an effort to him, he admitted that it was not done altogether without effort. 'Then,' said I, somewhat grimly, 'have you calculated how many years you have cut off at the other end?' The answer was very characteristic. 'Ah! that is in other hands than mine. No, I have not.'

"The last two of the criteria of self-restraint suggested above were the ones which it was the most difficult to apply to Sir Arthur. So perfect was his social tolerance, so entire and unflawed his impartiality in the ordinary matters of life, that it was almost impossible to track his appreciation of comparative merits in the men and women he was thrown with, apart, of course, from open and flagrant misdoings of any of them. It was only in long walks or rambles *tête-à-tête* that the discussion of social or official incidents occasionally brought out the admission that some really objectionable person, whom he would be habitually treating with the same easy friendliness as the best, was really as essentially objectionable to the Chief as to others. Sometimes a twinkle of the eye, in company, would reveal his mind, or a gesture recalling some joke which we might have had when alone, and which no one else understood. But I never heard him apply a hard name or epithet except on account of gross moral delinquency or crime. . . . As to what is usually known as a man's temper, those who had the best means of knowing are aware that Sir Arthur Blackwood's disposition was naturally fiery. But during all the years I knew him it seemed to me that he had himself under marvellous control in that respect; and other intimates give the same

assurance. Indignant, I have seen him many times, but always with self-restraint and dignity; but anger in its less exalted forms it was rare indeed to witness in him. It was there, I know; and latterly I learned how to discern it; a look came into his eyes—a hard, contracted look, at variance with the expression of the well-controlled facial muscles. The expression was comparable with that of a high-mettled horse with its ears back. With that look he would say words that were well within measure, and if you deprecated his wrath, he was so disconcerted at its discovery that it passed off at once, annulled by the effort of redoubled self-watchfulness. One or two cases in which men have told me the Chief has been angry with them, I have seen reason (perhaps from ulterior knowledge) to discount. There were instances in which, as head of our service, he conceived it his duty to be angry; but he did not do it well; and my own belief is that those who have received reprimands from him are not the men who have seen Sir Arthur in his wrath. Once I saw him petulant, and that in public, with a well-meaning friend who was trying to save him from a mistake in the detail of some business. There was nothing worthy of an apology; and I am assured that the object of his irritation would have been as well satisfied without one. But the Chief's nature was too affluent to slur over a trespass against his own high conception of good manners and good fellowship.Flushed with a generous shame, where no shame need have been, he instantly apologized, and that with 'a manner beyond courtesy,' which more than ever endeared him to those who witnessed or participated in the incident.

"These reminiscences, trifling in themselves, are chosen simply for their illustrative significance, as helping us to shape justly our conception of his character—the dominant notes of which were intensity of conviction and power of self-restraint.

"The one great awakening which dominated all else in his career cannot be made too prominent. . . . As far as I am any judge of such distinctions, it was a somewhat narrow Calvinism that had commended itself to him; but this point has scarcely more than a negative significance. It occasionally seemed strange to find a man of his understanding, a man of the world, accustomed to move in all classes of society, the very opposite of insular, full of the knowledge of men and their thoughts gained in foreign travel—it seemed strange, I say, at times to hear such an one speak of the Bible as if he were not merely a believer in the plenary inspiration of the book, but conceived of the Authorized

Version as having come direct from a Supreme Being. But it was only on the intellectual side that there was any strangeness at all. The essential point was his strong unfaltering conviction that he had found a faith by which he could go through life, and through the gates of death, without fear, and that, having found it, it was his duty, as it was his supreme pleasure, to persuade others to share with him that which was large enough for all. Let no one suppose that this strong sense of the propagandist's duty led Sir Arthur Blackwood to unseasonable preachments—that he gave offence by forcing his views on those who thought differently. Nothing could be further from the truth. I have heard it meanly alleged that no one could hope to get on in the service unless he were 'a good Christian.' This is the utterance of men who did not know the Chief, and created him in their own image. There is no foundation for it. He was, as has already been said, absolutely impartial in his administration; and even if he failed to appreciate the guiding principle in the lives of those who were not of his sect, he still trusted them and preferred them, in so far as he found them trustworthy and deserving of preferment. It is true that he used his official position as a means of endeavouring to 'turn many to righteousness.' He presided over temperance associations and Christian associations, and never wearied of devoting his gifts of eloquence to the service of his staff. Had he acted differently his profession would have been but the shadow of a shade. It was impossible for him to know that not to one man in ten thousand is it given to gain from the Christian faith the precise complement of his unity of character. When I have heard him 'reason of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come,' when I have listened to his asseverations that he looked forward with joy to the hour of his dissolution, and the meeting which he hoped to have face to face with the great Founder of his faith, I have been tempted to say, 'But meanwhile, Chief, I know few men who enjoy better this present life and this beautiful world.' If there was a point on which I ever doubted his sincerity—and I do not say there was, it was this matter of the joy of dissolution. I knew, of course, that death had no terrors for him; he was a man on whom the shadow of fear did not seem to have fallen. But it was necessarily reserved for the manner of his end to put the seal of confirmation upon this uncommon attitude of his mind, and round and complete a life most noteworthy for its unity.

"And the manner of his end was this:—He maintained to the

last his cheerful kindness to all about him and his perfect equanimity in suffering. He spoke unreservedly with his medical adviser about the great question of life or death; and when he was told that his symptoms were such that only one way out of his malady was open, and that way death, the announcement brought him nothing but what his steadfast faith had always averred. Calling his nurse to him as soon as the doctor was gone, he said, with a radiant smile, 'Nurse, I have just heard such glorious news! I am to die.' And in that frame of mind he passed

'To where beyond these voices there is peace.'

"When his death was announced throughout the postal world, many and various were the condolences which we received both officially and privately; and the note of sincerity was prevalent, as if it had been an echo from his own identity. Some wrote of family circles who had once received him, and retained permanently the impressions of his virtues; some co-religionists tempered the poignancy of regret with hopes of reunion in another world through that 'mercy' of which he was so earnest an exponent. One of the youngest of our colleagues abroad exclaims:— 'To think that I shall never more see the beautiful face with the bright eyes and kindly smile, which I recollect so well!'—and again, 'I have never received from any man a deeper personal impression, and quite apart from the gratitude which I cannot but feel for a degree of kindness which a man of his age and station will rarely bestow upon a young man like me, his memory will always be present to me as that of a man who made you really believe in a higher side of human nature.' That is the testimony of a man deep in the mysteries of transubstantiation and immaculate conception—of whose religious views the Chief was perfectly aware throughout the weeks during which the 'kindness' was shown. So much for the intolerance of Roman Catholicism of which Blackwood has been accused! It existed, no doubt; but it was a skin-deep, intellectual intolerance, and did not touch his human sympathies. Those sympathies were as strong for one fellow-creature as another. They made no unworthy discrimination between protestant and catholic, conformist and non-conformist. His heart was large enough for all, even for those who did not share his hopes of meeting in another world, and who, standing at his grave-side with no better comfort than the recollection of his friendship and the bright nobility of his nature, could but sum up the joy and sorrow of the past and present with a silent *Ave atque vale!*"

The Voluntary Memorial of the whole British Postal Service to their Permanent Chief was singularly appropriate and well-chosen.

MR. ARNOLD MORLEY, POSTMASTER-GENERAL, TO SYDNEY,
DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER.

January, 1894.

"MADAM,—Your Grace is, I believe, aware, that as the best means in their power of showing the respect and affectionate regard they entertained for their late Permanent Chief, the Post Office Servants resolved some few months ago to raise a Fund for the purchase and maintenance of a Lifeboat to be named after him—'Sir Arthur Blackwood.' This, it was thought, would be a not inappropriate memorial of one, with whom the good of others was always the first consideration.

"I have now to inform you that the Fund which has been raised towards the object in question amounts to £1115; and as showing how wide-spread has been the desire to do honour to the memory of the late Sir Arthur Blackwood, I may state that this sum is made up, not of any large contributions, but of Shillings, Sixpences, and Pence, and that these have been received from all parts of the United Kingdom, even the most remote.

"The Boat when purchased it is proposed to station at Greenore, County Dundalk, where there is no Boat at present, and where one is much required. It is to be 37 feet long by 9 feet broad, a size which is understood to be best suited to that part of the Coast; and the cost of it is estimated at £800, so that about £300 will be left for maintenance.

"With Your Grace's concurrence, I propose now to hand over the sum collected to the Secretary of the Lifeboat Institution, to be applied in the manner indicated.

"I have the honour to be, Madam,

"Your Grace's obedient servant,

(Signed) "ARNOLD MORLEY."

Besides this Memorial of his Official Life, it was felt that no better tribute could be raised to Sir Arthur's memory than the ENDOWMENT OF A HOSPITAL BED, in connection with the place to which he had been bound by so many sacred ties. *The Mildmay Medical Mission Hospital at Bethnal Green* was chosen, as that in which

both himself and the Duchess had been interested for many years.

In the *Memorial Hospital at Mildmay Park*, where—in the Children's Ward—he lay during the few days between his death and burial, is also placed his portrait, given by one who owes to his instrumentality the knowledge of a Saviour, in the hope that many may learn through his story to follow him, as he followed Christ.

Another grateful friend has also named for him one of the Cots in Miss Weston's Sailors' Rest at Devonport.

THE END.

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od.

Author K.C.B.

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